

ILLUSTRATIONS

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Old English Literature.

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J. PAYNE COLLIER.

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INTRODUCTION.

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HUGH HOLLAND, the author of the ensuing poem, was also the writer of fourteen lines, such as were then considered a sonnet, on the death of Shakespeare, and on the publication of the folio, 1623. They are conceited, and have little merit.

Nearly the same criticism may be offered upon the succeeding poem, though it certainly displays more talent and cleverness, but the whole fabric is violent and unnatural; and reading the prefixed eulogium by Ben Jonson (unknown to the editors of his works, and never republished by himself) we wonder at the manner in which, even in the partiality of friendship, he brought himself to speak so extravagantly of Holland's powers: Ben Jonson only terms Shakespeare the "sweet swan of Avon"; but Holland, according to him, was the "sweet swan" of nearly every river in Europe: and we almost wonder that, in the excess of his hyperbole, he did not carry him over the Atlantic to the Amazons and the Orinoco. We surmise that Holland was rich, and we know that Ben Jonson was poor, and we recollect no earlier effort of the kind by the learned and "inspired brick-layer." In its way it is admirable.

The best point about "Pancharis" is unquestionably the versification in the Italian *terza rima*, a form of composition then

unusual in our language. The construction of the plot, so to call it, is little short of ridiculous, when we find the author bringing down Diana and Venus to hob-nob with Queen Katharine out of a cup formerly belonging to Edward the Confessor, while Cupid is represented as the chief agent in her amour. The court revel, according to the manner of the time, is, however, well and clearly described; but the best feature in it, the discussion between the Maid, Wife, and Widow, was borrowed from Sir John Davys, as printed in 1602 in the first edition of "The Poetical Rhapsody."

The date of the publication of Holland's poem is 1603, but he professes that it had been penned before the death of Elizabeth; and his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, at the close, is a sort of imitation of the method pursued by Spenser, when in 1590 he appended his exposition of the "Faery Queen" addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Richard Martin to whom Holland addressed his rhyming Latin lines, near the end, was the man who had had so violent a quarrel with Sir John Davys shortly after 1596, and who was Recorder of London when James I. came to the throne.

Notwithstanding its many defects, and in consequence of some of its peculiarities, the production is worth preserving; and, as there is but a single copy of it in existence, we have reprinted it as a remarkable and curious relic by a friend of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and of other poets of their day. If Holland ever wrote or printed a continuation of this his "first book", it has not come down to us.

J. P. C.

PANCHARIS:

The first Booke.

CONTAINING

The Preparation of the Love betweene OWEN
TUDYR, and the QUEENE, long since intended
to her Maiden MAJESTIE :

And now dedicated

TO

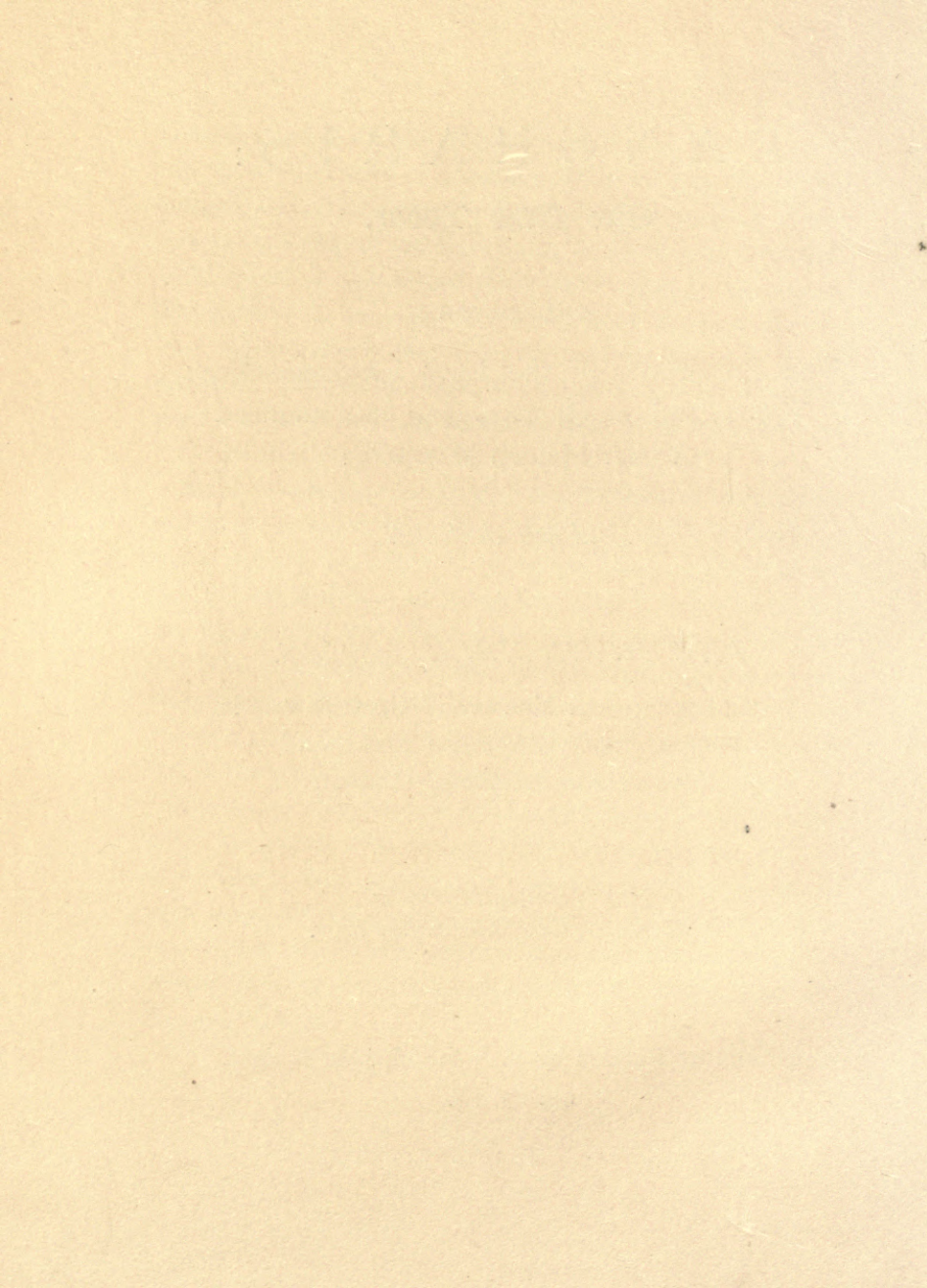
THE INVINCIBLE JAMES,

Second and greater Monarch of Great *Britaine*,
King of *England, Scotland, France* and
Ireland, with the *Islands* adjacent.

Mar. Valerius *Martialis*
Victurus Genium debet habere liber.

Printed at London by V. S. for Clement Knight.

CIC IDC III.



TO MY LORD THE KING.

SONET ACROSTICKE.

IMAGE of God ; first as a man, and then
As king, by most desert, and onely right :
Man is the king of creatures, and thy might
Exceedes this too, for thou art king of men.
Sunne of our sphære, may never clowde up pen
So radiant beames from thy poore subjects fight :
That still our eyes may see their happy light,
Ev'n as their heate did warme our bosoms, when
Unseene they shone beneath the fixed star.
Up, noble minde, to thy fift empirie,
And soare yet higher then thy fortunes ar :
Refemble Heav'n in all but levitie,
Take after earth in nothing more or lesse,
Except an irremooved stayednesse.

TO THE BRIGHT QUEENE ANNE,

HIS DEERE WIFE, AND OUR DREAD LADY.

- i. What is she that like silver *Cynthia* shoeth
Amidst the hoast of heaven,
But fairer threetimes seaven ?

It is the Queene of Love ! see where she goeth :
The Queene of Love and Beauty, (lo) together
With her faire son the Prince of Love comes hether.

2. The Southpole that in our horizon shined,
 And made the earth to wonder,
 Gone is that earth all under,
 And to the Northpole hath her roome resigned :
 On whom to waite our eyes and harts perfever,
 And may they ceafe, ô never, never, never !

3. Thou, in whose zodiak of white armes enchained,
 Our funne so oft hath shined,
 In whose wombe was confined
 What in this ifle scornes to be long contained ;
 Live thou and he, and maift thou fee him rather
 Copartner, then fucceffor to his Father.

TO MY LORD THE PRINCE

SONET ACROSTICKE.

Heire of thy Sires foure realmes, and (which I more
 Esteeme) foure vertues, that unto a fift,
 No doubt, will thee (o flowly, flowly) lift ;
 Receive this ryme of thine old auncestore,
 Yong Prince of *Wales*, and pardon me therefore.
 So may glad VICTORY be one day fwift
 To crowne thy facred head (that art a grift
 Extracted hence) with holy bayes, before
 (Unvanquish'd or unhurt by fea or land)
 Upon thy brow the wreath of *England* fit :
 And I with crowned head, but armed hand,
 Ride by thy lordly side, and, after it,
 Turne from thy Grandfires loves to fmg thy wars,
 Exchanging *Venus* mole for *Marses* flars.

ILLUSTRISSIMÆ DOMINÆ
ARBELLÆ STUARTÆ.
SONULUS ELEGEIACUS ACROSTICHUS.

*Auricomum alterius mundi jubar altera virgo,
Regia cui stirps est, meus neque stirpe minor ;
Bis imperfectum facili cape fronte poema :
Est quia perfectus qui tibi mittit amor.
Lactea nec Venus est illic, nec vena, nec unquam
Lætus amor Musæ novit adesse meæ.
Attamen Eugenii sacros cantillat amores,
Sensit amans socium queis Catherina jugum.
Tandem orata Venus sic ambos juvit amantes,
Unde genus tantis regibus, atque tibi.
Atque mihi scribenti utinam sic æqua fuisset :
Ritè ego si colui, dum sub Amore fui.
Tu tamen (horridulæ faveas licet ipsa Dianæ)
Alma veni, Musis et Venus esto meis.*

*Clarissimo et candidissimo ingenio Præceptori olim, semper
Amico GULIELMO CAMDENO, Armorum Regi
nulli secundo, pœmation hoc censendum et
emendandum mitto.*

*Nanus Musæi cupit in quacunque locari
Parte liber, magnum nec capit ille locum.
Sed neque se magnis studet immiscere Poetis
Quales Meonides maximus, atque Maro.
Cernuus hic veterum lambat vestigia vatum,
Atque pio sanctos basiet ore pedes.
Cum Nasone tamen ponas (hic namque libellus*

*Sanctior, ut multis doctior ille modis)
 Vel cum Chaucero (nec enim mihi fidus amator
 Est minùs, et multo Nympha pudica magis.)
 Plus quoque quam tetigisse pedes fortasse meretur,
 Quando tuas meritis sit tetigisse manus.*

ANDREAS DOWNES GRÆCUS PROFESSOR
 REGIUS CANTABRIGIÆ.

*Antiquos memorat vatum chorus omnis amores,
 Sed plerumque quibus non Venus æqua fuit ;
 Fœlices HOLLANDE canis fœliciter igneis
 Tu veterum, quibus haud abnuuit alma Venus.
 Et REGINA fuit memorabilis, et THEODORUS :
 Illam qui meruit, carmine dignus erat.
 Nec tantùm furor ambobus fuit ille secundus,
 Nec blandum hoc modo tum invit utrumque jugum :
 Sed populos domuit sævos gentesque ferocis
 Hic tandem placidè conciliavit amor.
 Cujus nunc volvenda dies fructum attulit vitro,
 Et majore beat munere longa dies.
 Namque tribus populis discordibus insula dives
 Ante colebatur, bellaque crebra movet.
 Verùm exhinc mox læta duos concordia junxit,
 Firmus et hic stabili fœdere vinxit amor.
 Tertia magnanimis restabant regna Britannis,
 Hæc quoque magnifico sub duce nunc cocunt.
 Hac etenim de stirpe venit rex inclytus, atque
 Clara recens soboles, et nova progenies.
 Quæ penitus toto seclusos orbe Britannos*

Æternâ reget in pace, favente Deo.
Et majoribus auspiciis dominabitur oræ,
Circumquaque ingens quâ fluit Oceanus :
Sceptra tenens, diadema gerens, JACOBI age honores,
Aggredere ô magnos, maxime, lætus ovals.
Horridulâ genitum in regione Eremanthidos, Arcti,
Sol regem vidit, te simul atque hominem.
Creverunt animi pariter crescentibus annis,
Sors tandem æqua animis cedere regna jubet.
Finibus exiguis arctari magna recusant,
Virtuti campum fata dedere parem.
Mollior horrifero Boreæ superadditus Auster,
Una est virtutis facta palæstra tibi.
Quàm sapiens fuit Empedocles, qui fœdere amoris,
Et cælo et terrâ cuncta coire facit !
I nunc ô vates et Theseas atque Ariadnes
Medeasque truces dic et Amazonidas :
Materiam noster novit sibi sumere dignam,
Dignos et versus pangere materiâ.

NICOLAI HILLI CARMEN TESTAMENTALE
ET VIATICUM.

Nunc migro, nec patrios forsan rediturus ad agros
Urget, et officii debita cura premit.
Quid prohibebit enim quin veri testis honestem,
Quem studii paritas lustraque multa probant ?
Raptim et discedens verbo quod sentio dicam,
Totius gregis est gloria, nemo gregis.
Ornat et egregiis Catharinam millibus effert :
Ut canit ille suam, sic canit illa suum.

E. B.

Anacreontickes.

Scarfe 'till now hath ENGLAND seen
 A Poëm, but of verses store ;
 Here an unenforced green
 Hath native flowres, which heretofore
 Had, at most, well painted been,
 As was the season which them bore :
 Arts each *Venus* that doth shine
 In ancient Poësie, heer more.
 HOLLAND, this first birth of thine
 Put forth imperfect, stands before
 The finished, and shall in fine
 Somewhat be new for worlds t'adore :
 CYNTHIUS (as we divine)
 And the MUSES, and the GRACES,
 And their QUEENE, by thee refine
 Bastard songs, whose common bases
 Were but words, that KATHARINE
 Beautie equall to her faces
 Might enjoy. Here then unhard
 A princely Love, and learned Bard.

 BEN : JOHNSON.
Ode ἀλληγορικῇ.

Who faith our times nor have, nor can
 Produce us a blacke swan ?
 Behold, where one doth swim,
 Whose note and hue

Besides the other swannes admiring him,
 Betray it true :
 A gentler bird then this
 Did never dint the breast of *Tamifis*.

Marke, marke, but when his wing he takes,
 How faire a flight he makes !
 How upward and direct !
 Whil't pleas'd Apollo
 Smiles in his sphære, to see the rest affect
 In vaine to follow.
 This swanne is onely his,
 And *Phæbus* love cause of his blackenesse is.

He shew'd him first the hoofe-cleft spring,
 Neere which the *Thespiads* sing ;
 The cleare *Dircœan* fount
 Where *Pindar* swamme ;
 The pale *Pyrene*, and the forked *Mount* ;
 And, when they came
 To brookes, and broader streames,
 From *Zephyr's* rape would close him with his beames.

This chang'd his downe, till this, as white
 As the whole beard in fight,
 And still is in the breast :
 That part nor winde,
 Nor funne could make to vary from the rest,
 Or alter kinde ;
 So much doth virtue hate,
 For stile of rarenesse, to degenerate.

Be then both rare and good ; and long
Continue thy sweete song.
Nor let one river boast
Thy tunes alone ;
But prove the aire, and faile from coast to coast :
Salute old *Mône*.
But first to *Cluid* stoope low,
The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills snow.

From thence display thy wing againe
Over *Iêrna* maine,
To the *Eugenian* dale ;
There charme the rout
With thy soft notes, and hold them within pale
That late were out.
Musicke hath power to draw,
Where neither force can bend, nor feare can awe.

Be prooffe, the glory of his hand,
(*Charles Montjoy*) whose command
Hath all beene harmony :
And more hath wonne
Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishty*,
Then time hath donne,
Whose strength is above strength,
And conquers all things ; yea it felse, at length.

Who ever sipt at *Baphyre* river,
That heard but spight deliver
His farre-admired acts,
And is not rap't

With entheate rage to publish their bright tracts?
 (But this more apt
 When him alone we sing)
 Now must we plie our ayne, our swan 's on wing.

Who (see) already hath ore-flowne
 The *Hebrid* Isles, and knowne
 The scatter'd *Orcades*;
 From thence is gon
 To utmost *Thule*: whence he backes the seas
 To *Caledon*,
 And over *Grampius* mountaine,
 To *Loumond* lake, and *Twed*es blacke-springing fountaine.

Haste, haste, sweete finger! nor to *Tine*,
Humber, or *Ouse*, decline;
 But over land to *Trent*:
 There coole thy plumes,
 And up againe, in skies and aire to vent
 Their reeking fumes;
 Till thou at *Tames* alight,
 From whose prowde bosome thou began'st thy flight.

Tames, prowde of thee, and of his fate
 In entertaining late
 The choise of *Europes* pride,
 The nimble *French*,
 The *Dutch* whom wealth (not hatred) doth divide,
 The *Danes* that drench
 Their cares in wine; with sure
 Though flower *Spaine*, and *Italy* mature.

All which, when they but heare a straine
 Of thine, shall thinke the *Maine*
 Hath sent her *Mermaides* in,
 To hold them here :
 Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin
 To loose that feare ;
 And (in the place) envie
 So blacke a bird so bright a qualitie.

But should they know (as I) that this
 Who warbleth *PANCHARIS*,
 Were *Cycnus*, once high flying
 With Cupids wing ;
 Though, now by *Love* transform'd, and dayly dying :
 (Which makes him sing
 With more delight, and grace)
 Or thought they *Leda's* white adult'ers place

Among the starres should be resign'd
 To him, and he there shrin'd ;
 Or *Tames* be rap't from us
 To dimme and drowne
 In heav'n the signe of old *Eridanus* :
 How they would frowne !
 But these are mysteries
 Conceal'd from all but cleare propheticke eyes.

It is inough, their grieve shall know
 At their returne, nor *Po*,
Iberus, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,
Scheldt, nor the *Maas*,

Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhone*, the *Loyre*, nor *Seine*,
 With all the race
 Of *Europes* waters can
 Set out alike, or second to our swan.

TO MY MAYDEN MUSE.

Goe, Virgin Muse, to her divinity,
 That is the Vesta of Virginitie :
 For unto whom shouldst thou goe rather
 So bound to her, and to her father ?
 Be gone, and when thou com'st before her,
 Upon thy knee, see thou adore her.
 For thou mayst gather by her feature,
 She is more then an earthly creature ;
 In whom no elements are combined,
 But a fift essence, well refined
 Above the vulgar grosse confections
 Of any of the fower complexions,
 Flegme, Sanguine, Melancholy, Coler.

Tell her that once I was her scholer,
 And how in grammer I was grounded
 In the best schoole she ever founded,
 By two great clerkes (two greater wasters
 Of oyle then houres) that were my Masters :
 Where I liv'd partly of her larges,
 And partly of my parents charges.
 Thence was I had, to learne more knolledge
 To *Cambridge*, and her fathers colledge,
 Of him whose fame is flowne ALL-OVER,
 As well beyond as this side *Dover*.

On *Aristotle* oft I pored,
 And here and there him over-skored :
 Where poetrie too I found defined,
 To which by birth I was enclined.
 Yet heard I worthy DOWNES in *Homer*,
 And every day I glean'd my gomer.

Thus having there for *Lea* served,
 (Though some faide *Rachel* I deserved)
 Some thought the house could stand without me.

I then began to looke about me,
 And forthwith desperately did ventre
 The wide world, in whose little centre
 My friends (of whom death hath bereft me)
 My loving friends some living left me :
 Enough (if God the grace but lend me)
 From cold and hunger to defend me,
 That I may study still by leasure,
 Without all paine, and at my pleasure.

Now the blacke doune began to cover
 My pale cheekes (for I was a lover)
 And sung acrosticke sonets sweetely ;
 For (if that some can judge discretely)
 I neede not feare that daintie DAVIES,
 Though he sing sweeter then the Mavis.
 And of my love they were. But, stay thee ;
 No more of that, my Muse, I pray thee.
 For either it must shew my folly,
 Or else renew my melancholly :
 Yet was she faire, and honourable,
 And vertuous (had she beene more stable).

Though she, perhaps, did but forget her,

And now likes maydenhead the better :
Whereof she is the richest border,
Next CYNTHIA, soveraigne of that Order.

When *Love* my bosome thus had fired,
Me for his prophet he inspired,
That every line, and every letter
Of my devise might passe the better :
Yet of this legend but the writer
Was I, and he the sole inditer.

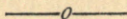
For how, alas ! can it be other ?
I am not I the Muses brother.
My lips I never yet have sowed
In Hippocrene, nor carowed
The lusty liquor thence distilling,
The braine with holly fury filling.

The climat where I was begotten
Of father *Phæbus* is forgotten :
No Parnasse there (though mountaines many)
No Muse (though Nymphs as faire as any).
God wote it is too farre removed
From her, to be of them beloved.
Apollo, they and all the *Graees*,
Attend her onely in all places.

This, in effect, when thou hast told her,
Thou must be yet a little bolder,
And beg that thou mayst waite upon her,
Among her many Maydes of Honor ;
A modest maide with chaste variety,
To lull asleepe that sweete society ;
Who may, as well as any other,
Reade every line before the Mother,

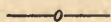
So fhamefac'd are they, and fo holly,
Voide of all loofeneffe, and light folly :
Elfe had it beene too much impiety,
To vow them to fo great a Deity.

 This done, againe on knee lowe bended,
And hands as high to heaven extended,
Ascribe me of this golden story
Onely the paine, and her the glory :
Praying ſhe would but reade the proem,
And fo breath life into my Poëm.



PANCHARIS :

The first Booke.



I SING Queene *Katharine*, and my countryman.

O Love! if I before thy altare spread,
Blacke though I be, have oft lookt pale and wan,
And as white turtles there have offered,
(As are those that thy whiter mother drawe)
Draw neere; and with her myrtle deckt the head
Of me thy priest, that am too rudely rawe,
Nor once have bin baptized in the spring
Of *Helicon*, which yet I never saw,
A pinion plucke me out of thine owne wing;
And let thy godhead more propitious be
Unto my thoughts whiles others loves I sing,
Then in mine owne it hath beene unto me.

And thou, O second sea-borne Queene of Love!
In whose faire forehead love and majestie
Still kisse each other (as the turtle-dove
Doth her beloved) thou whose frowne, whose smile
Presenteth both, who doth inspire and move
This lesser continent, this greatest ile,
Let smiling Love, when Majesty would frowne,
Infuse like life and motion to my stile.
I treat not I here of the awfull crowne,

(Though fomewhat of the Court) my legend is
 Compofde of Love and Beautie up and downe.
 Where if I aught have faide that founds amiffe,
 Immortall Maid, thou pardon me that crime,
 Sith thy white hand which (lord !) I long to kiffe
 May croffe out all, and rectifie my rime.
 So fhall the amorous readers feeme as thofe
 That have feene thee full oft and many a time ;
 Yet feeing thee againe, anone fuppose
 They fomewhat fee they never faw before,
 Such fpangling objects thou doft ftill difclofe,
 As all defire to fee thee more and more.

From *London* weftward doth a Caſtle ſtand
 Along the Thames, which of the winding ſhore
 Is called *Windfore*, knowne by ſea and land,
 For the rich Quarter and the holy *George*,
 There founded firſt by the victorious hand
 Of warlike *Edward*, he that was the ſcorge
 And ſecond hammer of the haughty Scot.
 As the lame God in his Trinacrian forge,
 Striv'd firſt to blow the ſtubborne yron hot,
 And after laide about him like a Lord,
 Till he thereof the upper hand had got ;
 So Engliſh *Edward* did with fire and ſword,
 Lighten and thunder in that northerne clime,
 And never repite did his foe afford,
 (No, nor himſelfe almoſt) untill the time
 As hardy *David* grac'd faire *Windfores* court.
 Where alſo *John* of *France*, who long'd to clime
 The wheele of Fortune in the ſelfe ſame fort,
 A captive king was after ſhortly ſeene.

Yet neither this, nor that, so much report
 The fame of *Windfore*, as faire *Katherine*;
 She that hath yet (save her great neece) no other,
 Daughter of *France*, of *England* Mother-Queene,
 The sixt *Charles* daughter, the sixt *Henries* mother,
 And (which is chieftest) the fift *Henries* wife.

Here the sad Queene ful many a sigh did smother,
 Resolved still to leade a widdowes life.
 So chaste was she, though faire, and rich, and yong,
 That yong and olde to praise her were at strife:
 Of her high honour all musitians sung,
 And thereto each sweet poet tun'd his pen,
 That therewith *England* and all *Europe* rung.
 She was the wonder of all mortall men,
 Few queenes came neere her, and none went above
 In grace and goodnesse, since, before, or then.

Might once no minion dare to kisse her glove,
 (Much lesse her hand) or mistresse her mis-call;
 As men are wont when they for fashon love.
 So modest was she, and so meeke withall,
 That all good folkes might to her presence come,
 No lesse then to some councellors common hall.
 More doth the futer then the gaudy roome
 Set out a monarchs majestie, by ods,
 When life or death he lookes for as his doome.

Not they that grav'd the gold did make the gods,
 But such as did before them bow to begge,
 All were they made of clay, but only clods:
 Nor they the prince that still provoke and egge,
 (That only they may golden idolls be
 To which the subject bends his servile legge)

The sacred and anointed majestie
 To robbe the realme, to gaine the subjects wealth,
 To loose their hearts : but such as on the knee
 Importune grace with happinesse and health,
 Not posted off to those extreame delays
 Of bribing favorites, which is worfe then stealth,
 And scarce was heard of in those happy dayes.

Her selfe, a widdow, would for widowes pleade
 With much compassion, and at al assayes ;
 But as for orphanes bills, them would she reade,
 And then shut in her princely orphans hand,
 Whereby along with her she would him leade
 Unto his uncle that did rule the land :
 Hard were the heart, that in so just a cause,
 With two such suters upon tearmes could stand,
 And not dispence a little with the lawes.

Thus with her great delight in doing good
 She wanne such fame and popular applause,
 That on a time the goddesse of the wood,
Diana, forely longed once to see
 This abstract model of all womanhoode,
 And next her selfe the flowre of chastitie.
 Wherefore (the sunne now scorching in the skull
 Of *Leo*) foorth a hunting needes would shee
 To *Windefore* forrest, which she found as ful
 Of deere, as trees ; yet trees so many ar
 As there the darts of *Phœbus* are too dull,
 And pierce no more then doth the meanest starre.
 There was the lawrell that was glad to hide
 Her greene head from the face of *Phæbus* farre,
 The lordly oake that scorn'd not by his side

The bragging brier, and with wilde yvie was
 Like great God *Bacchus* crownd : there was, beside
 The smooth skinn'd beech, all kerved as did passe,
 In curious knotts that did the names enshrine
 Of many a lover, and of many a lasse.
 There was the elme that underprops the vine,
 And box, wherof poore shepherds frame their pipes,
 The gentle woodbind, and sweete eglantine,
 Each other clipping with their amorous gripes.
 The budded hawthorn, and our *London* dames
 Holy-reformers : the birch lacing stripes
 On lasie truands ; with such like, whose names
 I know not, save the willow that did guirde
 The bankes forsaken of the slippry Thames.

On every tree did sit a severall bird,
 And every bird did sing his severall note :
 This to the base a fift, that sung a third,
 Each one according to his aery throate,
 A summers day, me thinkes, were nothing long
 With the rare musicke which they made by rote :
Phæbe her selfe with all her nymphs did throng
 To heare it, as she had not heavenly beene ;
 And this was all the burden of their song,
 Long live *Diana* and faire *Katherine* !

Wearied with toile, but never with the noyse,
 High time she thought to goe and see the Queene ;
 For her declining brother, that enjoys
 One part in one of her threc-formed realmes,
 Bade her breake up those sports and earthly joyes,
 Sith he must never quench his thirsty beames,
 Till she to heaven returne and take his place,

To governe there the starres, and here the streames.

She therefore to the Castle gan to pace,
That bounteously was built of faire free-stone,
Whose guilded inside, for the greater grace,
Was all set out with many a precious one,
And they with one that yet more precious was :
The cristall windowes round about it shone,
That, as she stood therein, the very glasse
Seem'd rather to let out the lusty light.

On did the goddesse with her meany passe,
Till they came to a roome all richly dight,
Of heavenly blisse and happinesse the bowre,
Where each of other had this happy fight.
The place was after calld the Maydens towre,
But of *Diana* and her maydes, no doubt,
So called was, and is unto this howre.

Much the amazed goddesse look't about,
But most astoned at the Queene shee stood,
That ready word she could bring hardly out,
Before the lovely Queene (who could more good
Then halfe a world) did silence softly breake,
Each Lilly blending with a Rose of blood.
Madame (she sayde), my tongue can hardly speake
That world of worth which I in you admire ;
Then, all that I can doe is farre too weake
To answere your desert and my desire :
For since my Lord, my life, (God his soule save)
Was laide (as well may witnesse my attire)
My better halfe since he was laide in grave,
I never yet came foorth in companie,
But in my chamber my selfe buried have.

Wherefore, if person here, or aught there be,
 That unto you may breede the least offence,
 God knowes it is without my privitie:
 But did I knowe, I soone should rid him hence,
 That of this action is not humbly glad.
 And therewithall, they both lowe reverence
 Did one another. Up the while was had
 A banquet to a by rome as did passe,
 Bisket-bread, sucket, marchpane, marmalad,
 Candids, conserves, and all that dainty was:
 It haild downe comfects, and through every spoute
 The fugar-castles powrd out hypocras;
 Walk'd up and downe the boles, so as I doubt
 If I may call them standing cups or no.

And as the wine, so went the day about.

Diana rose, and ready was to goe,
 When, in another cup of massie golde,
 They crownd her wine that sparkled to and fro.

It was the king Confessors cup of old,
 Who liv'd a married man, and died a maide.
 She kist the cup, where grav'n, she might behold
Aetæons death, and downe it quickly laid;
 Then turn'd a little to her maydes aside,
 Rebuk't their want of secrecie, and faide.

Could ye no better your owne counsailes hide,
 But over *England* too it must be blaz'd?
 Lo! heere, *Aetæon* in his horned hide,
 While on our shame and nakednesse he gaz'd.
 Therewith she pauz'd, but they no word could say,
 So were they at that lively mappe amaz'd.
 And sure the cup did all so wel display,

As if it white wine were that therein floode.
Then would ye sweare *Dianaes* selfe there lay,
Nakedly clothed with the cristall flood :
And were it redde, there lay, then would ye sweare,
Aëtæon bathing him in his owne blood.
At last, as she that halfe abashed were,
Unto the Queene she turn'd and uttred this.

Alacke, alacke ! if his owne hownds did teare
This fond *Aëtæon*, yet the fault was his,
And mine the grieve : we gods are no lesse fory
For mortalls punishments, then for their amisse,
Though we, by this, and that, declare our glory,
And our owne justice in them both exalte.
Yet some will say (and they too peremptory)
That this his fortune was, and not his fault :
Was 't not his fault so to prophane a place,
That hallowed was with franckincense and salt ?
Were 't not his fault that should surprise your grace
Here in your chamber, skare you or your traine,
And from your side your surest servants race ?
Abortive fantasies swimme about his braine,
And faile him when himselfe he most assures :
Runne all his plots and purposes in vaine,
That shall the like attemptes on you or yours.

Thus ended she, and with this speach the day.
On stole the night that parting still procures,
As though it came to bid her come away.
Then tooke she leave, and in her coach did clime
The easterne hill with horses yron gray,
Where in slowe minutes she must tell the time,
And serve the use of man. God bade her so.

When neither cocke doth crow, nor clocke doth chime,
Whether we see her silver face or no,
Yet there she walkes as wel by day as night,
And still about her cristall orbe doth goe.

But (lord) with what a longing and delight
To *Windsor* ward she downe woulde cast her looke,
And guild the wide *Thames* with hir trembling light !
An other heaven ye would have thought the brooke
With moone and stars, and here and there a cloude :
But in high heav'n what way so e're she tooke,
Queene *Katharines* praises there she rung aloud,
Set to the tune of her well tempred spheare,
Much more harmonious then is harp and croud.

Hermes, that all the ghosts belowe can reare,
And gently usher with his snaky rod,
To this new caroll gave attentive eare :
And (as he is a very prating god)
To the bright *Venus* hath it told anone,
From the first point to the last period.
When she in all the haste would needes be gone,
To see below what all had heard above,
Of Englands Queene and peerelesse paragon :
Her coach was drawne by many a turtle-dove,
And driven by a coachman of great worth,
Her little sonne, the mighty God of Love.

So long he guided on his course by north,
When, having past the seaventh and utmost clime,
Out of the sea he might see peeping forth
A spot of Earth as white any lime ;
To which he thought it best his course to hold.

Now was the Earth, for it was past the prime

That had unmask'd her of her tawny old,
 Revested with a flowry diadem,
 And new greene velvet, spangled all with gold :
 Thus were the fields enameld all of them,
 Along the silver Thames, that did embrace
 The golden meades in wanton armes, and hem
 Their looser skirts like an indented lace.
 Acrosse, and up and downe the river swame
 Her sacred swannes, who when they saw her grace,
 Unto her coach to doe their homage came :
 And from the land came turtles many a paire,
 Unto her deity who did the same.

Then *Citherea*, seeing them to repaire,
 Bepake : Sir boy, we fure be gone amisse :
 (But yet, the best is this, the way was faire)
 Nay, doubtlesse, that no way to *Windsore* is,
 But to our palace in mount *Citheron*.
 And *Cupid* he was fore afraide by this
 Left it were so indeede ; when (having gone
 A little further) he might plainly see
 Where with his eye a castle met anone,
 High on a hill (as though it scorn'd to be
 Built on the baser earth) and towr'd above
 The lofty clouds, with such a majestic,
 As faide it could not be the Court of Love.
 Howe often have you seene together dwell
 The lordly eagle and the lowely dove,
 Of love and majesty concording well !

By this they to the castle-gate be come,
 That was shut in by warning of a bell.
 In every roome yet stirring heard they some,

Which made them loudly call, and loudly knocke ;
Yet none, no more then if they had bin dombe,
Would answer them : a long houre by the clocke,
They waited there ; now he, now she, now both.
Cupid at last did peepe in at the locke,
Yet no man came ; then *Venus* waxed wroth,
And since of force she must her purpose misse
To be reveng'd she tooke a solemne othe,
And faide, Much worship have we won, iwis,
If thus one silly woman may abuse
Two such great godheads : if we suffer this,
What wretch, I pray you, may not well refuse
To burne on our high altars his perfumes,
And by this president the fact excuse ?
Whether she on our gentlenesse presumes,
Or her own greatnesse, all is one for that ;
I shall ere long so pull her peacockes plumes,
That (though she now be yong and faire and fat)
She shall no sooner looke upon a glasse,
But she shall greeve and sore repine thereat,
And say, *That now is hay was sometimes grasse.*
Thinks she to scape our hands so franke and free,
That shee forfooth of *France* the daughter was,
Englands fresh bride, and thereby chaunc'd to be
Mother to him that now is king of both ?
Alas ! what's all this to a Deitie ?
No more but titles and meere toies in troth.
As then she hath deserv'd, so shall she have,
Divine revenge comes sure, though late and loth,
Belike these giddie *French* thincke they may brave
My sonne and me at pleasure, leave undone

What at their hands most lawfully we crave,
Or do all lawlesse outrage under funne.
They make but ev'n a woman and a childe
Of me and thee, and thereby thinke to shunne
Our vengeance : this it is to be so milde
To malefactors, that for very spight
Our temples and our altars have defilde,
Left unprophaned no religious rite,
But havocke made of holy maiden-head,
As if the charge we had renounced quite
That appertaineth to the bridall bed :
Wherein the lawfull heire begotten is,
Whom, after nine months fully finished,
The shame-fac't father shall not feare to kisse,
At midnight to him by the midwife borne :
Yea, he himselfe will sweare it to be his,
When *Lucifer* lets forth the blufhy morne.
But if they still my patience thus shall wrong,
By S. *Adonis* here, loe ! have I sworne,
And will not faile, I shall, ere it be long,
A plague send on them that will quickly tame
Their pride, and teach them sing another song.
It shall feede in their marow like a flame,
And rage through ev'ry corner of the land,
That of the nation it shall take the name.
But to the point that now we have in hand :
Which to effect with more successeful speede,
Sonne Cupid, you awhile my friend must stand.
Mother (quoth he) to feare you shal not neede,
For I have still beene your obsequious sonne,
And still will be, in thought, and word, and deed.

Yet hold I not this dame so much a nunne
 By nature, as by vertue of the clime
 Is far removed northward from the funne ;
 For she hath lov'd, and so may do in time.
 The bird that, having once escap't the net,
 Defies the fowler, may be caught by lime
 Or other engines that for him be fet ;
 And so may she by some more quaint devise
 (But what that is my selfe knows skarcely yet)
 Maugre her heart, all were it made of yce.

Gramercie, sonne, quoth she, why then no doubt,
 (Though she were ten times more then she is nice)
 This act we shall bring well inough about.
 But that I feare me which you lately tolde
 About the climat all this isle throughout,
 Is all the let that ever happen could ;
 For though the Sunne now in the Lion raigne,
 And his meridian, yet an uncouth cold,
 Me thinks, doth hit me now through every vaine.
 In *Affricke* if the lyon list to rage,
 Who shall him from his ladyes side restrayne ?
 Yet heere he sleepeth out his idle age,
 And dreames not once of Natures kindly sport.
 Were it not this, what grate or yron cage
 Could coope him from his pleasure ? To be short,
 The vine, that with the scorching sunne by noone
 Growes quickly ripe in *France*, if you transport
 Into this country, ripeneth not so soone.
 Yet is the soyle as thankful heere as there :
 Yea, th' elements, all underneath the moone,
 Remov'd from their owne place, some otherwhere

Take new impressions to them ; for the fire
 That only shines in his celestiall sphere
 Here burnes most violent. And with desire,
 Said *Cupid*, shall this faint, this *Katharine*
 In *Windshore* burne whom he did so admire,
 The man of *Monmouth*, when she did but shine
 In *France* at *Melaws*, like a blazing starre,
 Whose faire aspect, and influence divine,
 Did stoppe the hoarse and open throate of warre.
 As there great *Henry* fel in love with her,
 Heere of another shall she dote as farre,
 Except my cunning, or this hand doe erre ;
 And that rich dowre, yea were it ten times moe,
 Upon a subject shall I soone conferre.

What ! on a Saxon, *Cupid*, will yee so ?
 Now by this mole (quoth she) upon my cheek,
 I rather had this high revenge forgoe,
 Which I on her so thirstingly do seeke,
 Then any flinty Saxon should succcede
 A Prince so mighty, and a Prince so meeke.
 These Saxons cleane have wash'd away my seede,
 Swallowing the fat foyle like another flood :
 Those sturdy Saxons, whom the stones did breede,
 Which *Pyrrha* (when yet all the earth was mudde)
 By diuinish divination backward threw
 To take the forme of flesh, and bones, and blood,
 These men, these stones, at an advantage flew
 Of thy poore kindred thousands with the sword,
 And all the wofull remnant did pursue
 To the bare mountaines, that could scarce afford
 Food for themseves, or safety from the foe,

Fowly intreating them in deede and word.
Long were they torne and tosst thus to and fro,
Now foiling, and then foild, till, at the last,
Edward the first (their fates ordaining so)
To make them subject to his crowne did cast.
His tender babe to be their Prince they tooke,
To whose succeeding heires they stucke so fast,
As none of them their faith as yet forfooke ;
Save onely one, *Owen*, firnam'd *Glynddoore*,
Who became rebell against *Bollinbrooke*,
And by his pride made all his country poore.
Ah *Harry* ! why shouldst thou, a civill Prince,
For one mans fault and fury play the Moore
Or Tartar thus, and tax a whole province
With such uncourteous and barbarian lawes
As never heard were of before, or since ?
If *Jove*, alas ! as oft as men give cause
Did every time but hurle a fiery ball,
A little time then should he have to pause,
And in a while himselfe leave none at all.
For all yet that betide them could, or can,
Here lives one still, and stil I hope he shall,
A gallant and resolved gentleman,
Faure *Owen Tudyr* : fire thou hir in love
With him, my boy. Mother (said he) your swanne
Shall not exceede this eagle, nor your dove :
Hereafter shall she stoope so to the lure,
Though now awhile the clouds she toure above ;
For her pure bosome with a brand as pure
I wil so kindle, yet before the sunne
Get out of *Libra*, that none may recure

Her heart, but onely *Owen*. Well faide, sonne!
 (Him answered she) why should I then despaire?
 But (as one *Owen* hath us all undone)

Another *Owen* may those harmes repaire.

For who doth know, but that in time to come,
 There may spring from this wel consorted paire
 (I will so blesse and fructifie her wombe)

H. 7., that seaven times happy man, who one day may
 Sit on this throne, and thence with mercy doome
 His and my people? O! when will that day
 Shine from the east upon this northerne clime?
 Then, then may well both Welch and English say,
 That they were borne in a most blessed time.

Mother, quoth he, thereof mine be the care,
 And if I faile therein, mine be the crime;
 But sith the court of heaven can hardly spare
 Us both at once, this cause to me referre:
 Perhaps the gods in no such busines are,
 Yet mortalles are. How shall the mariner
 That long in the wide ocean tossed is,
 And nothing sees save sea and heav'n, but er[r]e
 When your propitious starre he there doth misse?
 How shall the shepheard doe, that to the hill
 Leades forth his flocke, and home againe by this?
 How shall the strugling bride against her will,
 With her impatient love this night conceive,
 Unles your gracious influence doe fill
 Her fruitfull lap? God[s] must not therefore leave
 To helpe and comfort mortall men, because
 Of their due honor they the Gods bereave.

This said, he stayd, and with this only claufe

She condescended that all should be done,
 As that her selfe therto her best applause
 Should give, and that as soone, too, as the funne
 A judge betweene the night and day became.

O silly Queene! these snares how canst thou shun?
 And how, O *Venus* (hadst thou any shame?)
 Canst thou but blush, what have ye reapt by this?
 Thou and thy sonne, what great and glorious name,
 When by Gods beguyld one woman is?

A month and more, to make the Queene his slave,
 He fought by all such traines and trickes of his
 As knowe ye lovers (God from them me save!)
 By dreames and fantasies whilst abed she lay:
 So wisely though herselfe she did behave,
 That once he thought it best to runne away.

By this the golden eye of heav'n, the funne,
 From that disastrous and midnight of day
 Wherin his clewe of life was cleane out spunne,
 Henry, the first in fame, in name the fift,
 About the silver skarfe of heav'n had runne:
 Whose firy courfers (howsoever swift
 To some glad harts) seeme to the sory slow,
 And dull as lead, then first the Queene did lift
 Her drooping ey-liddes from the earth belowe.
 As one that having horded up his cheefe,
 His only treasure, still his eye doth throwe
 Backe to the place as to his best releefe;
 So was the Queene and all the court to glose,
 The more with her did flatter this her grieve:
 For like the prince the people them compose.

Moov'd for their sakes, God wot, more then her owne,

The dowager Queene (like to the virgin rose
 That, all night is bedew'd, and newly blowne
 Unto the morning funne for comfort seekes)
 Those purer roses wiping, that were fowne
 Among the lillies in her lovely cheekes,
 And with her teares bedewed day and night,
 By the full space of two and fiftie weekes,
 Refolv'd at laſt to come by candle-light
 Into the prefence chamber, and to glad
 Her heart a little with the peoples ſight ;
 Who to ſee her againe were nothing ſad :
 For all the luſty courtiers did deviſe
 (So ſoone as notice of her minde was had)
 To entertaine her with ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
 Done by *Dan Lidgate*, a great learned munke,
 Who then in poeſie bare away the priſe ;
 For after *Chaucer* had he deeply drunke
 Of *Helicon*, as few beſides have yet.

Now, when the funne into the ſea was funcke,
 They all together in the wardrobe met,
 And them among (though farre above them all)
 The gentle *Owen* was : a man well ſet ;
 Broad were his ſhoulders, thogh his waſte but ſmal ;
 Straight was his backe, and even was his breaſt,
 Which no leſſe ſeemely made him ſhew then tall.
 Such as *Achilles* ſeem'd among the reſt
 Of all his army clad in mighty braſſe :
 Among them ſuch (though all they of the beſt)
 The man of Mone, magnifique *Owen*, was.
 He ſeem'd an other oake among the breers ;
 And as in ſtature, ſo did he furpas

In wit, and active feates, his other peeres.
 He nimble could discourse, and nimble daunce,
 And ag'd he was about some thirty yeeres :
 But armed had ye seene him go to *France*,
 Ye would have faide, that few on foote or horse
 Could have so toss'd a pike, or couch'd a lance,
 Wherewith to ground he brought full many a corse ;
 That oft alone when I recount the fame,
 My tender heart cannot but have remorse :
 To write it then, alas ! I were too blame.
 Of onely Love, and of his armes, I sing :
 Thy warres (O *Mars* !) I meane not once to name ;
 Yet hardly could I spare that haughty string,
 Did not the boy mine eare pull now and then,
 Beyond my bounds for feare I chance to fling,
 The fame and splendor of my countrymen
 Invite me so. What is he that can holde
 In his rude fingers such a flaggy pen,
 If aught by chance of *Agincourt* be tolde,
 But into teares his eies would quickly thawe,
 Insteade of inke, to write the manifolde
 And goodly slaughters which our men did drawe
 That day in blood ? But O ! thou mighty ghost
 Of *Henry Monmouth*, who yet holdes in awe
 My bolder ditty, that so longs to boast
 Those olde *Heroës*, crown'd with holie bayes,
 That under him did use to leade his hoste ;
Beauforts, Veres, Nevills, Talbots, Cliffords, Grayes !
 O ! pardon thou, and they, that I leave out
 Th'immortall mortall fights and bloody frayes
 By force of armes there fairely brought about.

And thou, *John Huntington*, whose acts I more
 Admire than all, before whose face the rout
 Of fearefull *Normans*, when thou cam'st ashore
 From the triumphed ocean fled away,
 As heartlesse hares the greyhounds doe before :
 Redoubted Earle, of pardon I thee pray.
 God wot I would, yet halfe so great a taske
 I dare not undertake ; and sooth to say,
 That argument a lowder trump doth aske,
 To found a march too slender is my reede ;
 Inough is it to tune a courtly maske :
 Then, to high purpose and the point procede.

While they made ready there, ye might have seen,
 One or an other, in a masking weede,
 Go friske about upon the rushes greene,
 And wish, if aught he chanced well to do,
 That all were done no worse before the Queene.

Some one the God of Love did pray unto,
 With his milde mother, so to stand his friend,
 As he thereby his ladies love might woe,
 To whose sweete praise his paines he did commend :
 Another, that he might good honors make,
 As ev'ry measure did beginne or end,
 Whereof his mistris might due notice take :
 One that the dropping linkes defilde him not
 For his white suite of costly fattenfak :
 An other that his imcrease, or his mot,
 Or aught of his the princeffe minde might please.

Full many a suite in broken sighes, God wot,
 Was offered there ; yet all could not appease
 His kindled ire, who by this easie baite

Thought now or never on the Queene to fease,
That had so often made him found retraite.

It fell that foure and twenty pages were
Appoynted on the revelers to waite,
Who, two by two, before each paire should beare
The linkes aloft ; and for the greater showe,
Like suites to them and vizards also weare.

The wily god, that all this did foreknow,
By putting on the person of a page,
Made up the compt, his quiver and his bowe
To buy a visard which he layd to gage ;
But turned into a blazing torch his brand :
A pretty stripling, much about the age
Of fourteene yeares he seem'd, when he did stand
Among the rest. Now was it time to sup :
So costly nothing was by sea or land
But it was had, while still the frothy cup
Did haste to deale about the lusty wine.

When all was ended, and the boord was up,
In heav'n above the starres began to shine ;
Where also burned *Cithere* the bright,
To *Cupid* nodding, who knewe well the signe :
And, like an other heav'n, with starry light
Adorn'd was all the prefence round about,
That into day againe did turne the night,
Although the cheefest light was yet without.

With this the trumpets, lo ! began to sound,
And eke the multitude aloud to shout,
(That all the roome did ev'n againe rebound,
Reechoing no particle amis)
God save your Grace, and God your foes confound !

To some her hand of snowe she gave to kis,
 She talk'd with other, and gave thanks to all
 Along the chamber, as the manner is.

Behold! how many fiery sparkles small,
 The moone about her silver orbe doth spend,
 When *Hesperus* the evening fourth doth call:
 So many glorious ladies, glad to tend
 Upon the Queene unto her princely state,
 Downe to the ground before her Grace did bend.

As there in Majesty awhile she fate,
 With shamefac'd lookes lowe fix'd upon the ground,
 Loe! three faire damfels fal'ne at foule debate,
 And them before a trumpet hard to found.
 The damfells, drest in white and blew and blacke,
 Were asked, whence they were, and whither bound?
 Whom they did looke for? or what they did lacke?

Awhile they paus'd, and oft they changed hew,
 The one still to the other looking backe,
 Till she, that all appareld was in blew,
 Stept fourth at last, and making curt'fy low,
 Beganne aloud. Most mightie Queene, to you
 In humble manner we present this shewe:
 A silly maide, a widow, and a wife,
 As by our habits you may partly know.
 Alate betwene us hapned heavy strife,
 Whether the wife, the widow, or the maide,
 Lives the most happy and contented life?
 All what we could, we three therin have said,
 And women (as men clatter) want no words.
 Yet heere (alas!) the matter hath not staide;
 For acted it must needs be by the swords

Of martialists ; but your majestike hand,
 That unto misers mercy still affoords,
 The same by your authority withstand :
 Which is so soveraigne, and doth carry weight
 With all the mighty spirites of the land,
 That ended all this sturre will heere be streight.
 Eight hardy squiers doe holde of maidenhead
 (Whereof is *Owen Tudyr* chiefe), and eight
 Maintaine that it much better is to wed :
 The last eight by like arguments approve
 The life sequestred from the nuptiall bed.
 Renowned Empresse, then let pittie move
 Your royall breast to save them from the spoile.
 What heart of yron hath she, that doth love
 To see one man in fight an other foile,
 Or once abide to see the blood to streame
 That in the manly bosome wents to boile ?

Heereat, as one awak'd out of a dreame,
 The softly fighting Queene upstartd soone,
 Guilding the world with such a glorious beame
 As doth the sunne this hemispheare by noone,
 With morning showrs though somewhat overspred :
 Or, as when in some misty night, the moone
 Breaks through the clouds, and shews her silver head.

And thus she spake. Ye vertuous maid and wife,
 (For such ye seeme) and thou whose halfe is dead,
 Whose other halfe resolves to leade the life
 That also doth thy Queene : not all this ile
 A fitter one could yeeld to stint your strife,
 Extended out though it lie many a mile,
 And, but the sea, abides not any bound ;

For all three courses have I knowne awhile.
A very maide of me King *Henry* found,
(Whose foule God pardon, and to mercie take)
To whom my love my faith kept ever found,
That all the world my honour might not shake,
Ne wracke my fame against so foule a shelve.
As unto him, so for his onely sake
I will remaine no lesse true to my selfe ;
For *Henries* wife and widow will I die.
Honours, vaine pleasures, transitory pelfe,
I force not of such gaudes a whit, not I :
Yet doth this trash the mindes of many tempt
To loves delights, from whose vile tyranny
Princes, no more then other, are exempt.
But onely him I lov'd, so do I now,
And ever shall ; of whom both thought and dreamt
I have so oft, that no man else may bow
My settled heart : onely (were he alive)
He might, perhaps, prevaile against my vow.

And God, I begge it now, so let me thrive,
If aught I speake the worlds good word to woo
Beyond my worth ; but with his thunder drive
Mee quicke those ugly shades of hell into,
Before, O shamefastnes ! that I forsake
Thee, or yet any lawe of thine undoe.

Might I with me my little *Henry* take
To some remote and solitary denne ;
Your noble prince, his servant God him make,
(Whereto the people cried *Amen, Amen!*)
I could be well content no more to come
Among the prease and multitudes of men.

Not that I doubt but vertuous there be some,
I knowe there be, and many in this place.
This of my speech then is the very fumme ;
That oft alone when I recount my case,
No life, me thinkes, is like to widdowhoode,
So God but guide it with his holy grace.

Heereat the maide and wife astoned stooode.
Mistake me not, quoth then the lovely Queene,
For often hath it beene no lesse a good
To marry wel, then to live singly seene.
Perhaps the more, if hearts as well as hands
Be rightly tied the married paire betweene :
Not altogether wedded unto lands,
Ne wealthy dowres. Ah ! never may she thrive,
That on the purse above the party stands.
She that so weds (as I know none that did)
Beguiles her husband ; he hath but the hive,
Another eates the hony. God forbid
That ever any courtly dame should carry
A heart so base within her bosome hid !
As for my selfe, had I not lov'd my *Harry*,
Perdy, I make a vow that, for my part,
No kingdome could have tempted me to marry
Against the love and liking of my hart.

But ah ! not long had I enjoyed my joy,
When ugly Death comes stealing with his dart,
(For hand of man could never him annoy)
And him of life, and me of love deprives.
Yet hath he left behinde a princely boy,
That in my breast his heav'nly shape revives.
So like the father doth he daily grow,

As any you have seene in all your lives,
Yea, like him he already learnes to goe :
So would he bend the bowe, so would he looke,
His eies, his hands, he cast, he carried so.

But whither have I, like a wandring brooke,
Thus err'd by love ? Few liquid pearles then gusht
From out her eies, and then her breath she tooke.
But (Lord !) then how the lovely virgine blusht,
When all the people did the Queene pursue
With fresh applauses ; till, when all was hush'd,
The Queene did her continued speech renew.

Ladies, it seemes (and therewithall she fate)
It seemes, I say, to us, that each of you
So pleased is with her peculiar state,
That all the world may not your wills reclaime.
Me lever also weare your love then hate,
Whereat no vertuous prince did ever aime.
Tyranny feare, and feare this hate begot.
What duety then can want a privy maim
That of the subjectes love proceedeth not ?
I then conclude, no kinde of life amis
That is so fixt, and alters not a jot :
Unhappy most the least resolved is,
When as the great commander in the warres
Affects the marchants life, the marchant his,
Who knowes each crooked motion of the starres :
The clerke againe envies the courtier,
And he the clowne. To leave particulars,
In us, and you, (for oft thus one may erre)
I must (I hope to none of your disgrace)
Together when all courses I conferre,

Of force define, that both resigne the place
To maidenhead ; as copper doth, or brasse,
When Indy gold their glory doth deface.

A worthy wife, no doubt, *Susanna* was,
Redeem'd from death, as she was thereto led ;
Yet did the widdow *Judith* her surpasse ;
Who smote off, as he breath'd his last abed,
That horrid head, yet breathing warre and lust.
But unto *Mary*, well of maidenhead,
This, and that other yeeld of duty must :
The Maide, where three times three months did repose
The Sunne, in whom repose is all my trust.

A virgin is but ev'n a very rose,
For once if hand of man thereon be laide,
Both sent and colour it will quickly lose,
So tender is the bloome in ev'ry maide.
That innocent and ever happy state,
(Had our forefathers not so fondly straide)
Wherein God humane nature did create,
In holy maidenhead resembled is,
Whence having false too soone, we grieve too late :
When all the world doth point at our amis,
Then see we naked shame with open eyes.

Yea, maidenhead goes farre beyond all this ;
For in that earthly place of paradise,
As heere we doe, they did by Gods behest :
But in that heav'n, where his owne owner lies,
As are his angels, such are all the rest ;
Maides and unmarried. Heere then I conclude
That maidenhead of all is only best.
And as she faide, so faide the multitude.

Then all three ladies (who did now relent,
And pardon aske that they had beene so rude)
Besought the night in sportes might now be spent ;
Whom so to doe with many thankes she praide.

So they unto the foure and twenty sent
To certifie them what the Queene had saide,
And therewithall to bid them haste away.
The messenger so did, and they obaide.

Alacke for pittie ! now what shall I say ?
A wily traitor and a very thiefe,
That all the while in ambush closely lay
Among the maskers, is become the chiefe :
And to the castle is already come,
Good Queene, I feare me, to thy further grieve.

Herewith was heard the trumpet and the drum,
As if they had beene marching for the field :
By two and two they entred all and some,
Each after other offering up his shield,
While she, that in all curtisie did abound,
To every man particular thankes did yeeld.
The softer musicke then beganne to found,
And eke the ladies were had out to dance :
It also pleasde the Queene to walke a round,
The courtly sportes the more to countenance,
With whom (bicause he did the measures leade)
To couple it was *Owens* happy chance.

Then all in order gan it softly treade
Up and downe, in and out : the planets seaven,
Rapt with harmonious sphares (as we may reade)
So daunce about the lofty pole of heaven.

The measures ended, it grewe very late,

(For it was halfe an houre nigh past eleaven.)
Then bade the Queene, that one belowe the state
A stoole for her should set upon the ground :
This done, anone downe thereuppon she fate.

Some in their cinquepase did nimbly bound,
Some did the cros-point, some high capers cut,
And on the toe some other turned round ;
While still the minstrell on the trembling gut,
Strove with division to outrunne the time
That hasted on the revells up to shut,
(For midnight now the clock began to chime.)
Then issued *Owen* out among the rest,
Reserved untill then, as onely prime
Of all the maskers, and the very best.

Love that did all the while no will forsloe,
That holp to sett afire her snowy brest,
Resolv'd, at last, that it must needs be so.

Wherefore, as *Owen* did his galliard daunce,
And grac'd it with a turne upon the toe ;
(Whether his eyes aside he chaunc'd to glaunce,
And, like the lovely God, became so blinde,
Or else, perhaps, it were his happy chaunce,
I know not, and record none can I finde.)
This is the shorte : the Queene being very nigh,
He fell, and (as he forward downe declinde)
His knee did hit against her softer thigh.
I hope hee felt no great hurt by the fall,
That happy fall which mounted him so high ;
For up he quickly sprang, and therewithall
He fetch'd me such a frisk above the ground
That, O well doone ! cried out both great and small.

The Queene arose then, and dealt thanks around
To all of them, but unto *Owen* most :
The trumpets also they began to sound,
For on she pass't, and after her an hoast
Of lovely ladies, while the people praied,
That God would guide her with his holy ghost.

Thus all the court was very well apaide,
And every dauncer in delight did swimme,
But *Owen* onely, who was so dismaide,
That all the company came to comfort him.
Amongst all, one wisht it had beene his happe :
I can not blame him, though he lost a lim,
That long'd to pitch in such a princely lappe.

But out, alas ! what shall there more be saide ?
This was but ev'n an engine and a trappe,
That for the feely foule was lately laide :
The fairest foule, I weene, that ever was,
This onely tricke so fowly hath betraide.

As into some one centre of the glasse
The sunny beames we doe contract to light
Divine tobacco, that all blame doth passe,
Because all union hath the greater might ;
So fierce *Cupido* caus'd his fiery brand
Upon that eagle-eye of his to light,
That in the very turning of a hand,
Reflected it might set afire her heart,
That obstacles none might it once withstand.

The wound did at the first not greatly smart,
For it was inward, and there softly bled
Feeding the fire, till (having got apart)
Her yvory body laide in yvory bed,

She there afresh of all beganne to thinke
(For idle fancies there be sooneft fed)
And unawares let love in softly sinke
Betweene the lillies of her lovely brest.

What should she doe? she could not sleepe a wink,
Nor any respite take, nor any rest,
Nor once but dreame (for how can one awake?)
That it was got such an unruly guest :
Which on the gods behalfe did greatly make.

It was the very dead of drowfy night,
When every creature else his ease did take
But onely yong Queene *Katherine* the bright ;
Whose eies (like two faire diamonds set in rings)
Awak'd her outward little world to light.
For ugly night with her broade raven-wings
Had overhild the golden goodly face
As well of heavenly as of earthly things,
And the dull humour powred downe apace
On weary miserable mortall men.
Loe! then beganne her eyes first to embrace
An easie slumber: her devotions then
She softly sigh'd, and *Requiem* also saide
For her deere Lord: thus (having breath'd *Amen*,
And softer cheeke upon soft pillow laide)
Fell fast asleepe. Who then but *Cupid* sung?
Who laugh'd, who danc'd, or half such Herods plaid?
For here and there the fire about he flung,
As did in *Ætna* his supposed fire :
That where before she was but only stung
A little in the fancie with desire,
And quickly might have cur'd the same againe,

(Had she but usde the meanes) his raging fire
Diffusde the venim now through ev'ry vaine.

As elementar fire doth clofely creepe
Betweene some planks, the greater height to gaine,
Not daring out of his blinde cell to peepe,
Before, alas ! (as oft it doth befall)
The goodman of the house be fast asleepe ;
Then opposition finding none at all,
About the noone of night invades the sparres,
And many hundred thousand sparkles small,
About the welkin hurls to mocke the starres :
At last in smoaky flames it chokes the skies,
And of the building all the beauty marres,
Or once the owner halfe can ope his eyes.

O mercy God ! O Love ! O Charity !
What is this heate, or how doth it arise ?
Is it begot but of a wanton eye,
And so conceived in a gentle hart ?
If it be so, then aske I reason why ?
Thy selfe, O Love ! of eyes deprived art.
But if by fatall revolution
Of any starre, O God ! thou guide thy dart,
(Sith that we know the certaine motion
Of every starre in heav'n, both her degree,
Her opposition, and conjunction,
With every other hidden qualitie,
Portending what is likeliest to befall)
Reveale, O God ! reveale thou unto me
That am thy priest (though worthy least of all)
So long have I rebel'd against thy law,
Blaspheming it as ceremonial,

Enacted onely fooles to keepe in awe :
 Yet, sith I doe recant my folly now
 That into danger youth might haply draw,
 Reveale the reason, and the cause, why thou
 In all thy deedes so diverse ever art ;
 And doe, I pray, instruct thy Prophet, how
 In every pageant thou dost play thy part,
 Provoking here to love and there to lust.

Why should a lady like with all her hart
 (Her selfe borne under *Jove* and *Venus* just)
 A tawny face befur'd with fable haire,
 Borne under old Saturnus starre combust ?

What appetite the foule hath to the faire
 Is evident ; for every feely foule
 Knowes with perfection how things long to paire :
 But that the faire should stoope unto the foule,
 A wonder it doth seeme to me, no lesse
 Then if an eagle should unto an owle.
 Yet more may be then I can haply gesse :
 I might be numbred eighth among the wise,
 If all to know myselfe I should professe.

It is because that in faire womans eyes
 Blacke men seeme pearles (and women all, awis,
 Would be, or else, which doth as well suffice,
 Reputed faire ?) or is it haply this,
 That any beauty layde against the blacke,
 Of much more beautie and more brightnes is ?
 Is it because we like (though nought we lacke)
 What others have ? or else because this hue
 Lends livelier heate and moisture to the backe ?

Why should a queene, to whom so many sue,

So many princes would be prowde to ferve,
Bid all the glittering pompe of court adue,
And to a private love her sweets reserve?
Why should she spend with him her happy dayes,
That hardly doth to serve her but deserve?

This is thy power, O Love! this is thy praise;
For unto Gods it only doth belong
The mighty downe to pull, the meeke to raise:
Thou findest likes, or else ere it be long,
Thou framest such of fundry qualities.
It is then open, and no petty wrong,
To charge thee so with incongruities;
For onely thou alone in all thy deedes,
As at the first yet work'st by contraries.

When as together all the fundry feedes
Of undigested *Chaos* did conspire
To mould the body that so many breeds,
The earth, the aire, the water and the fire,
(For each was unto either deadly foe)
To fundry rankes did all at once retire:
The leight got up, the heavy stay'd below,
The sea did start aside to shew the land,
The windes did on the billowes stifly blow,
All which be now tied in so friendly band,
As they may not beyond their limits range,
And this was done by thy almighty hand.
Nor art thou, Lord (for all thou seeme so strange)
Yet halfe so mutable as any man,
But as resolved, and unapt to change,
As at the day when first the world began.

Perhaps by some to scorne I shall be laught

For holding fo, fay all they what they can,
This is the truth, thus other shall be taught :
Yea (though therefore I should be tortured)
I would not alter any word for aught,
For all is right, if it be rightly read.

FINIS.

RICHARDO MARTINO HUGO HOLLANDIUS

*Optimo Oratori Pessimus Poëta,
veteris et perfecti amoris ergò
novum sed imperfectum poëma
mittit.*

SONULUS HENDECASYLLABICUS.

*Hoc, Martine, tibi vetus sodalis
Nuper mitto novum poema cœptum,
Nec doctum satis id, nimisve ineptum :
Vester Pegasus est, nec ipse talis
Qui tantis vehar incitatus alis.
Verùm me videor sat esse adeptum,
Si carmen tibi tale sit receptum ;
Nec lectum tibi non fuisse malis.
Quod (si quid sciperem) domo quietâ
Annus debuerat videre nonus :
O sed famâ ego gloriaque spretâ
In pessum cecidi poeta pronus ;
“ Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
“ Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.”*

TO SIR ROBERT COTTON, KNIGHT,

Lord of Cunningham.

My reasons can no longer hold out nor yet my modesty: nature indeed hath armed me against blushing, not against bashfulness. Have here then this double imperfect poem. First, though ill, not all done: Secondly, through all ill done. The faults I confess in making (as they be many) are mine: the fault in setting forth (if it be any) is yours; and so much the more yours, by how much the more you would have mine published. It was (if you remember) the worke, or rather the pastime of one vacation. Howbeit, that can no way iustly excuse me. For (if the destiny of these leaves should out-spin Nature in our lives) how should posterity be informed in how short time the same were written? All the writings of old time were as the testaments of the writers: but most of the writers of our dayes are as executors to their writings; not unlike *Hecuba* in the tragedy, who in her own lifetime saw the death of all her children. And to say but truth (had not I beene the more indulgent father) these rimes of mine (which nigh upon two yeares have nowe layen by me) had long since made windeing-sheets for perfumed gloves in the EXCHANGE. The last summer I began to put this infant (then about some twelve-moneths old) out of his foule and swatheling clowts; and (like our *London* nurfes, who, when they bring their foster-children to be shewed the friends, dresse them up in their best habiliments) wrote it out curiously with mine own hand, thinking to have gone into

Scotland and to have given it the king ; towards whom my loyaltie, I was in those dayes as daring to powre into your bosome, as I found it ready to endure the same. Your love to me, and our duty to him gave us both confidence thereunto: to speake nothing of particular interest, his Maiesty and you descended of two brothers, hee from *Rob. le Bruse*, and you from *Bernard*. But ill newes carried me into *Wales*, and upon my returne Maister Secretary *Herbert* (with whom was in commission the noble and gentle Lord *Eure*, and the right worthy and vertuous Maister Doctor *Dun*), being ready to goe into *Germany* (which was his thirteenth publike employment), I signified to his Honour the desire I had, but once in my life, to see the world (for untill then I had beene alwayes one of the Queenes deere), and he lovingly consented thereunto. Beleeve me, Sir *Rob.*, he is the man I tooke him for, and told you of. I will not speake of honors and titles, things (like representations in glasses) actuated by other ; but rather of his learning, his wisdom, honesty ; the first and last whereof are goodly vertues in a man of his fortune, all three lying within the spheare of our owne activitie. At *Amstelredam*, in my way homeward (for I returned before their Lordships) I met those good ill-newes of the Queens death, to whose honour and memory (*neque me meminisse pigebit ELISAE*), as by the Preface may appeare, I had once intended this first booke of the Præparation or Præludium of the love betweene *Owen Tudyr* and the Queene ; which Preface notwithstanding I will have printed with the rest, that I doe so much right to that dead Lady, sometimes our soveraigne Queene and mistresse. The very Gospel it selfe (next which no gladder tidings could have pierced our

earess, then that King JAMES his head should be invested with the royall diadem) did allow the law, an honorable buriall. Neither should we fashion our selves to such whose affection to her waxed cold before her body, who thought they had done her a stout piece of service, that they forooke not her body before her soule did. I judge modestly of them all, and hope it was but a longing they had to see his Majesty, whom God of his mercy long preserve, left he, who hath freed us from one curse of a kingdome, that is a woman, leave us unto another, that is, a childe. I have written an acrosticke sonet to his Maiestie, a canzonet to the Queene, and another acrosticke unto the Prince; whose servant I am by vow, and subordinate subject by birth. For I doubt not but his noble father will shortly kisse him, and deliver him the verge of gold, with his patent, whereby hee is entituled Prince of *Wales*: which (though now high in nothing but mountaines) I hope one day shall be raised by his Graces prefence; in whom we claime a double interest, as well by *Walter Stewarte*, as *Owen Tudyr*, both of them lineally descended from the most haught and magnanimous Princes of *Wales*. My second booke (if God spare life) of the entertainment of their love (which I principally vow to the honour of the better parte of his Graces principallity, my beloved country gentle Northwales, where by the way I am to speake somewhat of the warres of *Owen Glindoure*, with the worthy deeds of the two thunder-bolts of warre, the noble Percies) I purpose to consecrate unto his Highnesse: as also the third booke, of the perfection of their love, unto the Queens right excellent Majestie. For unto whom should I dedicate the perfection of love but to the perfection of beautie? I speake this but

by heare-fay : you have seene her, and know I flatter not, from which fault (if from any) I am most free : for in flattery (saith *Tacitus*) is the foule fault of slavery, and freedom of speach will be thought malice. Howbeit, after the faire example of our good friend M. *Martin* (who, with like libertie as eloquence, was not afraide to tell the King the truth) I will so comorte my selfe and wade warily betweene both, that I ever carry the heart of a monarchy, and the tongue of a common-wealth ; the one loyall, the other liberall. In which resolution I end, commending this poëm to the conceipt of the reader, my selfe to you, and you to God.

Your very loving

HUGH HOLLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

4/6

THE ensuing drama is, in every respect, a most remarkable curiosity: it exists only in a single copy, and (with the exception, perhaps, of the "King Johan" of Bishop Bale) it is the earliest known specimen of that intermediate species of stage-representation which followed the old "Morality," consisting wholly of abstract impersonations, and the more modern "History" composed of real characters, such as we find them in the productions of Marlowe and Shakespeare. We apprehend (certainly upon no very distinct evidence) that the "Edward the Second" of Marlowe, though not printed until 1598, was written before 1590, and that it preceded the "Richard the Second" of Shakespeare, printed in 1597, but possibly not written until after the death of Marlowe in the summer of 1593. We only use the name of Marlowe as a representative of the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, but to him might be added Peele, Kydd, Lodge, Greene, and others of less notoriety.

This, however, is not a point into which it is now necessary to enter, and the piece before us does not relate to English, but to Greek history: it is, in some sort, a companion to the old "Appius and Virginia" (Dodsley's *O. P.*, xii, p. 340, edit. 1825), dealing with events connected with the revenge of the son of Agamemnon in a similar manner to that in which the incidents of the Roman story were treated. As far as known dates are concerned, the author of "Orestes" had the precedence; for his drama was printed in 1567, while "Appius and Virginia" did

not come from the press until 1575. The initials R. B. are given as those of the author of the latter; while John Pykering boldly places his names on the fore front of "*Orestes*." From the first page to the last the hero is called *Horestes*; and we may take it for granted that it was one of the many blunders of the early and ignorant typographer. Other errors of a glaring kind have been preserved in our reprint, and will be noticed as the reader proceeds; because our object has been to make an exact reproduction of the original, excepting, in a single instance, where we have added a word to a stage-direction, and where, in a few other places, for the sake of intelligibility merely, we have inserted a letter, always with the obvious distinction of brackets. The misprints begin on the very title-page, where "naturall" stands *naturtll*, "*Menelans*" *Menalaus*, and "*Hermione*" *Helmione*: elsewhere *Meros* is put for "*Mors*," *gilt* for "*gift*," *despyare* for "*desyare*," *spare* for "*fyare*," &c. The spelling is arbitrary and corrupt even for the time when the production was printed. On p. 7, last line but one, the rhyme corrects the text; and on an earlier page, 2, the word "*fight*" is made part of the line, although clearly a stage-direction. These stage-directions are all singular, and indeed important, with reference to the manner in which the drama was got up and represented three hundred years ago.

In every dramatic piece of this intermediate description, the "*Vice*" is preserved from the old "*Morality*," for the purpose of giving vivacity and attractiveness to the performance; but in "*Orestes*" only (and the difference is of importance) he is made to sustain the parts of *Courage* and *Revenge*, for which he was

furnished with proper apparel and disguises. The impersonation of Fame is used precisely in the same way and for the same purpose as Rumour in the second part of "Henry IV," or Chorus in "Henry V." The songs, with the ancient popular tunes to which they were sung, are also extremely interesting, and they are not only given to the Vice, as in some other early productions, but to Egisthus and Clytemnestra, who join in a duet in alternate stanzas. This last is to the old tune of "Lady, Lady;" also, as we here learn, called "King Solomon," which Elderton had used as early as 1559 in his ballad of "The Pangs of Love," and to which Shakespeare refers in two of his plays, "Twelfth Night," and "Romeo and Juliet." Other tunes appropriated to the Vice are "Over the water to Florida" (which was the same as "Seller's Round") and "The Painter," regarding which, we have no information. The most noticeable reference of this kind is near the conclusion of "Orestes," where a ballad is quoted which had been entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1557, "Who is merrier than the poorest sort."

The species of Epilogue, at the conclusion, is very peculiar, because it shews that the drama was publicly represented, if not in the presence, by permission of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London; who, however, soon after 1567, became so hostile to theatrical exhibitions, that they did their utmost to suppress them. They, happily, did not succeed; and between 1570 and 1580 three theatres were built and opened expressly for public performances.

We have evidence that a play with the title of "Orestes" was represented before Queen Elizabeth the year after the drama in

the hands of the reader was printed; and we consider it more than probable that it was the identical production. On the whole, "Orestes" is, in our opinion, the most valuable performance of the kind in our language, in reference to the progress and improvement of our stage; and it is not long since it was discovered, among some other rare books (but no plays) in the closet of an old mansion of Wiltshire. We are happy to add that it is now deposited in the library of the British Museum: how long precisely it has been there we know not, but we lighted upon its title on accidentally turning over one of the many and confusing catalogues of that institution. We earnestly recommend that, instead of being kept in miserable half-binding, "Orestes" should be put into a cover somewhat consistent with its real worth, and as in every respect a unique specimen of our early dramatic poetry. When we venture to call it "poetry," the reader must be prepared to measure it, not by the standard of our perfect Shakespearian drama, but merely by that of the day when it was produced.

There is no greater desideratum in our language than a series of early dramas, properly arranged, shewing the gradual advance of our stage, from the earliest simple Scriptural Play, through the complex "Morality", and its periodical improvements by the introduction of real characters, until it culminated in the Historical Drama of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Such a series, if only reasonably encouraged, we would gladly undertake, without the slightest view to pecuniary advantage. It might easily be comprised within three volumes of the size of our reprints.

J. P. C.



A N E W E

Enterlude of Vice, Conteyninge the Historie
of Horestes, with the cruell rebeng-
ment of his fathers death upon
his one naturll Mother.

BY

JOHN PIKERYNG.

THE PLAYERS NAMES.

<i>The Vice.</i>	<i>Clytemnestra.</i>	<i>Sodyer.</i>	<i>Truthe.</i>
<i>Rusticus.</i>	<i>Halterfycke.</i>	<i>Nobulle.</i>	<i>Fame.</i>
<i>Hodge.</i>	<i>Hempstryng.</i>	<i>Nature.</i>	<i>Hermione.</i>
<i>Horestes.</i>	<i>Nestor.</i>	<i>Provisyon.</i>	<i>Dewtey.</i>
<i>Idumeus.</i>	<i>Menalaus.</i>	<i>Harrauld.</i>	<i>Messenger.</i>
<i>Councell.</i>	<i>A Woman.</i>	<i>Sodyer.</i>	<i>Egestus.</i>
<i>Commones.</i>			

THE NAMES DEVIDED FOR VI TO PLAYE.

- The fyrst the Vice and Nature and Dewtey. 3.
 2. Rusticus, Idumeus, 2 Sodyer, Menalaus, & Nobulles. 5.
 3. Hodge, Counsell, Messenger, Nestor, & Commones. 5.
 4. Horestes, a Woman, & Prologue. 3.
 5. Haulterficke, Sodyer, Egistus, Harrauld, Fame, Truth,
 and Idumeus. 7.
 6. Hempstrynge, Clytemnestra, Provisyon, & Helmione. 4.

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solde at his shope in S. Dunstons
Churcheyearde. Anno. 1567.

H O R E S T E S.

An Interlude.

The Vyce. A, fyrra! nay soft; what? Let me see.
God morrowe to you, fyr, how do you fare?
Sante a men. I thincke it wyll be
The next day in the morning, before I com thear.
Well, forward I wyll, for to prepare
Some weapons and armour, the catives to quell:
Ille teache the hurchetes agayne to rebell.
Rebell? ye fyr, how saye you thereto?
What! you had not beste their partes to take:
Houlde the content, foole, and do as I do,
Or elles, me chaunce, your pate for to ake.
Ye, and thats more, for feare thou shalt quake
Before Horestes, when, in good south, he
Shall arryve in this lande, revenged to bee.
Well, forwarde I wyll, thynges to pourvaye,
In good south, for the wares, as I shall thincke good.
Farre well, good man dotterell; and marke what I saye,
Or eles it may chaunce you to feke a new hound;
You would eate nomore cakbread, I thinke, then, by the roud:
If that, that same poulle from your shoulderdes were bent,
You would thincke you were yll, if so you were shent.

[*Hear entryth* RUSTYCUS and HODGE.

Ruft. Chyll never, nabore Hodge, have a glade harte,
Tyll Egiftous, the kynge, hath for his defarte

Received dew punnyshment ; for this well I knowe,
 Horrestes to Crete with Idumeus did go,
 When his father was flayne by his mother most yll :
 And therefore I thincke that com heather he wyll,
 And revenge the injury of his mother most dyare,
 Wastinge our lande with zworde and with vyare.

Hodge. Jefu, nabor ! with vyar and zworde ? zaye ye zo ?
 By gys, nabor, chyll zave one, I tro ;
 For iche have smaull good, by gife, for to lose,
 And therefore iche care not how ever it gofe :
 But chyll not be zlayne, chyll love nothings worffe,
 Chyll never be bowrnt for the mony in my pourse.
 Iche have small roudockes ; and fodyers, I kno,
 Wyll robbe the riche chorles, and let the poore knaves go.

Vyce. A fyrre ! nowe staye, and pause their a whyle,
 Be not to hastye, but take all the daye :
 Be God, I am weary with comming this myle,
 And having no money my horse heyare to paye,
 Who how, I rode on my fete all the waye.
 Jefu ! what ground, since yesteryday at none,
 Have I gut thorow with this pare of shoune.

Ruft. Nabor Hodge, be goge, hatche none I veare,
 That this lyttell houchet the devayaunce doth beare.
 Come, let us go, and of him, in good south,
 We woll conquer out the verey truth.

Vyce. Hurchyt ? goges oundes, gyppe with a wanyon !
 Ar you so loufthey, in fayth, good man clound ?
 Oundes, hart and nayles, this is a franion !
 Ille teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounce.
 O that it weare not, in fayth, for my gound !
 It wyll I be knoc um, yet for all that.

[*Fight.*

Hodge. Hould, good master! you mare my new hat.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! mar his hat, quoth he; thear was all his thought.

Tout, tout! for the blofe he fet not a pyn.

That garment is dyer that with blofe is bought.

Well, fieres, to in treat me fyth you begyn,

I am contentyd, my blade now shaull in.

But tell me, fyeres, tell me no[w] whearefore of me

The caufe on this fort your taullkynge should be?

Ruft. By gis, and iche chyll, master, for all my great payne,
Of this matter to you to tell the veary playne.

My naybor Hodge and I, in good fouth,

Mot hear in the veldes, I tell you the truth;

Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I zaye,

You came in straight, and of us croft the waye.

Which thinge for zartyn when I did espye,

This fancye vlouncht in my head by and by;

And to Hodge I zayde that, by gys I dyd veare,

That your mafhyp, good master, the devyaunce doth beare:

And be cause you weare lyttell, and of stature but smaull,

Your perfon a houchet, in fayth, I dyd caull.

But, by gis, be contentyd, vor chyll neaver more

Ovfend you a gaine, but cham zorey thearvore.

Vyce. Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt;

But two is to meyney, the proverbe douth tell:

Elles, be his oundes, I would jobard this joynt,

And teache them agaynste me againe to rebell.

O! that I wear abull the knaves vor to quell,

Then would I tryomphe passinge all measure.

Hodge. Zentyll man, zentyll man, at your owne pleasure
In fayth we be; and thearvore we praye,

What thy name is to us vor to zaye ?

Vyce. My name would ye kno ? marrey, you shaull.
 Harke, frynde, fourft to the I wyll it declare :
 Master Pacience, master Pacience, many on doth me caull.
 But com heather, nabor Hodge ; thou must have a share.
 By gys, unto the I wyll not spare
 The fame for to showe ; whearfore, my frend,
 My name is Pacience, if thou it perpend.

Hodge. Past shame ? Godes gee, naybor, past shame ?
 By godes be, naybor, thates a tryccom name.

Vyce. Tell a mare a tall, and shyell gerd out a fart.
 Se how the as my wordes douth mistake
 Would it not anger a faynt at the hart
 To se what a scoffe of my name he douth make ?
 O, oundes of me ! as still as a stake
 He standith, nought caring what of him may be tyde :
 Be his woundes, I wod have a arme, or a fyde.
 Sought ! let me se ; it is best to be styll,
 Good flepinge in a hole skynne, ould foulkes do faye ;
 Notwithstandinge, I wis, ill have myne owne wyll.
 Naye, I wyll be revenged, by his oundes, and I maye.
 Syrre, you good man Rustycus, marke what I faye :
 Harke in thine eare, man ; this dyd I see,
 A hoge of thyne wearyed to be.

Rust. Godes gee, maister Pacience, I praye you me tell,
 What horfon chorles doge my hogge so dyd quell ?
 Iche zware by gife, and holye zaynt blyve,
 Chyll be zwinge him, and ich be a lyve.
 By godes de, cham angry, and not well content :
 Chould ha wear hear, chould make him repent.
 Ich had rather gyven vore stryke of corne,

Then to had my hogge on this wyfe forlorne :
But if I knewe whous dogge chould be,
Revenged well inough, iche warrent the.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! by God, Rusticus, I maye faye in no
game,

I knowe the perfon whose dogge so did slaye
Thy hogge: fye, fye, man! it was vearey shame
For thy naybor Hodge to let it, by this daye.
Well, I wyll go to him, and se if I maye
By any meanes procure him to make amendes :
Ille do the best I can to make you both frendes.

Rust. Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,
Tyll iche have that oulde karle wel and thryfteley banged ;
And tweare not your maschyppe dyd me with hould,
To fwing the ouchet iche chould be boulder.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! nay, nay, spare not for me ;
Go to it strayght, if thear to ye gre.

Rust. Hodge, I harde say, thou illy haft wrought,
For my hogge unto death with thi dog thou haft brought.
Iche byd the thy vaute to me to amend,
Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare, in my bat end.

Hodge. Zwaddell me? godes get! chyll care not a poynte ;
Iche have a good bat thy bones to a noynte :
Thou old carle, I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,
And therefore I wyll have a mendes now of the.
My rye and my otes, my beanes and my pease,
They have eaten up quight, but small for my ease ;
And therefore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vaste,
Or iche wyll them wearey as longe as they laste.
By godes get! I can never come in my ground,
But that zame zwyne in my pease iche have founde.

Vyce. Tout, tout ! Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd.
 To him, man, to him, and swaddell him well :
 Ye, neaver leave him as longe as thou can fynd
 Him whot, but teache him a gaine to rebell :
 What nededest thou care, though his wordes be so fell.
 Tout, tout ! tharte unwyfe ; and followe my mynde,
 And I warraunt the in end some ease thou shalt finde.

Rust. Godes gee, hourson Hoge, paye me for my zwine,
 Or eles larne to kepe that cockescome of thyne.
*[Up with thy staf and be readye to smyte, but Hodg smit
 first, and let the Vife thwacke them both and run out.*

Hodge. Godes de, do thy worst, I care not a poynte :
 Chyll paye the none, chyll jobard a joynte.

Vyce. Nay, stand I styll ? some what, I wyll lend :
 Take this for a reward ; now a waye I must wend.

Rust. O Godes get ! cham zwinged zo zore,
 Iche thincke, chaull neaver lyve one houre more.

Hodge. O godes ! ge I thincke my bownes will in zonder ;
 Yf ich get home, by gis, ittes a wounder :
 Farwell, Rusticus, for by gis ich chaull,
 When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vor all.

Rus. Naye, letes be frendes, and chyll, in good part,
 Of browne ale at my houle give the a whole whart :
 What, Hodge, shake handes, mon ; be merey and lauffe,
 By godes ge, iche had not the best end of the staffe.

Hodge. Cham content, naybor Rusticus, shaull be ene fo.
 Come, to they houle I praye the, let us go. *[Go out.*
[HORESTES entrith.

Horestes. To caull to minde the crabyd rage of mothers
 yll attempt
 Provokes me now all pyttie quight from me to be exempt.

Yet lo! dame nature teles me, that I muſt with willing mind
Forgeve the faute, and to pytie ſome what be inclynd.

But lo! be hould that ulltres dame, on hourdome morder vill
Hath heaped up, not contented, her ſpouſaule bed to fyll
With forrayne love, but fought alſo my fatal thred to ſhare,
As erſt before my fathers fyll, in ſonder ſhe dyd pare.

O paterne love! why doubtſt thou ſo, of pytey me requelt,
Syth thou to me waſt quight denyed, my mother being preſt:
When tender yeres this corps of mine did hould, alas for wo,
When frend my mother ſhuld have bin, then was ſhe cheſe
my ſo.

Oh godes! therfore ſith you be juſt, unto whoſe poure & wyll,
All thing in heaven, and earth alſo, obaye and ſarve untyll,
Declare to me your gracious mind: ſhall I revenged be,
Of good Kynge Agamemnones death, ye godes, declare
to me?

Or ſhall I let the adultres dame ſtyll wallow in her ſin?
Oh godes of war! gide me aright, when I ſhall war begyn.

Vyce. Warre, quoth he, I, war in dede? and trye it by the
ſworde.

God ſave you, ſyr; the godes to ye have ſent this kind of
word:

That in the haſt you armour take your fathers ſoſe to ſlaye,
And I as gyde with you ſhall go, to gyde you on the way.
By me thy mind ther wrathful dome ſhalbe performd in
dede.

Therfore, Horeſtes, marke me well, & forward do procede,
For to reveng thy fathers death; for this they all have ment
Which thing for to demonſtrat, lo! to the they have ſent me.

Hor. Ar you, good ſyr, the meſſenger of godes as you do
ſaye?

Wil they, in revenging this wrong I make not long delay
Vyce. What nede you dout? I was in heaven when al
 the gods did gre

That you of Agamemnons death, for fouth, revengid should
 be.

Tout tout! put of that childish love: couldst thou with a
 good wil

Contentyd be, that one should so thy father seme to kyll?
 Why wayght thou man? leave of I fay; plucke corrage
 unto the:

This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou embrafydest me.

Hor. What is thy name, may I inquear? O sacred wight!
 I pray

Declare to me, & with this feare do not my hart dismaye.

Vyce. Amonge the godes celestially I Courage called am.
 You to assyfte, in vearly truth, from out the heavens I cam,
 And not without god Mars his leave I durst hear shew my
 face,

Which thou shalt fele, if that thir gift thou dost forthwith
 imbrace.

Hor. And sith it is thear gracious will, welcom thou art
 to me,

O holy wight! for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley.
 My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all sorrow griefe & payne:
 My thinkes I fele corrage provokes my wil for ward againe,
 For to revenge my fathers death and infamey so great.
 Oh! how my hart doth boyle in dede with firey perching
 heate.

Corrage, now welcom by the godes: I find thou art in dede
 A messenger of heavenly gostes. Come, let us now procede,
 And take in hand to bringe to pas revengyd for to be

Of thofe which have my father flaine : but foft ! now let
me fe.

Idumeus, that worthy kinge, doth com into this place ;
What fay you, Corrage, fhall I now declare to him my cafe ?

Vyce. Faull to it, then, and flacke no time, for tyme once
paft away

Doth caufe repentence but to late to com old foulks do fay.
When ftede is ftolen, to late it is to fhyt the ftable dore.

Take time, I fay, while time doth give a leafure good
therfore.

Idum. What ever he be that fceptar beares, or rules in
ftate full hie,

I[s] foneft down through fortunes eyar, and brought to
myferey ;

As of late yeares the worthy kinge, Agamemnon by name,
Whos prais throughout the world is bloun by golden
trump of fame :

His wel won fame in marshall ftoure doth reache unto
the fky,

Yet, lo ! through fortunes blind attempt, he lo in earth
doth lie :

He that had paft the fate of war, where chance was
equall fet,

Through fortunes fpight is caught, alacke, with in olde
Meros net ;

And he which fomtime did delight in clothed coat of maylle,
Is now conftroynd in Carones bote over the brouke to faylle,
That flofe upon the fatall bankes of Plutofe kingdome great,
And that in fhade of filent wodes and valeys greene do beate ;
Where foules of kinges and other wights a poynted are to be
In quiet ftate, there alfo is this worthey reall tree.

Of fouth, I joye for to behold Horestes actyve cheare,
 The which in father somtime was, in son doth now apear.
 But where is he that all this day I neaver sawe his face ?

Hor. At hand, O king, thy farvant is, which wifsheth
 to thy grace *[Knell downe.*

All hayl, with happye fate certayne, with pleasures many
 fould !

But yet, my liege, a fute I have, if I might be so bold
 To crave the same, my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer
 Unto the thing which very much, O king, I do requier.

Idum. What thing is that ? if we suppose it lafull for
 to be,

On prynces faith, without delaye, it shall be given the.

Vyce. Tout ! let him alone now, we say in good fouth ;
 I was not so lustey my pourpose to get.
 But now, of my honestey, I tell you of truth,
 In revenging the wronge his mynd he hath fet.
 It is not Idumeus that hath power to let
 Horestes fro fekinge his mother to kyll.
 Tout ! let hym alone, hele have his own wyll.

Hor. Sith that your grace hath willed me this my desiar
 to shew,

Oh, gracious king, this thing it is I let your grace to know ;
 That long I have request to vew my fathers kingley place,
 And eke for to revenge the wrong done to my fathers grace
 Is myne intent: wherefore, o king, graunt that without
 delaye,

My earytage and honor eke atchyve agayne I maye.

Idum. Stey their a whyle, Horestes mine, tyll Councell
 do decree

The thing that shall unto your state most honorabell bee.

My councciler, how do you thinke? let us your counccell have:
How think you by this thing the which Horestes now doth
crave?

Counc. As I do thinke, my soferayne lord, it should be
nothing ill

A prynce for to revenged be on those which so dyd kyll
His fathers grace; but rather shall it be a feare to those
That to the lyke at anye time their cruell mindes dispose:
And also, as I thinke, it shall an honer be to ye
To adjuvate, and helpe him with some men revenged to be.
This do I thinke most fyttest for your state, and his also:
Do as you lyst, sieth that your grace my mind herin
doth know.

Idum. Sith Councell thinkes it fyt, in ded, revenged for
to be,

That you, Horestes, in good south, for to revenge I gree:
And also to mayntaine your war, I graunt you with good
will

A thousand men, of stomake bolde, your enimise to kyll.
Take them forth with, and forward go, let fflyp no time
ne tyd,

For chaunce to leasure to be bound, I tell you, can not byd.
Go therfore straight, provide your men, and like a manly
knight,

In place of stouuer put forth thy selfe, assay with all thy
might

To win the fame, for glorey none in chambering doth rest.
Marke what I saye: to get thy men I take it for the best.

Vyce. Come on, Horestes, sith thou hast obtayned thy
desier.

Tout, tout, man! seke to dystroye as doth the flaming fier,

Whose properte, thou knoest, doth gro as long as any thing
Is left wher by the fame may seme som suckor for to bring.

Hor. I thanke your grace: I shal sequest your gratius
mind herin. [Go out.

Vyce. Se, fe, I praye you, how he joyfe that he muft war
begin. [Go out.

Idum. My Councell, now declare to me, how think you
by this wight,

Doth not he seme, in south, to be in tyme a manley knight ?
By all the godes, I thinke in south, a man may easeley kno
Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes follow.

Counc. Undoubtedly, my soferaynd lorde, he semeth
unto me

Not to sequest his fathers steppes in feates of chevallrey ;
But rather for to imitate the floure of Greation land,
I meane Achilles, that fame knight by whose one only hand
The Greacians have obtaind, at laingth, the conquest of
old Troy,

For which thei did holl x. yeres space their labor great
imploy.

Idum. Syth he is gon for to purvaye such thinges as
shall, in dede,

Suffise to farve his tourn in wares wherof he shal have nede,
Let us depart, and when he shall retourne heather a gayne,
To see the muster of his men we wyll fure take the
payne. [Go out.

*[Entrithe and syngeth this song to the tune of have
over the water to floride or selengers round.*

THE SONGE.

Halterfycke. Farre well, adew that courtlyke lyfe,
To warre we tend to gowe ;

It is good sport to se the stryfe
Of fodyers on a rowe.

How merely they forward march

These enemys to slaye :

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Their banners they displaye.

Now shaull we have the golden cheates,

When others want the fame :

And fodyares have foull maney feates

Their enemyes to tame.

With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,

They breake thear fose araye ;

And loustey lades amid the feldes

Thear ensines do displaye.

The droum and flute playe lousteley,

The troumpet blofe a mayne ;

And ventrous knightes corragiousley

Do march before thear trayne.

With speare in reffe so lyvely drest

In armour bryghte and gaye,

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Thear banners they displaye.

[HEMPSTRINGE *commeth in and speaketh.*

Hempstring. Goges oundes ! Haulterfycke, what makes
thou heare ?

Hault. What ! Jacke Hempstringe, welcom ; draw near.

Hemp. By his oundes, I have foughte the, some newfe
the to tell.

Hault. Godes bloud ! what newfe ? ist the devell in hell ?

Hemp. In faythe, thou art mearey ; but this is the matter :
Douft thou hear, Halterficke ? each man doth clatter

Of warres, ye, of warres ; for Horestes will go
His erytage to wyn, boye : the truth is so.

Hault. Nay, but Jacke Hempstringe, leafe of this prate ;
Yf thou caull me boye, then beware thy pate.

Hemp. What ! hould thy peace : as far as I fe,
We be boyse both ; thearfore let us gree.

Hault. Boye ! naye, be god, though I be but smaull,
Yet, Jacke Hempstringe, a hart is worth all :
And have not I an hart that to warres dare go ?
Yes, Hempstringe, I warrant the ; and that thou shouldest
know,

If Dycke Halterfyckes mynde thou move unto eyar :
Colles neaver bourne tyll they be set one fyare.

Hemp. Ye, but if they bourne so that they flame,
Yet water, Dycke Halterfycke, the bourning cane tame.
But, harke thee, my master will venter a joynt,
And me to wayte on him he all readye doth poynt.
But, hearfte thou, thou knowest my master loves well,
Now and then, to be snappinge at some dayntyte mossell.
But by goges bloud, Hallterfycke, if thou love me,
Take some prytey wenche our laundrar to be ;
And be goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare
Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

Hault. As fyt for the warre, Jacke Hempstringe, thou art,
In fayth, as a be is to drawe in a carte :
He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight
Under his banner, I sweare, for to fight.
When Horestes in fight moste busiest shalbe,
Then with thy gynney we must feke the.

Hemp. Goges oundes, hart, and nayles ! you are a franion :
Come of with a myschiefe, my gentell companion.

By your lieve, fire Haulterficke, I thinke that a be
As good a fodyer as ever was ye.

Hault. He hath learned his leffon ; but, of fouth, I feare
He hath quight forgotten the waye for to sweare.
Oundes, hart, and nayles ! marcy, hes no lad,
And he be not hanged, he wyll be ftarke mad.

Hemp. Hange me no hanginge ; yf ye be fo quicke,
Roube not to hard, left Hempftringe do kycke.

Hault. Had better be styll, and a sleepe in his bead :
Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head.

[*Flort him.*

Hemp. Goges bloud ! good man Halterfycke, begyne you
to flout me ?

Hault. No, not at all ; he douth but lout ye.
What, Hempftringe, I faye, are you angered at jefte ?
In fayth, goodman lobcocke, your handsomley drefte.

[*Flort hym on the lipes.*

Hemp. Goges bloud ! fo to flout me, thou art much to
blame.

Hault. Why, all that I do, man, is but in game.

Hemp. Take thou that for thy jefte, and flout me no more.

[*Give him a box on the eare.*

Hault. For that fame on blowe thou fhault have a fcore.
Drawe thy fword, vylyne, yf thou be a man,
And then do the worft that ever thou can.

Hemp. Naye, fet fword a fyde, and at boffetes well trey
Wheather of us both fhall have the mafterey.

Hault. Goges oundes ! thou art bygger, yet I care not a
poynt,

Yf to be revenged I jobard a joynt.

[*Fyght at bofites with fyftes.*

Hemp. I have coyled the well, but I holde the a grote
Yf thou meddell with me, I wyll fwinge thye cote.

Hault. In dede, I muſt ſaye, I have cought the worſt ;
But I wyll be revengyd, or eles I ſhall bourſte.
Yf tyme did not call me from hence to depart,
I ſhould anger the, Hempſtring, even at the hart.
Therefore farwell, tyll an other daye.
But, hearſte thou, take this, to ſpend by the waye.

[*Give him a box on the eare, and go out.*]

Hemp. Goges oundes ! is he gon ? naye, after I wyll,
And of the ſlave, by his oundes, I wyll have my fyll.

[*Go out.*]

[*Let the-drum playe, and HORESTES enter with
his men, & lette him knele downe and ſpeake.*]

Hor. O godes ! be proſperous, I praye, and eke preſerve
my band ;

Show now that ye be gods in ded, ſtretch out your mighty
hand,

And give us hartes and willes alſo, where by we may
prevayll ;

And ſuffer not, you godes, I praye, our courragis to fayll :
But let our hartes addytyd be, for aye as we pretend,
And of that vile adultres dame, oh gods ! now make an end.
My hands do thryſt her blod to have : nought can my mind
content,

Tyll that on her I have perfourmed, oh gods ! your juſt
judgment.

[*Stand up.*]

Nature. Nay, ſtey, my child ; from mothers bloud with-
draw thy bloody hand.

Hor. No, nought at all, oh Nature ! can my purpoſe now
withſtand.

Shall I for geve my fathers death? my hart can not agre,
My father flayne in such a forte, and unrevengyd be.

Nat. Consider first, Horestes myne, what payne for the
she toke.

Hor. And of my fathers death, againe, O Nature! do thou
louke.

Nat. I do confesse a wycked facte it was, this is most
playne;

Not withstanding, from mothers bloud thou must thy hands
refrain.

Canst thou, alacke, unhappey wight! consent revenged to be
On her whose pappes before this time hath geven foud to the?
In whom I, Nature, formyd the, as best I thought it good?
Oh! now requight her for her pain; withdraw thy hand from
bloud.

Hor. Who offendith the love of God, and eke mans love,
with willing hart,

Must by that love have punishment, as duty due for his
defart.

For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods and man
doth wil,

Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost saie, my
mother kil.

Nat. The cruel beasts that raung in felde, whose jause
to blod are whet,

Do not consent their mothers paunch in cruell wise to eate.
The tyger fierce doth not desiare the ruine of his kinde;
And shall dame Nature now in the such tyranny once finde,
As not the cruell bestes voutsafe to us in any case?

Leve now, I say, Horestes myne, and to my wordes give
place,

Left that of men this faëte of thine may judged for to be
Ne lawe in fouth, ne iustys eke, but cruell tyranny.

Hor. Pythagoras doth thinke it, lo, no tyranny to be,
When that iustyse is mynestryd as lawe and godes decree.
If that the law doth her condemne as worthy death to have,
Oh Nature! wouldst thou wil that I her life should seme
to fave?

To fave her lyfe whom law doth flay is not iustise to do,
Therefore I saye, I wyll not yeld they hestes to com unto.

Nat. Yf nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye
Of those which heretofore, in fouth, their parents fought
to flay.

Cedippus fate caull thou to minde, that slew his father so;
And eke remember now what fame of him a brode doth go.

Hor. What fame doth blowe I forse not I, ne yet what
fame I have;
For this is true, that bloud for blood my fathers deth doth
crave,
And lawe of godes and lawe of man doth eke request the
the fame:

Therefore, oh Nature! sease to praye, I forse not of my name.

Nat. For to lament this heavey fate I cannot other do.
Alacke, alacke! that once my chyld should now consent
unto

His mothers death: wherefore farewell, I can no longer
stey. [Go out.]

Hor. Farwel, dame Nature. To my men I straight wil
take my way. [Go out.]

IDUMEUS. [Enter.]

Idum. To se this mouster let us go, for I suppose it tyme.
Where is Horestes? why steafe he? the truth to me define.

Counc. Oh, soferayne lord ! me thinkes I here him for to be at hand.

Yft please your grace, he is in fight even now withal his band.

[*Let the drum play, and enter HORESTES with his band : marche about the stage.*

Idum. Come on, Horestes, we have stayd your moster for to fe.

Hor. And now at hand my men and I all redy armed be.
Lo, mighty king, thes champions here agre with me to wende :
Oh, gracious king ! that they shall so wylt please you condiffend.

Idum. I do agree ; and now a whyle give eare your king unto.

It doth behoufe corragious knightes on this wyfe for to do :
That is, to stryve for to obtayne the victorey, and prayse
That lasts for aye, when death shall end the find of these
our dais.

Wherefore be bold and feare no fate, the gods for you shall fight,

For they be just, and will not fe that you, in case of right,
Shall be destrest : wherefore attend, and do your bussey payne,

The crabyd rage of enymyse by forse for to resstrayne.
And as to me, your trusteynes hath here to fore be knowne,
So now in this Horestes here let eke the fame be showne.
Be to his heastes obaydient ; be stoute to take in hand
Such enterpryse which he shall thinke most for his state
to stand :

Which if you do the fame is youres ; the glorey and renoune
That shall arise of thes your facts throughout the world
shall found :

The which you may, I pray the godes your gydes here
in to be.

And now farewell, but not[e] that well that I have sayde to ye.

Sodyeaes. The godes preserve your grace for aye, and
you defend from wo.

That we have don as you comaund ful wel your grace
shal kno.

Idum. Now, harke, Horestes: since thou muft of men the
gyder be,

And that the wyll of godes it is thou muft now part from me,
Take yet my laft commaundement, and beare it in thy
minde.

Let now thy men courragiousnes in the their captayne
finde ;

And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let their be
For safe gard of thy men a brayne, well fraught with
pollicye.

For over rashe in doinge ought doth often damage bringe,
Therefore, take counsell first before thou doft anye thinge.
For counsell, as Plaato doth tell, is fure a heavenly thinge;
And Socrates a certaynte doth say, counsell doth brynge
Of thinges in dout ; for Lyvy sayes, no man shall him repent,
That hath before he worked ought his tyme in counsell
spent.

And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be also,
For that way at thy wil thou mayst have them through fire
to go ;

And he that shall at any tyme deserve ought well of thee,
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.

Thus have you hard, Horestes mine ; remember well the
same :

In doing thus you shall pourchas to the immortaul fame :
The which I hope you wyll assaye for to atchise in dede.
The gods the blis, when in the war thou forward shalt proceede.

Hor. I thanke your grace ; and now of you my leave I
here do take.

Idum. Farwell, my sonne Horestes ; I thy partinge yll
shall take. [*Imbrace him.*

Yet care thou go, let me imbrace the once, I the do praye :
Alacke, alacke, that now from me thou must nedes part
away !

Yet whyell thou art in preasent place receave of me this
kys : [*Kys him.*

Farwell, good knight, for now I shal thy swete imbracings
mys.

Hor. The sacred godes prefarve and save thy state, oh
king, I pray,

And send the helth, and after death to rayne with him for aye !
Come on, my men ; let us depart.

Sodyers. As please your grace, with all our hart.

[*March about and go out.*

Idum. Ah, ah ! how grevous is his parting now, my
Councell, unto me !

The godes him bles and send him helth, I pray them harte.
Wo worth the time, the day and our, now may Horestes
wayle :

And Clytemnestra may lament that so she dyd assayle
His father deare ; for now on bloud Horestes mind is set,
And to revenge his fathers death, sure, nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mischefe smal, they have wrought their
decay ;

For now nought elles in Horestes but fore reveng bears
fway.

Councell. For t[w]o caufes, my soferayne lord, revengment
ought to be :

The on, leaft others be in fecte with that that they fhall fe
Their princes do : the other is, that thofe that now be yll,
May be revoked and may be taught for to fubdew their wyll.
Plato, a wife phylofopher, dyd thinke it for to be
A pryncely fafte, when as a king fhall punifhe feriousley
Such perfons as dyd trayne their lyfe to follow that was
naught,

The which their prince at ani time fhall by mifchaunce have
wrought :

Protegeus an evell kinge a carrayne likenes to,
Which all the place about the fame to ftinke caufeth to do.
Therefore, O king ! if that her faute fhould unrevenged be,
A thoufand evylles would infu their of your grace fhould fe.
Her faute is great, and punnyfhment it is worthy for to have ;
For by that meane the good, in fouth, from daungers may
be faufe.

For, lo, the unyverfaull fcoll of all the world, we knowe,
Is once the pallace of a kinge, where vyces chefe do flow.
And as to waters from on head and fountayne oft do fpring,
So vyce and vertue oft do flo from pallace of a kinge.
Whereby the people feeing that the kinge adycte to be,
To profecute the lyke they all do labor, as we fe.
Therfore the gods have wyllled thus, Horestes for to take
His jorney, and a recompence for fatheres death to make.

Idum. Sith gods have wild the fame to be, good lucke the
gods him fend.

Com on, my Councell ; now from hence we purpofe for to
wend.

[*Go out.*]

[*Enter EGISTUS and CLYTEMNESTRA, singing
this songe, to the tune of king Salomon.*

Egis. And was it not a worthy fight,
Of Venus childe, kinge Priames sonne,
To steale from Grece a ladye bryght,
For whom the wares of Troye begon.
Naught fearinge daunger that might faull,

Lady ladie!

From Grece to Troye he went with all,
My deare lady.

Clytem. When Paris firste arived there,
Where as dame Venus worshyp is,
And bloustringe fame abroade dyd beare
His lyveley fame, she dyd not mys
To Helena for to repayre,
Her for to tell

Of prayse and shape so trym and fayre,
That dyd excell.

Egis. Her beautie caused Paris payne,
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde :
No thinge was abell to restraine,
His wyl some waye fourth for to finde,
Where by he might have his despyare,
Lady ladye!

So great in him was Cupids fyare,
My deare ladye.

Clytem. And eke as Paris dyd desyear
Fayre Helena for to possesse ;
Her hart inflamid with lyke fyear,
Of Paris love despiard no lesse ;
And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron :

When each of them the other dyd grete,
The feaft uppon.

Egis. If that in Paris Cupides shafte,
O Clytemnestra! toke fuch place,
That tyme ne waye he never left,
Tyll he had gotte her comley grace,
I thinke my chaunce not ill to be,
Ladye ladye!

That ventryd lyfe to purchafe ye,
My dere ladye.

Clytem. Kyng Priames sonne loved not fo fore
The Gretian dame, they brothers wyfe :
But she his perfon eftemed more,
Not for his fake favinge her lyfe ;
Which caufed her people to be flayne,
With him to flye ;
And he requight her love a gayne,
Moſt faythfullye.

Egys. And as he recompence agayne
The fayre quene Hellyn for the fame,
So whyle I lyve I wyll take payne
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame.
Syth that you have voutſafe to be,
Ladye ladye!

A Queene and ladye unto me,
My deare ladye.

Clytem. And as ſhe lovyd him beſt, whyle lyfe
Dyd laſt, ſo tend I you to do,
Yf that devoyd of warr and ſtryfe,
The Godes ſhall pleaſe to graunt us to.

Syeth you voutsafeſt me for to take,
 O my good knyght!
 And me thy ladye for to make,
 My hartes delyghte.

Egis. As joyfull as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde,
 So is my hart repleate with joye, much more a thouſand
 fould,

Oh Lady deare, in that I do poſſes my hartes delyghte.—
 What menes this found? for very much it doth my hart
 aflight.

[*Let the trumpet blowe with in.*]

Clytem. Feare nought at all, Egiftus myne; no hourt it
 doth pretend:

But lo! me thinkes a meſſenger to us heather doth wend.
 [*Enter.*]

Meſſenger. The Gods preſarve your eaquall ſtate, and
 ſend you of their blys!

Clytem. Welcom, good meſſenger: what neweſe, I pray
 the, with the is?

Mes. Yft pleaſe your grace, even now there is aryved in
 this land

The mightey knight Horeſtes, with a mightey pewſaunt
 band,

Who purpoſith for to invade this Mycœne Citie ſtronge;
 And as he goefe he leyſe both tower and caſtell all alonge:
 It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,
 By fodyeres rage he ſtraight is ſlayne in mydeſt of the felde.

[*Go out.*]

Clytem. Ah, fyr! is he come in dede? he is wellcom, by
 this daye.

Egiſtus, now, in ſouth, with ſpede from hence take you
 your way

In to our realme, and take up men our tyghtull to defend.
 Tyll your retourne, this citie I to kepe do sure intend :
 For all his strength, he shall not get to entter once hear in.
 The walles be strong; and for his forse I sure set not a pyn.

Egis. Syth you be abell to defend this citie, as you faye,
 Farwell! in south, to get me men, I now wyll take my waye.
 And sone againe I wyll returne his pamprid pryde to tame.

Clytem. Farwell, Egistus! and, in south, I strayght will
 do the same. *Go out.*

*[Enter a woman, lyke a beger, running before
 they sodier; but let the sodier speke first, but
 let the woman crye first pitifulley.]*

Sodyer. Yeld the, I faye; and that by and by,
 Or with this sword, in fayth, thou shalt dye.

Woman. Oh! with a good wyll, I yeld me to the.
 Good master sodier, have mercye on me!
 My husband thou hast slayne in most cruell wyse,
 Yet this my prayer do now not despyse.

Sodier. Come on, then, in hast; my prysoner thou art :
 Come, followe me, I faye; we must nedes depart.

*[Go a fore her, and let her fall downe upon
 the [sodier], and al to be beate him.]*

Woman. A horson slave! I wyll teach the, in faye,
 To handle a woman on an other waye.
 To put me in feare with out my dezarte?
 I wyll teache the, in faye, to playe such a parte.

Sodyer. Be contentyd, good woman, and thou shalt be
 Neaver heare after molysted for me.

Woman. Naye, vyllyn slave! a mendes thou shalt make.
 In that thou be fore me as pryfiner dydest take,
 Nowe I have cought the, and my prysoner thou art.
 By his oundes, horson slave! this gose to they harte.

Sodyer. Naye, fave my lyfe, for I wyll be
Thy prysoner : and, lo, I yelde me to the.

Woman. Come, wend thou with me, and they wepon
thou shalt have,

[*Take his weapons, & let him ryse up, & then go out both.*
Syth that thou voutfasyfte my lyfe for to fave.

[*Enter the VYCE, synginge this song, to the tune of the Paynter.*

Vyce. Stand backe, ye flepinge jacks at home,
And let me go.

You lye, fyr knave ! am I a mome ?

Why faye you so ?

Tout, tout ! you dare not come in felde,
For feare you shoulde the goste up yelde.

With blofe, he gofe, the gunne shot flye,

It feares, it feares, and thear doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be,

Diffstroyed quight :

Syr fause, in fayth, yf you should se,

The gonne shot lyght,

To quake for feare you would not stynte,

When as by forfe of gownshotes dynte,

The rankes in raye are tooke awaye,

As pleafeth fortune oft to playe.

But in this fflower who beares the fame ?

But onley I :

Revenge, Revenge, wyll have the name,

Or he wyll dye.

I spare no wight, I feare none yll,

But with this blade I wyll them kyll :

For when myne eayre is fet on spare,

I rap them, I snap them ; that is my defyare.

Farwell! a dew, to wares I muste
In all the haft.

My cofen cutpurffe wyll, I truste,
Your purffe well tast.

But to it, man, and feare for nought :

Me saye to the it is well fraught

Wyth ruddockes red : be at a becke ;

Beware the arse, breake not thy necke. [Go out.

[HORESTES *entrieth with his bande, & marcheth
about the stage.*

Horestes. Come on, my fodyers, for at home aryved their
we be,

Where as we must have our defyare, or els dye manfulley.

The walles be hye, yet I intend uppon them first to go ;

And, as I hope, you sodierrs will your captayne eke follow.

Yf I for sake to go before, then fley you eke be hynde,

And as I am, so eke I trust my fodyers for to finde.

Com hether, Harauld : go proclame this mine intent straight-
way :

To yonder cittie say that I am come to their decaye.

Unlesse they yeld I will destroye both man, woman & childe;

And eke their towers, that for the war so strongly they do
bylde.

Byd them in haft to yeld to me, for nough[t] I do a byde,

But for their aunfwear, or elles fourthwith for them and
theres provid.

[*Let the trumpet go towarde the Citie and blowe.*

Harraulde. Your gracious minde straight shalbe don.

Cum, trompet, let us go.

That I have don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal
kno.

Hor. Flye the apase, and let me have agayne an aunfweare fone ;

And then a non thou shalt well se what quickly shalbe done.

Harr. How! whow is their that kepes the gate? geve eare my words unto!

[*Let the trumpet leave soundyng, & let HARRAULD speake, & CLITEMNESTRA speake over the wal.*

Clytem. What wouldst thou have, Harald? declare what hast thou her to do?

Har. My master bydes the yeld to him this citie out of hande,

Or elles he will not leave on stone on other for to stand :
And all things elles within this towne he wil have at his wil,
As pleaseth him by any meanes to save or elles to spyll.

What you will now, therfore declare, & aunswere to him send.

Clytem. This citie here against him and his I wyll defende.

Harr. Then, in his name, I do defye both the and all with in.

Clytem. By him and his, tell him in south, we do not fet a pyn.

Harr. Yf it please your grace, this word she sends: she wil not yeld to ye,

But yf you com, unto your harme she sayes that it shalbe.

[*Let the Haraulde go out here.*

Hor. Sith that my grace, and eke good will, they on such fort dispise,

For to destroye both man and chyld I surely do devyse.
Come on, my men! bend now your forfe this citie for to wyn:
Save no mans lyfe that on[c]e should make rysstaunce there within ;

And when you shall posses the towne, and have all things
at wil,

Loke out my mother, but to her do ye no kynde of yll :
Let her not die, though that she would defiar the death
to have,

For other wyfe my fathers death revengment doth crave.

Sodyer. We shall your hestes obaye with spede. Oh cap-
tayne ! we defiar

That we were there, for to revenge, our hartes are set
on fyar.

Vyce. Lyke men, by God I sweare, wellfayd ! Horestes,
let us gow :

Nowe to thy men lyke manly hart I praye the for to
showe :

And, as thou seiste, be firste the man that shall the citie wyn.
How, how ! now for to flye all ready they begynne.

Hor. With lyvely hartes, my troumpeters, exault your
tubal found ;

And now, my sodyers, in your harts let courage eke be
found.

Com, let us go: the godes for us shall make an eassey waye :
Spare none a lyve, for I am bent to seke their great decaye.

*[Go and make your lively battel, and let it be longe care
you can win the citie; and when you have won it, let
HORESTES bringe out his mother by the armes, and
let the droum cease playing, and the trumpet also :
when she is taken, let her knele downe and speake.*

Clytem. A lack, what heaps of myschefes great me, felly
wight, torment !

Now is the tyme falune me upon, which I thought to
prevent.

Yet best I seke my lyfe to save, perhappes he will me here.
A lacke! revengment he dothe crave for slaying his father
dere.

Yf aney sparke of mothers blood remaynd within thy breste,
Oh, gracious child! let now thine eares unto my words
be preft.

Pardon I crave, Horestes myne; save now my corpes from
death;

Let no man saye that thou wast cause I yeldyd up my
breath:

I have offendyd, I do confesse, yet save my lyfe, I praye,
And to they mother this request, o knight! do not denaye,

Hor. For to repent this facte of thine, now that it is
to late,

Can not be thought a recompence for kylling of thy mate.
Go; have her hence therfore with spede, and se her sureley
kepte,

And for the fact a fore thou dydest, thou surley shouldst
have wept. *[Go out with on of the sodiares.*

Vyce. Nay, far you well; in fayth, you have an aunfwer;
get you hence.

Oundes of me, I would not be in her cote for forty pence.
Nay, nay, a way, far well, a dew; now, now it is to late,
When stede is stollen for you, in south, to shut the stable gate.
She should have wept when first she went the king about
to slay:

It makes no matter; she fould well dyd brede her owne
decaye. *[Let HORESTES syth hard.*

Ounds of me, what meane you, man? begyn you now
to faynt?

Jesu god! how styll he sittes; I thinke he be a faynt.

O oo w! you care not me; nay, fone I have don, I war-
rant ye.

[*Wepe, but let HORESTES ryse and bid him peace.*

Hor. By all the godes, my hart dyd fayle my mother
for to fe

From hye estate for to be brought to so great myferey,
That all most I had graunted lyfe to her had not this be
My fathers death, whose death in fouth, chefe causer of
was she.

Vyce. Even as you saye. But harke! at hand Egistus
draweth nye,

Who purpofeth the chaunce of war, Horestes, for to trye.

[*Let EGISTUS enter, & set hys men in a raye; & let
the drom playe tyll HORESTES speaketh.*

Hor. And by the godes, I purpofe eke my honour to
defend.

Com on, my men! kepe your araye, for now we do pretend
Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde:

Lyft up your hartes, and let us fe how ye your blofe can yeld.

Egistus. Lyke manley men adrefse your felves to get
immortall fame:

Yf ye do flye, lo, what doth reft behynde but foull defame?
Strike up your drums, let trumpets found, your baners eke
difplay!

And I my felfe, as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

Hor. Thou traytor to my father dere, what makeft the
here in feld?

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me ftrayght do yeld.

Egis. Thou pryncoks boy, and bastard flave! thinks thou
me to subdew?

It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye, I tell the trew.

But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede.
 Stryke up your droums and forward now! To wars let us
 profede.

*[Stryke up your drum, & fyght a good whil, & then
 let sum of EGISTUS men flye, & then take hym,
 & let HORESTES drau him violentlye, and let
 the drums seafe.]*

Hor. O vyllayne trayghtor! now the gods ne mortall
 man shall fave

Thy corps from death, for blud for blud my fathers deth
 doth crave.

O tyraunt fyrf! couldest thou voutfave my father so
 to slaye?

But now no forfe, for thou hast wrought at last thine one
 decaye.

Egis. Alacke, a lacke! yet spare my lyfe, Horestes, I
 the praye.

Hor. Thy lyfe? naye, trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do
 denaye.

For as thou hast deservyd so I shall thy fafte requit,
 That once couldst seme to me and mine for to work such
 dispight.

Therefore com forth, and for thy fafte receive dew pun-
 nishment :

Repent, I say, thy former lyfe, for this is my judgment :
 That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chefe to be
 The causer of, thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death
 may se ;

And as thou for my fathers death dew punnishment receive,
 So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gave the leave
 Him for to slaye, and eke to it with good will condysende.

Therefore com of, and fone dyspatch, that we had made
an end.

Egis. Ah, heavey fate and chaunce most yll, wo worth this
hap of mine!

For give my faute, you facryd godes, and to my wordes
incline

Your gracious eare; for causer furst I was, this is most plaine,
Of Agamemnons death, wherefore I must receave this paine.
Pardon, I crave; voutsafe, ye godes, the same to graunt it me!
Now, sodier, worke thy will in hast, I praye the harteley.

*[Fling him of the lader, and then let on bringe in
his mother CLYTEMNESTRA, but let her loke
wher EGISTUS hangeth.]*

Clytem. Ah, heavey fate! would God I had in tormoyle
great byn slayne,
Syth nothing can Horestes hands from sheding bloud
refraine.

Vyce. How chaunce you dyd not then lament his father
whom you flew?

But now, when death doth you prevent, to late ites for
to rew.

Clytem. Yet hope I that he will me graunt my lyfe that
I should have.

Vyce. Even as much as thou voutsafest his fathers lyfe
to save.

Therefore come of: we must not stay all daye to wayght
on the.

Lo! myghtye prince, for whom ye fent, lo, preasent here
is she.

Clytem. Have mercy, sonne, and quight remitte this faute
of mine, I pray :

Be mercyfull, Horestes myne, and do not me denaye.

Confider that in me thou hadest thy hewmayne shape
compofid :

That thou shouldst flay thy mother, fon, let it not be
difclofyd.

Spare to perfe her harte with fword; call eke unto thy mynd
Edyppus fate, and as Nero showe not thy felfe unkynde.

[*Take downe EGISTUS, and bear him out.*]

Hor. Lyke as a braunche once fet a fyare doth caufe the
tree to bourne,

As Socrates fupposeth, fo a wicked wight doth tourne
Those that be good, and caufe them eke his evell to fequeft.
Wherefore the poete Juvenal doth thinke it for the beſte,
That thoſe that lyve lycentiouſley ſhould brydlyd be with
payne;

And ſo others, that elles would ſyn, therby they might
reſtrain :

For thus he ſayeth, that cities are well governed in dede
Where punniſhment for wycked ones by lawe is ſo decrede;
And not decrede, but exerſyſd, in punnyſhinge of thoſe
Which law ne pain from waloing ſtill in vice their mind
diſpoſe.

And as thou haſt byn chiefes[t] caufe of yelding up they
breath,

So call to minde thou waſt the caufe of Agamemnons death:
For which, as death is recompence, of death ſo eke with the,
For kyllinge of my father, thou now kylled eke ſhault be.
This thinge to ſe accompliſhyd, Revenge with the ſhall go.
Now have her hence, ſieth that you all my judgment here
do kno.

Clytem. A lacke, a lack! with drawe thy hand, my ſon,
from ſhedding bloud.

Vyce. Thou art a foule thus for to prate; this doth
Horestes good :

Com on a way ! thou doust no more but him with words
molest.

A foullyshe foull ! that thou wart ded he takes it for the best.

Clytem. Yf ever aney pytie was of mother plante in the,
[*Knele downe.*

Let it apeare, Horestes myne, and showe it unto me.

Hor. What pyttie thou on father myne dydest cursedley
bestowe,

The fame to the at this present I purpose for to showe.

Therefore, Revenge, have her a way, and as I judgment gave,
To se that she in order lyke her punishment dew have.

Vyce. Let me alone. Com on away, that thou weart out
of sight !

A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane ! I thinke thou do
delyght

Him to molest : com of in hast, and troubell me no more.

Come on, com on ! ites all in vaine; and get you on a fore.

[*Let CLYTEMNESTRA wepe and go out, REVENGE also.*

Hor. Now, fyeth we have the conquest got of all our
mortall lose,

Let us provide that occasion we do not chaunce to lose.

Stryke up your droumes ! for enter now we wyll the citie
gate ;

For nowe refestaunce none there is to let us in there at.

[*Enter in FAME; and let all the sodyers folow him in araye.*

Fame. As eache man bendes him selfe, so I report his
fame in dede.

Yf yll, then yll, through iarne trump his fame doth straigh[t]
profede ;

Yf good, then good, through golden trump I blo his lyvely
fame :

Through heavens, throgh earth, & furging seafe I bere abrod
the fame.

Perhaps what wind me heather drives with in your minds
you muse ?

From Crete I com : to you, my frends, I bring this kind of
newse ;

That Agamemnons brother is arivyd in this land,
And eke with him his ladey fayre, Quene Helen, understand ;
Whom for to se a great frequent of people their aryve :

This newse to shew at this present me heather now dyd drive.

[Enter the VYCE, singing this songe.

Vyce. A newe master, a newe !

No lenger I maye

A byde : by this daye,

Horestes now doth rew.

A new master, a new !

And was it not yll

His mother to kyll ?

I pray you, how faye you ?

A new master, a new !

Nowe ites to late

To shut the gate,

Horestes gines to rew !

Fame. *Denique non parvas animo dati gloria vires :*

Et fœcunda facit pectora laudis amor.

As Ovid fayeth, I am, in dede, the spure to each estate ;
For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate
Is fylthey lyfe : and eke I stoure the good more good to be.
So much the hart and will of man ys lynked unto me.

Vyce. A new master, a new ! naye, I wyll go.
 Tout, tout ! Horestes has be com a newe man.
 Now he sorroweth : to bad that it is so.
 Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes, and I can.
 Who, *saintie amen !* God morrowe, myftres Nan !
 By his oundes, I am glad to se the so trycke :
 Nay, may I be so bould at your lyppes to have a lycke ?
 Jesus ! how coye do you make the fame.
 You neaver knew me afore, I dare faye.
 In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame
 That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
 Who, berladye, Nan ! thou art trym and gaye.
 Woundes of me ! she hath winges also.
 Who, whether, with a myschefe, doubt thou thinke for
 to go ?
 To heaven, or to hell ? to purgatorye, or Spayne ?
 To Venys ? to Pourtugall ? or to the eyles Canarey ?
 Nay, stay a whyle, for a myte or twayne
 I wyll go with the, I sweare by Saynt Marey.
 Wylt thou have a bote, Nan, over seay the to carey ?
 Now, yf it chaunce to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
 It may chaunce this trym geare of thine to be marde.

*Fame. Omnia si perdis, famam servare memento,
 Quæ semel amissa, postea nullus eris.*

Above eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what ever that
 thou lose ;

For fame once gone, they memory with fame a way it gofe :
 And it once lost thou shalt, in fouth, accomptyd lyke to be
 A drope of rayne that faulyth in the bosom of the see.
 Me, Fame, therefore, as Ovid thinkes, no man hath powre to
 hold :

To those with whom I please to dwell I am more rich then
gold.

What cauidfome for countris foyle them felves to perell
cast,

But that the[y] knew that after death the fame of thers
shall last.

Not on, but all, do me defiare, both good and bad lykewyfe;
As may apeare, yf we perpend, of Neroſe enterpryſe,
Which firſt did cauſe his maſters death, and eke wheras
he laye

In mothers wound to fe, in fouth, his mother dyd ſtraight
flay.

With this Horeſtes eke takes place, whoſe father being
flayn

Throgh mothers gile, from mothers blod his hands could
not refraine.

But lyke as he revengyd the death of father in his eyare,
So fathers brother, in lyke fort, Revenge hath ſet on fyare.
For he is gon for to request the ayde of prynces great ;
So fore his hart is ſet on fyare, throught raging rigrous heat.
What to detarmyne all the kynges of Grece aryved be
At Neſtores towne, that Athens highte, their judgment to
decre.

Vyce. Oundes, hart, and nayles! naye, now I am dreſt.
Is the kinge Menalaus at Athenes aryved,
And I am be hind? to be packinges the beſt,
Leaſt the matter, in fouth, to ſone be contrived.

Auxilia humilia firma, conſenſus facit: this alwayes provided
That conſent maketh fuckers moſt fure for to be.

Well, I wyll be their ſtraight wayſe you ſhall fe.

Fame. As Publius doth well declare, we ought chefeſt to fe

Unto our selves, that nought be don after extremitie.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris. [Go out.

For loke, what mesure thou dost meate, the same againe
shalbe

At other tyme, at others hand, repayde againe to the.

Therefore, I wyshe eache wight to do to others as he would
That they, in lyke occasion, unto him offer should.

Wel, forth I must, som newse to here, for Fame no where
can stay;

But what she hears throughout the world abroad she doth
display.

Provision. Make rounge and gyve place! stand backe
there a fore!

For all my speakeinge, you presse styll the more.

Gyve rome, I saye, quickeley, and make no dalyaunce :

It is not now tyme to make any taryaunce.

The kinges here do com : therefore, give way,

Or elles, by the godes ! I wyll make you, I saye.

Lo, where my Lord Kynge Nestor doth com !

And Horestes with him, Agamemnons sonne.

Menelaus, a kyng lykewyse of great fame.

Make rome, I saye! before their with shame!

Nest. Now syeth we be here, Kynge Menelaij,

Unto us, we praye you, your matter to saye :

For these prynces here, after they have perpendyd,

If ought be amys it shall be amendyd.

But, fyrre Provision, go in haste and fet

Good Kynge Idumeus : tell him we are set.

Prov. As your graces have wyllled, so tend I to do ;

I wyll fetch him strayght, and bringe him you to. [Go out.

[Pause awhile till he be gon out, and then speak tretably.

Hor. If ought be amys, the fame fone fhall be,
If I have commytted, amendyd of me :
But lo, Idumeus, the good kyng of Crete,
Is come to this place us for to mete.

[*Enter IDUMIUS, and PROVISION comming with his
cap in his hand afore him, and makeinge waye.*

Idumeus. The Gods prefarve your gracis all, and fend
you health for aye.

Nest. Well com, fier kinge, the fame to ye contynewalley
we pray.

Menal. Two things there is, o kings! that moves me thus
your ayds to pray :

And thefe be it, the which to you I purpofe for to faye.
The one is this, where with I fynde my felfe agrevid to be,
That on fuch fort my fyfters flayne, as all your gracis fe.
The other is, that fo her fonne, without all kind of right,
Should to his mother in fuch cafe (I fay) worke fuch
difpight.

Thefe two be they, wherfore I crave your ayds to joyn
with me,

To the intent of fuch great ylles revengyd I may be.
That thus he dyd, be hould the ftate of all my brothers land,
And fe, I pray you, in what place the fame doth prefent
ftand.

His crueltie is fuch, in fouth, as nether tower ne towne,
That letted once his paffage, but is brought unto the ground.
The fatherles he pyttied not where as he ever went,
The agyd wight whose yeres before their youthly poure
had fpent,

The mayd whose parentes at the fege, defending of their
right,

Was slaine, the same this tyrant hath oppressyd through his
might;

The wido that through forrayne wars was left now com-
fortles

He spared not, but them and theres he cruelly dyd dystres.
Wherefore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,
From Myccene land we should provid him exylyd to be.

Hor. Syth that you have accusyd me, I must my aun-
fwere make;

And here before these kings of Greece this for my aun-
fwer take.

O ounckel, that I never went revengment for to do
On fathers sofe, tyll by the godes I was comaund there to:
Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but wyllingly obaye.
That I have slayne her wyfully untruely you do faye;
I dyd but that I could not chuse: ites hard for me to kycke,
Syth gods commaund, as on would say, in fayth, against
the prick.

In that you say I sparyd none, your grace full well may se,
That lyttell mercy they suppposyd, in south, to shew to me.
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld,
It is no jest when sodyares joyne to fight within a felde.

Thus I suppose sufficiently I aunswered have to end
Your great complaynt, the which you so mightely did defend.

Idum. In dede, as Hermes doth declare, no man can
once estew

The judgment of God most just, that for his fautes is dew:
And as God is most mercyfull, so is he just lyke wyse,
And wyll correcte most fuerley those that his heastes
dispyse.

Nest. As you, good Kyng Idumeus, have sayd, so lyke-
wise I

Do thinke it trew ; therefore as nowe I do him here defye
That one dare say that he hath wrought the thing that is
not right,

Lo, here my glove to him I give in pledge with him to fyght.
I promys here to prove there by Horestes nought dyd do
But that was just, and that the gods commaundyd him
there to :

That he is kinge of Myccene land who ever do deney,
I offer here my glove with him therfore to lyve and dye.
Yf none there be wyll under take his tyghtull to with faye,
Let us be frendes unto him nowe, my lordes, I do ye praye.
It was the parte of such a knyght revengyd for to be :
Should Horestes content him selfe his father slayne to se ?
No, no; a ryghteous facte I thinke the same to be in dede,
Syeth that it was accomplysht so as godes before decrede.

Mene. In dede, I must confesse that I revengyd should
have be,

If that my father had byn slayne with such great cruelte.
But yet I would, for natures sake, have spard my mothers
lyfe.

O wretched man ! o cruell beast ! o mortall blade and
knyfe !

Idum. Sease of, fyr kyng; leave morning: lo, nought can
it you awayle ;

Not with standing, be rulyd now, we pray, by our counsaylle.
Consider first your one estate, consider what may be
A joyefull mene to end at leyngth this your calamytie.
Horestes he is younge of yeares, and you are fomewhat olde,
And sorrowe may your grace to sone within her net infolde.
Therefore ites best you do forget ; so shall you be at ease,
And, I am sure, Horestes wyll indevor you to please,

So far as it for him may be with honor lefe to do.
 He will not thry[n]ke but wyll consent your gracis bydding
 to :

For affuraunce of your good wyll, Horestes here doth crave
 Your daughter, fayre Hermione, in maryage to have.
 Thereby for to contynew styll true love and anytie,
 That ought, in fought, betwixte t[w]o such indefferent for
 to be.

Menel. As for my frendshyp, he shall have, the godes his
 helper be ;

But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.
 She is but yong, and much unfet such holy ryghtes to take :
 Therefore, fyr kyngs, at this present no aunswere I can make.

Nest. She is a dame of comeley grace ; therefore, kyng
 Menelaye,

Graunt this to us this stryfe to end, o kyng, we do the praye.
 For eache of them a grede be the other for to have :
 Goodfyr, graunt this that at thy handes so justley we do crave.

Menel. O, nobell king, what that it were I could not
 you denaye.

I must nedes graunt, when nought I have against you to
 repley.

Horestes, here before these kinges my sonne I the do make.

Hor. And the, o kynge, whyle lyfe doth last, for father I
 do take.

Nest. Ryght joyfull is this thinge to us, and happye for
 your state.

Therefore with spede let us go hence the maryage to seley-
 brate ;

And all the godes, I praye, prefarve and kepe you both
 from wo.

Come on, fyr king, shall we from hence unto our pallace go ?

Menal. As it shall please your grace, in dede, so we consent to do.

Idum. And we lykewyse, oh gracious Prynce, do condifend there to. [Go out all.

[VYCE *entrith with a staffe and a bottell
or dyshe, and wallet.*

Revenge. I woulde I were ded, and layde in my grave !
Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted :
Ah, ah, oh ! well now for my labor these trynketes I have.

Why, se you not, I praye you, how I am flouted ?
A bagge and a bottell ; thus am I louted !
Eache knave, nowe a dayes, would make me his man.
But chyll master them, I, be his oundes, and I can.
A begginge, a begginge, nay now must I go.
Horestes is maryed ; god send him much care :
And I, Revenge, am dryven him fro.
And thun ites no marvayll, though I be thus bare.
But peace ! who better then beggars doth fare ?
For all they be beggares, and have no great port,
Who is meryer then the pooryste fort ?
What shall I begge ! nay, thates to bad.
Is their neare a man that a farvaunt doth lacke ?
Of myne honestye, gentle woman, I would be glad
You to farve but for clothes to put on my backe.
A waye with these rages ! from me the[y] shall packe.
[Put of the beggares cote and all thy things.
What ! thinke you scorne me your servaunt to make ?
A nother wyll have me, yf you me forsake.
Parhappes you all mervayll of this sodayne mutation,
How sone I was downe from so hye degre :
To satisfye your myndes I wyl yuse a perfwation.

This one thinge you knowe, that on cauldy Amyte
Is unto me, Revenge, most contrarey;
And we twayne to geather could not abyde.
Whych caufyd me fone from hye state to flyde,
Horestes and his ounckell, Kynge Menalaus,
Is made such sure frendes, without peradventure,
Through the pollycye of olde Idumeus,
That, as far as I can se, it is hard to enter;
Ye, and thates worffe, when I fought to venture,
I was dryven, out comfort, awaye from their gate:
I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate.
Yet befor I went, my fancye to please,
The maryage felebratyd, at the church I dyd se.
Wyllinge I was them all to dysease,
But I durst not be so bold; for master Amyte
Sot by Menalaus, and bore him companye.
On the other syde Dewtey with Horestes boure swaye;
So that I could not enter by no kynde of waye.
Well, syeth from them both I am bannyshyd so,
I wyll seke a new master, yf I can him finde:
Yet am I in good comfort, for this well I knowe,
That the most parte of wemen to me be full kynde;
Yf they saye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde.
Yf they have not all thinges when they do desiare,
They wyll be revengyd, or elles lye in the myare.
Nay, I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care,
As well as they do knowe Revengys operation.
Ye, faull to it, good wyves, and do them not spare:
Nay, Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perfwacion.
What man a moste is free from invasion?
For, as playnely Socrates declareth unto us,
Wemen for the most part are borne malitious.

Perhappes you wyll faye, maney on, that I lye ;
 And other fume, I am fure, alfo wyll take my parte :
 Not withftandinge what I have fayde, they wyll veryfye,
 Ye, and do it, I wys, in fpyght of thy hart.
 Yf, therefore, thou wylt lyve quyetlye, after their defart,
 Reward then, fo fhault thou brydell their affection,
 And unto they wyll fhall have them in fubjection.
 In Athenes dwellyd Socrates, the phyllofopher dyvine,
 Who had a wyfe named Exantyp, both develyfhe and yll ;
 Which twayne, beenge faulne out uppon a tyme,
 Perhappe caufe Exantyp could not have her wyll,
 He went out of dores, fyttinge there ftyll :
 She cround him with a pyfspot, and their he
 Was wet to the fkyne, moſte pytifull to fe.
 I praye God that fuch dames be not in this place,
 For then I might chaunce neare a miſtres to get.
 Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll laye you on the face,
 Or elles their nayles in your chekes they wyll fet ;
 Nay, lyke a rafor fome of their nayles are whet,
 That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone :
 I count him moſt happed that medelles with none.
 Well, far you well ! for I muſt be packinge :
 Remember my wordes, and beare it in mynde.
 What ! fuffer the myll a whyle to be clackinge,
 Yf that you intend aney eaſe for to fynde :
 Then wyll they be to you both lovinge and kinde.
 Farwell, coſen cutpurſſe ! and be ruled by me,
 Or elles you may chaunce to end on a tre. [Go out.

[Enter HORESTES and HERMIONE, NOBILYTIE
 and COMINYALTE, TRUTH & DEWTY.

Horeſtes. Syth the gods have geven us grace this realme
 for to poſſes,

Which florysheth aboundauntlye with gold & great riches,
 Let us now se how much the wilds and minde of all this
 land,

Is unto us, and of their state lykewyse to understand.

Herm. I deme of them, Horestes myne, that they contentyd be

With humbell hart for to submyte, o kyng! them selves
 to ye :

Wherefore, my love, inquire their state this preafente tyme,
 And of their hartes good wyll to us, o king! let them
 devyne.

Hor. As I do love the ladye bright, so eke I thynke,
 in dede,

That love for love as equallye shalbe rewarde of mede.

Herm. The godes never prolonge my lyfe that day I
 shall a peare

To breake my fayth to the now plyght, my loving lord
 so dere!

[*Let DEWTY & TRUTH take the crowne in their right hands.*

Hor. Come on, my lordes and commons eke, let me now
 understand

Of all your mindes, for I desiare to know what case
 this land

Doth now confyft; voutsafe the same therfore to shew to me,
 And yf that ought be now amyse, amendyd it shalbe.

Nobelles. Most regall prynce, we now are voyd of mortall
 wars vexation,

And through your grace we are joyned in love with every
 nation ;

So that your nobelles may now lyve in pleasaunt state
 fartaine,

Devoyd of wars and civill stryfes while that your grace
doth raine.

The which you may, I pray the God, with happy days
and blys,

And after death to fend you there where joyfe shall
never mys.

As fyne of our obedyence, lo, Dewty doth the crownd,
And Truth also, which doth me bynd they subiecte to be
found.

[*Let TRUTH and DEWTY crowne HORESTES.*

Hor. My Nobells all, I gyve you thanks for this now
fhowed to me,

And as you have, so eke will I the lyke show unto ye.

My Commons, how gofe it with you? your state now let
me know.

Commons. Where as such on as you do raine there nedes
must riches gro.

We are, o king! eafyd of the yoke which we have so defiard:
The state of this our common welth nede not to be
inquiard.

Peace, welth, joye and felycitie, o kinge! it is we have,
And what thing is their the which subjects ought more to
crave.

Hor. Syeth all thinges is in so good state, my Commons,
as you faye,

That it may so continew ftyll the sacred godes I praye.

And as to me your trusteynes shall anye wayes be found,

So ftyll to mayntayne your estate I fureley shalbe bound.

And for your faythfull harts, the which you graunted have
to me,

Both you, my lords and commons eke, I thanke you
hartelee.

Therfore fith time wil have an end, and now my mind
you know,

Let us give place to tyme, and to our pallase go.

Nobelles. We both wil waight upon your grace, yft please
you to depart.

Commons. Eeven when you please to waigh[t] you on I
shall with all my hart.

Truth. A kyngdome kept in amyte, and voyde of
diffention,

Ne devydyd in him felfe by aney kynde of waye,
Neather provoked by wordes of reprehention,
Must nedes long continew, as Truth doth faye,
For defention and ftryfe is the path to decaye;
And continuinge therein must of nefecitie
Be quight ruinate, and brought unto myferye.

Dewtey. Where I, Dewtey, am neglected of aney estate,
Their ftryfe and dyffention my place do fupplie :
Cankred mallyfe, pryde, and debate,
Therefore to rest all meanes do trye.

Then ruin comes after of their fstate, whereby
They are utterly extynguyfhed, levinge nought behynde
Whereof fo much as their name we maye fynde.

Truth. He that leadeth his lyfe as his phanfey doth lyke,
Though for a whyle the fame he maye hyde,
Yet Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it feke,
And fo in a tyme it wyll be difcryde ;
Yet in fuch tyme as it can not be denyed,
But receave dew punnifhment, as God shall fe,
For the faute commytted, moft convenient to be.

As this storye here hath made open unto ye,
Which yf it have byn marked much prophet may aryse.
For, as Truth sayth, nothings wryten be
But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyfe.
By which we may learne the yll to dyspyse,
And the truth to imitate ; thus Truth doth saye :
The which for to do I be sech God we maye.

Dewtey. For your gentle pacience we geve you thanks
hartely.

And therefore, our dewtey wayed, let us all praye
For Elyzabeth our Quene, whose gracious majestie
May rayne over us in helth for aye :
Lykwysse for her Councell, that each of them maye
Have the spyryte of grace their doinges to dyrecte,
In settinge up vertue, and vyce to correcte.

Truth. For all the nobyltye and spiritualltie let us praye ;
For judges and head officers, what ever they be :
According to our boundaunt dewties, espetyally I saye
For my Lord Mayre, lyfetenannt of this noble Cytie ;
And for all his brytherne, with the comminualtie,
That each of them, doinge their dewties a ryght,
May after death posses heaven to their hartes delyght.

FINIS. qd J. P.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe of the
Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be sold at
his shoppe in Saynte Dunstones Church
yarde. Anno Domini. 1567.

INTRODUCTION.

4/1

THE work here reprinted is in every respect unique : only a single copy of it has been preserved, and it is in a form of versification of which we have never seen any other specimen.

The subject of it is anglo-historical ; but it has few claims to be considered an important addition to our national poetry, excepting as regards the versification ; for the unnamed and unknown author can have no pretension to rank himself with such contemporaries as Daniel or Drayton, both of whom (to mention no others) have left behind them highly finished proofs of genius in the same department of literature. The author of "The Preservation of Henry VII" was sufficiently well read, and his biblical and classical allusions are numerous, and apposite ; but the frame of his mind was remarkably unoriginal, and his own reflections are always common-place.

He promised in the outset to extend his labours to five books ; but he seems to have paused near the commencement of his second division, as if waiting to learn what degree of favour his production obtained from the Queen, to whom it is especially addressed ; and from the public, whose taste he hoped to wean from "the gingle of rhyming mother-wits."

Yet he is throughout guilty of singular inconsistency ; for while condemning rhyme, he professes, however loosely and lawlessly, to adopt it ; and, as it were, strives to reconcile and combine the classical measures of antiquity with the poetical ornament

handed down to us by our gothic ancestors. Thus we have a series of so called rhyming hexameters, occupying more than sixty pages; and, although the writer is not deficient in self-confidence, not to call it self-conceit, he seems, as he proceeded, to have lost faith in his own experiment, and to have become weary of the double shackles to which he had voluntarily submitted. He tells us in one place that Abraham Fraunce had preceded him in this species of mingled composition; but if he did so, the attempt has never fallen in our way.

He gives us a hint of his family when he says, "I come myself of a Trentham," but we have no other clue to his connexions; and although in the outset we fancied that Sir Edward Dyer, who liked such experiments, and did not die until 1607, might possibly be the writer of this work, we were convinced, as we advanced, that it was far inferior to his pen. In one place our author almost follows the very wording of a stanza in Sir Walter Raleigh's famous poem called "The Lie"; and, in another, he literally translates a line which Chapman placed on the engraved title-page of his translation of Homer.

The original volume is an oblong quarto, for the sake of avoiding the turning of the lengthened lines, and of inserting marginal references: the last, for greater convenience, we have transferred to the foot of our page. We willingly and thankfully acknowledge our obligations to Mr. H. Pyne, not only for directing our attention to this highly curious and, as far as we know, unexampled production, but for the use of a most beautiful and accurate transcript of it.

J. P. C.

THE
FIRST BOOKE OF
THE PRESERVATION OF

King Henry the vij. when he was but Earle
of Richmond, Grandfather to the

Queenes maiesty :

Compiled in english rythmicall Hexameters.

Vivit in eternum post funera vivida virtus.

Vertue remaineth alive after death lively for ever.

*Quo magis difficilior, eo pulchrior,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*



Imprinted at London, by R. B. and are to be
solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Bible.

1599.

TO THE PRINTER.

Print with a good letter this booke, and carefully, Printer :
Print each word legibill, not a word nor a fillabil alter :
Keepe points, and commas, periodes, the parenthesis observe ;
My credit and thy reporte to defend, bothe safely to conserue.

*To the Right honorabel, worshipfull, gentel, and learned
Readers, whosoever ; that are both trew favorits of
poetry, and of right ancient Heroicke
Hexameters.*



RIGHT honored, worshipfull, and gentell Reader, these Hexameters and Pentameters in Englishe are misliked of many, because they are not yet come to their full perfection ; and specially of some, that are accounted and knowne to be Doctors, and singularly well learned and great Linguistes : but especially of the plaine Rythmer, that scarce knowes the footed quantitie or metricall scanning thereof ; much lesse to reade them with a grace according to the same. But for him, I say thus ; *Scientia nullum habet inimicum, præter ignorantem* : whose bookes are stuft with lines of prose, with a rythme in the end ; which every fiddler, or piper, can make upon a theame given. Neverthelesse, I confesse and acknowledge that we have many excellent and singular good Poets in this our age, as Maister Spencer, that was, Maister Gowlding, Doctor Phayer, Maister Harrington, Daniell, and divers others whom I reverence in that kinde of prose-rythme ; wherein Spencer (without offence spoken) hath surpassed them all. I would to God they had done so well in trew Hexameters, for they had then beautified our language. For the Greekes and Latines did in a manner abolish quite that kinde of rythme-prose ; and why should

not we doe the like in Englishe? But the ignorant and aduerse part will say, our speech is not copious enough. But I say that it is; and, besides, it would be the more enriched, adorned, and more eloquent, if they would make triall thereof, or could compose them artificially and eloquently to delight the Readers, to resound with a grace in their ears: *Nam nihil difficile volenti*. But this is the trew cause why they do not so; *Hoc opus, hic labor est*, which the chiefe Doctors and best learned of them all, cannot deny. And perhappes some of the best of them, that are curious carpers and reprehenders of this trew metrified verse, though skilful in other arts, cannot formally compose the like as Fraunce did; who observed a better Prosodia then Stanihurst. For Tully was not so good a poetician as he was an orator. God bestoweth his gifts severally, and more bountifully on some than on others. For Homer in Greeke, and Virgill in Latine, surpassed all that ever were before or since in trew footed hexameters; but not in prose. Neither were Homer and Virgill the first that versified in their naturall language; but others did attempt to poetize afore them, in the like verse; or else, in truth, I suppose they could not have done so well. Every thing hath a beginning, which at first cannot be made so perfect. Those verses which Ennius made, before Virgill made any, were not so well liked; as, for example: *Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem*: yet Virgill most commonly had his booke about him. Therefore, I reverence Stanihurst; who being but an Irish man, did first attempt to translate those foure bookes of Eneados, which (if he be living) I desire him to refile them over againe; and thus have written in verse:

If the poet Stanihurst yet live and feedeth on ay-er,
I do request him (as one that wisheth a grace to the meter)
With wordes significant to refile, and finely to polishe
Those fower Ænëis, that he late translated in English.
I doe the man reverence, as a fine, as an exquisit author,
For that he first did attempt to translate verse as a Doctor.

For, at the first, Maister Askam had much adoe to make
two or three verses in English; but now every scholler
can make some. What language so hard, harsh, or barbarous,
that time and art will not amend? As I have
written in another place, thus :

Naught can at once be begonne, or present made, to be
perfect.

By travel all hard things are brought to singular effect.
Yet that Apelles could Cytheræas-bewty depolish;
Had not he time to delyne, hir picture finely to synnysh?

This trew kinde of hexametred and pentametred verse
will bring unto us four commodities. First, it will enrich
our speach with good and significant wordes; secondly, it
will bring a delight and pleasure to the skilful reader, when
he seeth them formally compyled; and, thirdly, it will in-
courage and learne the good and godly students, that affect
poetry, and are naturally enclyned therunto, to make the
like; fourthly, it will direct a trew Idioma, and will teach
trew orthography, for as Gould surpasseth leade, so the
hexameters surpasse rythme prose. And as concerning the
same, this have I written :

As yelo Gould purified doth surmount every mettell,
So fine verse metrifized this rythme-prose greatly doth
excell,
With wordes significant such rurall rythmery confound,
And metricall verses with a new rythme lawrally compound:

For flye muse feare not ; since every paltery rythmor
 With wordes unmetrified would seeme to be counted a
 Doctōr,
 Whose workes seeme to be good, representing Tantalus
 appels,
 Which did appeare to be gold, but toucht were turned
 in ashes.

And in another place.

Clowde not your orient fine skylle with dregges of a drowfy
 Conterfayted prose : this Romane verse hath a glory,
 As redolent gilyflowers perfumes a delight to the senses,
 Mens memories to refresh : so scanning rythmery verses
 Bringes a delight to the mindes, &c.

For these ribaud and bawdy Poets be but the diuels
 agents, and are to be detested ; but the vertuous and godly
 Poets are to be both revered and regarded, as I have
 here written :

As domiport flug-y snayle, his passage plainly to disclose,
 Leaveth a print as he goes, but a shining flyme to no
 purpose ;
 So doth a bawdy Poet (his braineficke folly to publish)
 Write amorous madrigals ; some lewd love-toy to re-
 cognize.
 Aime at a trew period, Christ Jesus : flee from al evil ;
 Roave not aside to detract his praise ; learne rightly to
 leavell.
 Wits misfabus'd will appeare as a goulden ring in a swine's
 snout.
 Gods worde such reprobate lewde wits doth worthily
 confute.
 Shew me the tree by the fruite : so saith Saint Luke that
 Evangel,*
 Do men gather grapes of thornes, or fygges of a thystel ?

* Saint Luke, ca. 6, verse 45.

Christ shewes by parables who be tares and who be the
good feede;

Th' one by the divell sowne, and th' other sowne by the
goddhead :*

Bothe to be reapt at a time, and both to be parted afonder:
Bothe to be bound in sheaves, and bothe to be laid from
another :

Th' one to be laid in a barne, th' other to be throwne by
Jehova

Into that burning lake, that burning fyry Gehenna.

And wee, that professe Christianity, should not use any
paganisme to detract Gods glorie, as the paganis'd poets
did, in the time of ignorance. For this I have written of
them ; I meane, of Homer, Virgill, and others :

Only the fault was this, they liv'd in a time then of error,
And to the Pagan goddes most of them yeelded an
honnor.

Those secular sages, which gods new worde did abandon,
Wilfully lost them-selves, and others left at a randon.

But should we Christians (confessing one God imortal,
Trinity, unity, one, deified with glory coequal)

Call to the Pagan gods, to detract praise from the
Redeemer,

Our soules sole-faviour? Should we such blasphemy
suffer?

In truthe, all they that professe trew poetry should seek
to further the advancement of Gods glory what they (which
I pray God they may doe, to bannish all these fond fantas-
ticall and venereall Poets) and also to doe their best endea-
vour, in trew hexameters, to abolish this plaine rythme-
prose; that wee may imitate and follow the best learned

* Saint Mathew, ca. 13, verse 36, 37, 38.

and auncient poets, as Homer, Virgill, and Lucan in Chronicles. For that an heroicall verse composed in hexameters, is most correspondent to a right honorable nature ; as appeared by Alexander the great, as I have composed in hexameters following.

When that Alexander did come to the tombe of Achilles,
That monument to behold, he pronounced these very
 speeches,

And with a sigh thus said : Thrice Larissæus is happy,
For that he greek Homer had to record his glory so
 worthy.

And when he had conquerd great spoyles from king
 Darius,

There was a cheft of gould that, he said, was fit for
 Homerus

Bookes to be safely repos'd. For he kept them safe as a
 jewel,

Under his owne beads-head : whose worke divinely doth
 excell.

And Maro, laurigerent, in verse most glorious enrold

Venturous Æneas exployts, and worthines extold ;

Which brought Rome in a muse, with a grace so loftily
 flowing,

Whose praise still wil abide, while seas or earthe ar abiding.

And that we may imitate them, as neere as we may, in
poetizing of verified Chronicles, I have elsewhere written
thus :

Learne of Mœonides, who writeth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Troilus, Diomedes, of craft-contriver Uliſſes.

If so be that Chronicles had not bin skilfully written,
Kinges valiant exployts, lordes fame, and knightes valor
 had bin

Drowned in oblivion. For time (fames greedy devowrer)

Leaves fame unmemoriz'd ; as a tree confum'd with a
canker.

You fine metricians, that verses skilfully compile,
(As fine artificers hard iron do refile on an anvile)
This verse irregular, this rustick rythmery bannish,
Which doth abase poetry ; such verse, such meter abolish,
For lily milke-white swannes flote on streames cleare as
a cryfall,

And in a fowle mud-y lake donguehill duckes strive for
an offall.

Both Greekes and Latinists such verfeleffe verse did
abandon,

Whose verse is purifi'd, as gould is try'd by the touchstone.
As vineger doth aford no pleasant taste to the palate,
So wordes unmetrifi'd, which rythmers rudely promulgate,
Bringe no delight to the wits, nor sound with a grace in
a man's eare.

Every worthie poet will such rude rythmery forbear.

Surely this kinde of scanning verse is not to be discom-
mended ; and who so doth, hath no warrant so to doe.
And who so doth discommend Stanihurst, or Fraunce, let
them make so many verses ; for many will dispraise their
bookes, that cannot whiles they live make the like. For it
is more easie for every man to finde a fault, then to make
so many, as I have written, thus ;

For curious cavilist but a small mote easily will see
Sooner in each strangers eyficht, then a beame in his
owne eye.

Hardly he will such bookes in a trew verse notably perfect.
For many men ready be to finde faults, hasty to correct.
Such sycophant humorists, like quayles, feede chiefly by
poyson :

Whose stoicall censures and selfe-mindes stand for a reason.

And whosoever shall discommend mine, I would request

him to make so many as I meane to make, in five bookes, in rythming hexameters. For, as I thinke, the rythme doth give them a grace, in our english tongue especially, above other tongues; so it be good rythme, though they be the harder to make. The best verse that Fraunce made was in rythming hexameters, of the nativitie of Christ. And if he make so many better, I will reverence him: if so many, and not better (so that he raile not) I will commend him. I discommend no mans workes, for that I know none have more defects then myne owne. For it is the enriching and beautifying of our language, and the credit and glory of the verse, that I regarde. For I am no mercenary man, nor write with an hyred penne, nor expect vaine glorie. But who so doth slander these verses, and cannot amend them, nor make so many, let him keepe his winde to coole his potage; for my answere shall be silence. As Diogenes answered one that asked him a foolish question; saying that silence was an answere fit for such a fond demaund: and in respect of them I will say, as the bird said to Cæsar, *Operam et laborem perdidit*. But as for you, that are trew favorits both of poetry, and of this trew metricall and scanning verse, I wholly submit and refferre myselfe to your favorable censures and assistance; to see if we can yet once againe set on foote this footed verse, that it may runne smoothly, with a grace and credit. I would I were but as Ennius to a fine Maronist, or to a skilful Mæonides. And also I request you to take in good part these simpl verses of mine, wherein at idel times, I have both taken pleasure and paines. For al those that professe learning (and especially such as are descended of honor or of trew gentilitie) should chiefly like of this kinde

of heroicke hexameters : as Alexander did of Homers, or Augustus of Virgils. And if these shall like you, I shall be glad ; and do purpose (God willing) yer that a yeare come about, to set forth another booke.

I doe not utterly discommend or condemne this proferythme ; but do only prefer this Romane verse farre above it. And I know, most of them that be learned wil so thinke ; and especially when it is brought to perfection : unlesse they be some carping cavilists, paradoxically captius or prejudicius. For I know plaine fong is good, but pricke fong is knowne to be better ; and there is great difference betwixt an orient pearle, and a blacke simpel bugel. If you finde any faults in my booke, I would request you to amend them, and to send them in a privie note to the Stationer. But now, least I should be too tedious, wishing to you all as to my selfe, in our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus, I most humbly take my leave ; resting yours in all love and duetie to command.

A Briefe rule or prosodie, for the understanding of the quantitie of some peculiar wordes in this booke ; untill I have set forth a Verball, or littel Diſtionarie, with a Profodia requiſite for Poetry.



HIS monaſyllabel, on, being an adjective, is indifferent, either long or ſhorte ; but being an adverbe, alwaies ſhort.

Alſo, mee, thee, yee, hee, and ſhee, are long or ſhort.

All words ending in O are indifferent.

Pre and pro, in diſſyllabels, are indifferent ; in triſyllabels, likewise indifferent ; except it be an anapœſt, as preminence, preſident, prevalent, and the like. In ſome quadriſyllabels, long : as premeditate, predominant, precogitate, and the like. And in ſome quadriſyllabels, long or ſhort ; as for exampel, prepoſterous, preſumptuous, and the like. The Latin and the Engliſh quantitie in ſome wordes are not alike, but are meerely diſſonant. And we are to follow our naturall prenuntiation and accent in words, yet following the Latin as neare as we may, obſerving the right euphonia ; as, for exampel, we ſay in Latin, orâtor, long in ra ; but in Engliſh we make ra, in orator, ſhort.

De, in dyſſyllabels and triſſyllabels, is alwaies ſhort. In

some quadrifsyllables it is long ; as demerited, depopulate, demonically, and such like. And againe, in other some it is either long or short ; as, denunciate, determinate, denominate. And in words of five syllables it is short, as dedication, apprehension. And in words of six syllables it is long ; as determination, delapidation, and such like.

My, why, thy, and by, are indifferent.

Besides, there are some words, which sometimes by pronunciation we make but monosyllable, as ayre, fire, flowre, powre, shovre ; which as dissyllables are written thus, ay-er, fy-er, flow-er, pow-er, shov-er.

And likewise sometime we make dissyllables, trissyllables ; as desire, de-si-er ; require, re-qui-er ; and such like.

And words having double consonants in the middle of dissyllables (as account, attend, applause, afford, and the like) by figure are made short, by the detraction of a letter ; as acount, atend, aplause, aford ; and so in polysyllables likewise. Lastly, some words are indifferent, as cre, in credit ; co, in comet ; pee, in peepel ; and ci, in civil ; and such like. Which I will, God willing, in my Verball and Profodia set forth more at large. In the meane while, gentle Reader, have patience. For I meane not to compose these hexametered verses irregularly.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

STAY, bifie booke, for a while. What rage constraines
thee to wander,

Like fugitive vacabond, into the world to be seene?
Poste not in haste, so deform'd : let faultes be reform'd by
thy master.

Art not asham'd to repaire unto the court of a Queene?
Unpolished to repaire to the regall throne of an empresse,
Our Queene Elizabeth? onely the worldes diamonde,
Crown'd with an eternall diademe ; whose glorious highnesse
Treasures of poetry, chiefe in all arts doth abounde.

Thou art scarce purif'd, to be seene of her exquisit Highnesse.

Better I thinke it, at home safe in a cheft to remaine,
Then to depart so deform'd, poore cloath'd, and plaine as
an hermit.

Selfe love, selfe arogance, makes many fooles to be faine.
If that I leave thee so rude, hir Grace may worthily
blame mee.

What, wil a prince, think'ft thou, of so renowned a lande,
When thou com'ft to the court so defaste, vouchsafe to
peruse thee?

Thy reverent Soveraigne greater afaires hath in hand.
Go not away gadding from mee that lov'd thee so dearely,
But com againe, that I may once yet againe thee peruse ;
Quickly returne to thy freend, with me to remaine in a safety :

Com to thy maister againe, com to me, com to thy Muse.
Manes, that Diogens fervant, ran away in a fury :

Some wished Diogen for to go fetch him againe ;
Not so, said Diogen, but laught, and thought it a folly ;

But, pretie booke, I do seeke how that I might thee retaine.
What shal I do ? For alas ! my booke runs hastily gadding
In metrif'd poetry, not poetiz'd as I meant.

Some faultes, you learned, tolerate ; fooles love to be scoffing :
Since that I thee manupend, now I to late do repent.
If that he chaunce to repaire to the court, I the courtier
exhort,

Not caviling to deface this pretie booke that I pend,
Though that he comes not adorn'd with robes, yet friendly
to support,

And to reforme his faultes, if that he can them amend,
No body shal thy report with a glosing distiction extoll,

Like popular parasite, or Thraso grandiloquent.
Let thy desert be thy praise ; seeke not to be prais'd as an
idole.

Better I had thee refil'd, if that I were eloquent,
Since that I plainly do see, thou wilt goe from mee so
simpel ;

Therefore I leave thee my booke, friendles alone to depart :
Like Peregrine pilgrime traveling but meane in aparel,
And with a name unknowen, which is a grieve to my
heart ;

For that I see many faultes, and have no time to reforme
them.

Runne not away from me so ; thy sily state I do rew ;
For many will disalow, and will thee shamefully condemne.
Zoilus is but a doulte. My pretie libel, adieu !

A FAREWELL TO HIS BOOKE.

My pretty book, farewell : God send thee prosperus acceffe
 Unto the court ; to the Queene vouchsafe my name to be
 namelesse :

Thy soveraigne patroneffe (if please her grace to defend thee)
 Can patronize thy defectes. Whom God preserve, as a
 bay tree,

Long to be predominant, with lords of her privie Counsaile.
 Namely, the Lord Keeper, with learned lawes who doth
 excell :

That Metropolitan eake, whom I think my self to be
 bound to ;

Th' Archbishop at Lambeth : that wise Lord Treasurer also ;
 And senator Cecill, that appeares to the realme a defender,
 Sonne to the Lord Burleigh, late deade, his wife wilie father,
 That sapient Nestor, which did by pollicy compasse
 Much quiet unto the realme. For like as Cœlifer Atlas,
 On large broad shoulders fore pressed, propped up heaven ;
 So with his experience, this noble realme was upholden.

For why ? The state of a Prince consisteth chiefly by counsel
 Of wilie grave senators, whose witte with vertue doth excel.
 And I beseech God bleffe that noble pillar of highnesse,
 Glorius Earle Talbut, stout Earle of Shrewsbury ; doubtlesse
 Vertues trew president, of al humane curtesy mirror :
 Mirror of omnipotence. Whose nobel name was a terror
 Unto the Frenche regiment : to the Crowne still knowne to
 be a constant ;

Worthy to be credited with a prince, as a faithful atendant ;
 And to be chiefly preferred, that he may with bounty the
 better

Stand a defense to the Prince, to the publick weale as a pillar.
And God graunt to that Earle of Oxford, mirror of highnes,
Happines in this world: God bleffe his ladie the Countesse,
Elizabeth Trentam, that right trew maiden of honnor,
Immaculat virgin; whose house and name I doe favor
With reverence, as I should. For I came my selfe of a Trentam,
Aunt to thee, lady renoun'd: yet I am not known to thee,
Madame.

Loth I am yet to be knowne; for I should be knowne to
the best fort:

Knowne to that Earle Devereux, whom I pray God daily
to comfort.

Vere, Devereux, Talbot, three nobel principal howses,
Are to be greatly renoun'd for their nobilitie peerlesse.
And I do charge thee, my book, with things not rashly to
meddel

Which ar above our reach, that concerne us but a littel;*
Nor to detract my fame from peeres or states that are highest.
For littel meddling of most is thought to be wisest:
As the poet poetiz'd, that Naso poetical author,
Frugaly live to thyselfe;† flee far from great men of honnor.
For many men that atend some lords, or daily do follow,
Do but as Æsops dogge, that a substance lost for a shaddow.
Yet many men be preferd by the meanes of great men of
honor;

Such speciall persons which they most dearely do favor.
Farewel againe, prety book; be dutiful unto thy betters:
Humbly, with al reverence, submit thy selfe to thy rulers.

* Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos.

† Ovid. Vive tibi, et longè nomina, magna fuge.

The Dedication of the booke to the Queenes Majestie.

Unto the magnipotent, the renowned princes of Europ,
Emperes Elizabeth, this petie libel I give ;
Which I present to thy Grace as a prime primirose or a
couflip.

Onely the flow-er of all our chronicles, I beleeve :
Skilfully pend by the knight Sir Thomas Moore, then a
courtie'r,

Learned in arts; who delin'd that that he knew to be trew,
Grounded on experience, requisite to be read of a ruler.
This donative, Soveraigne, deigne to receive to thy view.
Give but a grace to my verse, it mounts, O Queene, in a
moment,

Up to the spang'd element, up to that ayry Lion :
Give but a check to the same, it falles downe (throwne
with a contempt)

Downe to the Tartarian river of hell, Phlegeton.

A Prayer.

O my God ! O God of hostes, God of Abraham, and God of
And the God of Jacob (thou that didst regaly ranfack [Isack,
Tartarus infernal, who gave him selfe as a ransome,
And here was crucifi'd, to redeeme our foules from a
thralldom),

Sanctifie thy creature : inspire thy grace to my spirit :
Stand my defence : guide me with thy celestial eyesight.
O my God ! O Saviour ! vouchsafe me grace to my speeches :
Then wil I magnifie thee; my mouth shal sing to thee praises :
Unto thee only, my God, my voice shal stil be refounding
Perpetuall praises, while breath and life are abiding.

The Epistle to the Queenes most Excellent Majesty, my renowned Sovereigne and Princeffe, Elizabeth, Queene of England, Fraunce, and Irland, &c.

So, I the man that am he, that afourds small praise to the Muses ;

And yet in hexameters I meane to metrifie verses
Unto the worldes Diamond, to the Phoenix rare ; that doth excel

In pre'minence as a prince: whose praise my wits ar unabel
Here to record as I should: as a worke to large, or a matter
Fit for a Mœonian fine skilfull penne to decypher ;
Whose stout progenitours great fame her glory doth advance:
Which, if I could poetize, is a worke yet worthie remembrance.

Graunt to me no learning, Muses, thou Pagan Apollo,
Cynthia, with Charites, thou blandiloquent mery Pytho,
Mercury, with Sappho, Pallas nam'd also Minerva,*
Graunt to me no favour : but thou, thou mightie Jehova,
Thou, Lord Emmanuel, Lord of celestial heaven,
Only God imperiall, to mee wretch terrestriall harken.
Since litel helpe they graunt, and cannot aford any favor,
To those idolatrous pagan goddes yeald not an honnor ;
Yeald reverence to the Lord, who is the creator of all us,
And do not here atribute any praise, but wholly to Jesu.

* A contradictory to the paganiz'd invocation.

Shall we Gods anger by wilful blasphemie kindel ?
 When John kneeled afore that blessed glorius angell,
 Do not so, said he, for I am but thy felo servant :*
 Give thou praise to the Lord, to the Lord, that is only
 triumphant ;

Unto whom only belongs all praise, and glory for ever.
 Shall we, his creatures, then adore and invocat other ?
 That sonne of Shelomith, which Gods name wilfully blasphem'd,†

Was not he ston'd to death, by the Lord God rightfully
 condemn'd ?

Sorcerer hight Elimas was justly depriv'd of his eyesight,
 For that he by speeches did deputy Sergius excite‡
 For to renounce our God ; whom Paul and Barnabas also
 Taught him afore to beleewe. We should such blasphemie
 forgoe.

Barnabas (in synagogues) and Paul (that faithfull Apostel)
 Preached at Iconium ; by faith Paul healed a crippel.§
 When the peepel saw it, they would have done to them
 honor,

And brought them sacrifice, not praising God the creator.
 Barnabas of the peepel was called Jupiter ; and Paule,
 Mercury ; but they gave praise to the Lord God imortal.
 And in amongst them went, and rent their clothes in an
 anger:||

Wee are but creatures as you, Gods glory to further.
 Shall we detract any praise from Christ, our Lord God of
 heaven ;

* Revel. 22, verse 8, 9.

† 24 of Levit. v. 14 and 23.

‡ Act. 13, ver. 8, &c.

§ Act. 14, v. 12, 3 14.

|| Act. 14, ver. 12 and 13.

Like bify-fnowted swine, which uproot hearbes from a garden ?*

Let paganiz'd parasites, that purpose smoothly to flatter,
Call to the pagan gods, their goddes, to reforge up a matter.
Right reverent soveraigne, the renowned Princes of England,
Glorious Elizabeth, Queene of Fraunce, Queene of al Irland,
I (he that am too too bould) this simpel gift, but a trifel,
Unto thy Grace dedicate ; my simpel skill to disabel.
If that I could poetize thy deserts, to thy glory coherent,
Might not I greatly rejoyce ? But I want arte, and skil is
absent.

Your luculent eyesight to my rude muse regaly distill,
For radiant funnebeames displai'd will shine on a dounghill.†
If that I were Chorilus, yet a faithfull minde of a subject,‡
Deigne to receive, Soveraigne, with a princelike bountiful
aspect :

Like Artaxerxes, stout king ; whose gracios hignes§
Thankfully dranke water from palmes of silly Zinetes ;
And in a cuppe of gold he sent to the poore man a thousand
Goulden maffy darecks ; yet he was but a poore fily peasant.
Like that princely Philippe, king of Macedonian empire,
Who great curtesie shew'd, when a poore man gave him a
dinner :

And Christ our Saviour vouchsafe to receive of a woman,
Which was a Samaritan, water drawne forth of a fountaine,||
Named Jacobs well : and Christ said, If she the perfitte
Gift of God did know, and him that did so demanda it,
She would have asked Christ Jesus freely the water
Of life eternall, who could that water aford her.

* Similie.

† Similiè.

‡ Exampel.

§ Plutarke in Regum Apo

|| 4 cha. of John, vers. 6, 7, 8.

Deigne then an eare to my muse, thou Queene, whom
mighty Jehova

Regaly doth beatize, as a fortunate Elizabetha.

Whose very magnificence to the type of glory doth ascend ;
Which to the world al abroad thy regall vertue doth extend.
As Phoebe with radiant bright beames this world doth
ilustrate,*

So to thy realme (O Prince) thou do'st thy mercy pro-
mulgate.

All pretious diamondes and pearles do not equally glister,†
Some starres more glitering; one prince surmounteth another.
So my benigne Soveraigne, thou Queene (our gracious
Empresse)

Art as a trew period, of trew perfection endlesse :

Like to the starres in sky, to the sand incountabel in sea,‡
So be the Lords benefits to thy selfe, O Queene, to thy
country.

For why? The Lord God of Hostes preserves thy pro-
perus estate

Gainst forraine enemies, whose driftes he decrees to be
frustrate.

For men on earth purpose, but God that ruleth in heaven§
Ruleth on earth as a God. Just God disposeth of all men.
Gods providencee hidden is : what man can possibly foreshow
What future age wil afourd ? God alone mans destiny doth
know.

That God above, God alone, preserve thy Grace as a patterne
Long to be sceptriferent, this stout realme wisely to governe.
And for al his benefits, let us all to the Lord God of Hosts
graunt

* Similie.

† Similie.

‡ Similie.

§ Sentence.

Perpetuall praises, who to thee still stands as a gardaunt.
Rightfully crowned a Queene, as a rightfull Queene, as a
right heire

Unto the regal crowne, and lawfully knowne to be daughter
Of King Henry that eight, late king, w[h]o rul'd as a puissant
Conquerer of kingdomes, with fame and glory triumphant.
His father Henry the seav'nth,* thy wife stout grandfather,
obtain'd

Th' imperiall diademe ; who vice and tyranny disdain'd,
As Chronicles do report. This king, by the states privie
consent,

Elizabeth married, promised by former agreement,
Which was a Plantagenet, first and eld'st daughter of
Edward,

Namely the fourth, who slew at Bosworth field bludy Richard,
That tyranus cruel hogge, most worthily plagu'd for ofences.
He, by the said mariage, did unite those notabel houses,
Yorke and Lancaster ; whose long contentius envy
Caus'd civil intestine warfare. This conquerus Henry,
Venturus and valiant, was asygn'd by the Lord to be ruler.
Every king hath a time : thus this worlds glory doth alter.†
I he that once could not, nor meant, in heroical English
Rythmecal hexameters, any book so timely to publish,
Yet when I knew that I could compose new rythmery verses,
Lately become metricall, which are right verses of antike ;
Then did I wish that I could dedicate such bookes to thy
person,

Worthy so great a Regent, thy deserved glory to blazon,
Which fro the east to the west doth spread. Whose fame to
decypher

* Grafton.

† Virg. Sic tranfit gloria mundi.

More praise demeriteth than I can now possibl utter.
Like as a crystall spring transparent unto the bottome,*
Flowes with a silver streame; so (puissant prince) to thy
kingdome,

And to thy common weale, thou shew'ft thyself as a princeffe
Mercifull, and liberall ; thy good life vertue doth expresse.
God to thee gave many gifts, more then my minde can
imagine,

Which do attract to thy selfe most hearts with a force
adamantine.

I he the same man afore, as a man scarce knowne to the
Muses,

Boldly presume to present foote-scanning rythmery verses
Unto thee, world's Sovereigne : vouchsafe, O Queene, to
peruse them ;

Stand as a princely patrone, nor (ofensive) justly me condemn.
If tonitr'ant bisie Jove should alwaies strike in his anger†
Every man that ofends, with lightning flame of a thunder,
Should not he then be bereft or despoild quite of his armor?
So, if I have many faults, yet, good Queene, stand my
protector.

And I, with all reverence, do beseech your gracious Highnes,
Though many things ar amisse, yet pardon graunt to my
rudeneffe.

Though that I Mœonides (who writeth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Troilus, Diomedes, of craft-contriver Uliſſes)

Nor Maro Laureat am (who the laurel crowne to the Romans
Wanne, as a princely poet, who recorded fame to the
Trojans)

Yet, for a zeale that I have, these primer fruites of a subject

* Similie.

† Poeticè. Si quoties peccant, &c.

(Lately befeem'd a poet) with a regall friendlines accept :
For why ? My pipe is of ote, not Apollos, skilfully compact,*
Nor Ciceroes eloquence I retaine : for a worke that is exact,
Truly thy princely benigne acceptance of my beginnings
Shall my minde animate, to record some greater atemptinge.
For my delight (O Queene) my drift and only my purpose,
Is to record Chronicles ; metricall verse fitly to compose,
And to refyne our speach, to procure our natural English
Far to be more elegant ; that verse may skilfully florish.
Which when it is re'difi'd, eloquent, and knowne to be perfit,
Unto thee, and to thy realme, (O puifant Prince) what a
credit !

Hexameters will amend our speach (thou sacred Eliza)
Publish an orthography, and teach us a trew idioma.
Stories are requisite to be read of states that are highest,
As kings imperial, thron'd in regalitie chiefeft.
If so be that Chronicles had not bin skilfully written,
Kinges valiant exployts, lordes fame, and knightes valor
had bin

Drowned in oblivion. For time (fames greedy devowrer)
Leaves fame unmemoriz'd, as a tree consum'd with a canker.†
Historicall Chronicles, well penn'd by the learn'd (as
aforefaid)

Doth manifest represent (as a comedy shewes, on a stage
plaid)

Mens vice and vertues ; as a trew glasse visibly doth shew‡
Mens face and favor, their faults in visnomy to viewe.§
For by the great diligence of men, mans memorie (chiefeft
Treasurer of knowledge, with learning skilfully furnisht)
Enroules in Chronicles the renowned deeds of heroick

* Poeticall.

† Similie.

‡ Similie.

§ Similie.

And valiant Worthies, their fame and victorie warlike.
 For Chronicles do recite faultes and falles of many princes,
 Horribly that tyraniz'd, fore plagu'd for their fory vices.
 Was not lofty Babel first built by proude fory Nimrod,*
 Whose arrogance had a fall? and was not merciles Herod
 By greedy vermin spoild, that murderd so many children?†
 And Nero that tyrant, the detested monster of all men,
 Stab'd himselfe with a knife.‡ The wicked king Jeroboam
 Plagu'd by the Lord, that he di'd.§ And lewd ungodly
 Jehoram

Was by godly Jehu through shoulders shot with an arrow,||
 Which through pearced his heart, that he languisht for
 very forrow.

When that a prince hath a will, whose will doth stand for a
 reason,

Lulled in errors lappe, that will infectes as a poyson
 Both to the king and realme. For wherein proud fory
 princes

Fondly delyre, pitiles subjects ar plagu'd with a witnesse.¶
 Thankes be to God, our Queene doth rule with singuler
 advice,

And with mercy benigne as a prince doth quallifie iustice :
 Our Soueraigne doth apeare, as goulden Cynthia shining,
 Glides by the firme element, her bright beames cheere-
 fully shewing

Unto this earthly chaos : so her grace (glorius extant)
 Shines to the common wealth, with love and mercy
 regardant :

* Genesis, ch. 10 and 11.

† Act. 12, v. 21, 13.

‡ Suetonius, fol. 162, cha. 49.

§ 2 Chro. ch. 13, vers. 20.

|| 2 of Kings. ch. 9, ver. 24.

¶ Horace. Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

Whose speciall rare gifts and vertues daintily lusture,
Like orient diamonds, or splendent pearles on a vesture.*
All you princely regents, you kings (well knowne to be
rulers)

Learn to refraine from sinne. Our Lord God terribly
finners

Impenitent doth plague : not a king, not an emperor, he
spares ;

All estates are alike. Who with Gods dignitie compares ?
Cast downe your diademes, your crownes and dignity despise ;
Meere vanities count them, but seeke to do good, to do
justice.

Yeald reverence to the Lord, to the Lord your duty to
performe :

You are Christes subjects, your subjects peaceably governe.
Your pre'minence but a charge, your life but a blob, but a
blossom :

When death strikes with a dart, what availeth a king or a
kingdom ?

That Platonist, Socrates, did affirme, that a mans bodie living
Was but a grave to the soule ; † which to felicitie lasting,
Should by deserts demigrate : most divine speach of an
heathen !

For by the faith in Christ we come to the kingdome of
heaven.

As radiant rud-y Phœbe exhales his vapory moysture ‡
Unto the firme element, with his ardent hot sun-y lusture,
So the God omnipotent, our soules with sinnes hevie loden,
Freely by mercy benigne, extolles to the kingdom of heaven.
Death brings every thing to decay ; for like as a fresh
flower §

* Similie.

† Erasmus in decla. de morte.

‡ Similie.

§ Similie.

Springs for a time redolent, but can not possibill endure,
 So doth a king for a while reigne with great dignitie present,
 Whose great glorie decaies, whose prowde pompe dures but
 a moment.

Like as a man doth in yeares wax ould, so should he be
 wifer ;

And as he groweth in age, so should his life be the beter.
 Thinke this world to be vaine, and thinke this life to be
 mortal,

And to the King of kings let us yeald our selves to be loyal ;
 Who to redeeme our foules, ordained his only begotten,
 Only beloved sonne, to be sent downe freely from heaven,
 And to be here crucifi'd (as a sinlesse man for a sinner)
 To mitigate Gods wrath, t' appease his infinit anger :
 Who by the death that he di'd hath cleans'd us freely from
 evill,

For that he conquered hath sinne, death, and also the divell.
 Whiles we do live, let us al live well. Time stailes away
 leapes,*

Like as a cloud vaniseth. For, as every steppe that a man
 steppes,

Is but a steppe to the grave, so plodding age, *pedetentim*,
 Stouping, creepes on a pafe. Age is to death as a pilgrim,
 Which for a time doth abroad wander, but in end he re-
 turnes home ;†

So for a time we do live, but in end death will be the
 bridegroome.

No body can stay time. Time staies for no body.‡ Time
 swift

Flyeth away on apafe, as a bird that flies from a mans
 sight.§

* Similies.

† Similie.

‡ Sentence.

§ Similie.

Therefore, princely regentes, both vice and tyrranny forgoe ;
For what availeth a king, what availeth an emperor also,
If that he lose his foule, to live here fortunat alway ?*
As patient Job said, each mortall king to thy selfe say,
Naked I came to the world, fro the world hence naked I
shall go :†

Formed of earth was I first, to the earth yet againe shall I
turne to.

That sapient Salomon naught here but vanitie could finde,‡
With manyfould miseries, with great vexation of minde.
What man alive can asourd (as Gods word plainly doth
expresse)

One cubit unto his height by carking cares that ar endlesse?§
Let not a man be to bolde, though God be mercifull,
and staies,||

For when he strikes, his stroke is a stroke importabil alwaies :
And then he plagues when he strikes. For where th' al-
mighty Jehova

Rightfully plagues for ofense, what availeth a mans cata-
plasma ?

For with a slouthfull pafe Gods anger goes to revengement ;
But when he comes, he rewards eternall paines for a torment.
Here I wil end, O Queen. O Lord ! our only creator,
(Our Lord Emmanuel, our Chrif and sole mediator)
Adde to thy life many yeares, as he did to the king
Ezechias ;¶

Safely defend thee from harme, as he safely preserved
Elias :

And that he graunt to thy Grace, after this life (as a chosen

* Mark, ch. 8, vers. 36.

† Job, ch. 1, ver. 21.

‡ Ecclesiastes 1.

§ Mat. 6. 27.

|| A proverbe.

¶ 2 of Kings, ch. 20, ver. 6.

Vessel of his, purify'd) joyes in celestiaall heaven ;
Joyfully there to remaine with Iesus Christ the Redeemer,
Imparadiz'd as a faint, with faints in glory for ever.
As two Greeke letters in Grecian alphabet, Alpha
First letter plasfe is, but placed last is Omega :
So wil I continuall, first and last, praise thee for ever,
If that I could poetize, as I would, thy glory to further.

Your Graces subject, in faith, love, duty to
commaund :

THE FIRST BOOKE OF

The preservation of King Henry the vij.
when he was but Earle of Richmond.

FATHER Omnipotent, our Lord and only Redeemer,
(Which on a throne, deifi'd, there sits, and shines as a
jasper,

And as a sardine stone, incompast round with a raine-bow,*
Like to the bright emeraud) with thy grace my spirit endow:
From which throne lightnings, voices, with lowde flashy
thunders

Duly proceed: where fowre and twenty colaudibil elders
Seated in as many seats, all cloth'd with a white lily garment,
Crown'd with crownes of gould, on their heads statly
refulgent:

Seaven lampes of fire ar there eternaly burning,
Gods very godly spirits, on God there faithful atending.
Neare to the throne is a sea of glasse, which shin'd as a cryftall:
There fowre beafts ful of eyes ar about that statly tribunal.
First was like a lyon, next seemed a calfe to resembel,
Third had a face of a man, fourth beaft was form'd as an
eagel.

Every beaft of them six wings had them to belonging,
And ful of eyes ar within, day and night joyfully singing

* The first part of the Revelation of Saint John in effect verbatim.

Three times holy be God th' almightie, that ever is holy :
 Holy before which was, which is, which shall be God only.
 And when those fowre beafts gave praise to the Lord God
 Iesus,

Which on that throne fate (who for ever liv'd, who re-
 deem'd us)

Those reverent elders their crownes commendably threw
 downe,

And fell flatly before that Lord that fate on a tribune,
 Worshipped him that liv'd, and lives with glory for ever.
 For thou glory deserv'st that made all things by thy power :
 Unto whom Archangels and Angels greatly rejoycing,
 With Cherubins, Seraphins, are there eternally singing.
 Thou father only my God, which art, wast, shalt be for ever :
 Who the terrestriall orbe (which staies it selfe by the center)*
 Quadruply partiting, fire, ayre, earth, watery substance,
 Out of an ugly chaos did'st frame, and store with abundance
 Of severall creatures, and made man last (as an image
 Like to thyselfe) upright, to behold this globe with a visage :†
 Placed him in Paradise, in a sacred garden, in Eden ;
 Where, by the fondnes of Eve, they lost those joyes then of
 heaven :

Thou Lord only for aye, whose power and glory supernall
 This star-y spang'd element, and this whole world universal
 Made‡ (as a mightie monarche) in six daies ; only the
 seventh

Day he reserv'd, to be kept as a sacred day, as a Saboth,
 Which God by Moyfes did appoint and consecrat holy :
 And that day to be kept (by the cov'nant) from labor, only.

* Gen. ch. 1, ver. 1, 2, &c.

† Gen. ch. 1. v, and 27.

‡ Genesis, ca. 2, vers. 2.

Thou, he the same very God, three persons, one God in
essence,
Raife up aloft to thy selfe, my weake spirit hale to thy
presence.*
Leavy the lines that I write, let thy law still be my
load-starre,
Still to direct mee my course, here trewly to write ; that
I differ,
No not a word, fro thy word ; that I may in minde as a
Christi'an
Glorify Christ crucifi'd, to detest that sect of a pagan.
Sanctify me, my Jehove, in Christ I repose al afiance :
Therefore I humbly beseech of thee, my Lord, an assistance.
Grant that I may poetize that credibil history, written
By Sir Thomas Moore, of an English story the maiden,
For why ? The learned knight wrote that, that he knew to
be certaine ;
Trowth with his art to deline, credit of both safely to
maintaine.
For that he was then alive in court, in prime of his young
yeares,
And by that experience, that he knew and learned of others
By good intelligence, he reserv'd for his historic faultlesse,
Thereby the truthe to deline ; quite voide of flattery
doubtlesse.
Which when he had manupend, in brieve prose skilfully
finnisht,
Streight he the same (to be knowne) in print did apoint to
be publisht.
In which book I do meane, by the grace of God, to deliver

* Exod. ca. 20, ver. 8, 9, 10.

Nothing els but a trouthe; Gods name and glory to
further.

Nor with a penne that is hyr'd I write, verse smoothly to
compile,*

Like glavering parasite, with a veile, lewde states to depenfle:
If fo that envy repine, and flaundring tongues do calumnize,
Trough wil in end be my praife, and fhame the reward to
the diuertifh.

Feare not at all, fil-y Muse, to report fo thankles an errant;
Boldly declare to the beft their faults, trouth fhall be thy
warrant.

This knight, Sir Thomas, was made Lord Chauncelor after,
Who was knowne to be learn'd, of a chiefe afsembly the
fpeaker :

He both loft his life, of his office made a refusall,†
For that he would not agree to the king's fupremacy regal.
My Muse encouraged (firft praifing God as a giver
Of all good benefits) thefe words fhe began to deliver.
North Sovereigne Phoenix, thou ftout Queene, famus Eliza,
Of grace and fapience (peerelefse prince) facred idea,
Deigne with a gratius eye to perufe (O Chriftian Empreffe)
This pretty booke manupen'd, manumiz'd to thy gratius
Highneffe.

Al you earthly kings, you kings adventurus, hearken;
You states pontificall, with atentive eares to me liften:
You lords imperiall, of her Highneffe wife privie counfel,
(Whofe fapient wifdomes to record my wits are unabel)
You lords in generall, that atend in court on a princeffe
(Only the world's foveraigne) lend liftning eares to my
verfes.

* Similie.

† Grafton.

You catholike divines, graduat divinity doctōrs,
Which be the favory salt, of Gods word lively professors ;
You sapient senators of Innes of Court, that are ordain'd
To minister justice, by the Queenes authoritie constrain'd ;
Arts reverent amatists, of both* university famus
(Whose orient fine wits of Romane verse be desirus)
Deigne to beholde this verse, although it seem but a trifel.
For many times you see that a pearle is found in a muskel.†
Here I do meane to recite how our Queenes grandfather,
Henry,

That king magnanimus, with a stout and conquerus armie,
With valerus chivisance did a tyrant manfully conquer,
Richard, lately the king, that vile and shameful usurper :
Henries fame to report, in scanning verse, as I purpose,
Prince Edward stratagiz'd, and Richards tyranny disclose.
When stout King Edward, at a field neere Teuxbury
gotten,‡

Where Queene Marg'ret was, with her eld'ft sonne, forcibly
taken,

Nam'd to be Prince Edward : which was there bluddily
murdred

By tyranus Richard,

And she sent prifoner to London : where she remained
Till that her owne father had (that French duke nam'd to
be Reiner,

Of Sicyl also the king) with a raunsome kindly re-
deem'd her.

When Jasper (stout Earle of Pembroke), natural uncle
Unto this Earle Richmond, when he knew how stoutly the
battel

* Figure.

† Similie.

‡ Grafton.

Was fought and manupriz'd, and saw all things to go
backward,

How stout Earle Warwick was slaine by conquerus Edward,
And how Henry the sixt in Towre safe kept was abiding ;
How London citicens disdaine'd him now to be their king ;
How his confederates and friends grew weaker on each
side,

And how King Edward, himselfe and his cosen envi'd,
Wittily considering (as a wise Earle) fought to prevent it,
Both their lives to preserve, where they might safer inhabit.
In peril ambiguius that course is best to be taken,*
Which shal availe to do good. In time privy danger is
holpen,

As by the sequel appeares.

Mindfully, Muse, memorize, first how this vertuous Henry
(Saved alive many times by the Lords protection only)
Came to the crowne as a king, here sent by the Lord his
apointment ;

Sent to the realme as a prince, that should here make an
atonement :

For Gods sacred elect are straungely preserv'd by the Lord
God.†

Our Lord and Saviour was sav'd from murtherus Herod ;
From the lyons, Daniell ; from strength of mighty Golias,
Holy David ; Joseph, from brethren ; faithful Elias,
From wicked Jezabel ; that younger godly Tobias
Sav'd by the Lords Angell : and was not trustily Jonas
Kept in a whales bely safe, three nights ? God sav'd Ma-
chabeus ;

Noe with his owne families was sav'd from destiny grievus ;

* Sentence.

† Exampels in divers places of the Bibel.

Moses, throwne in a flagge to be drown'd, was fav'd by the daughter

Of tyranus Pharaoh,* manumiz'd to be nurst by the mother :
Israel and Shadrach, Mefhach with Abednego likewise,
Gods divine providence his blessed will wil acomplish.

First, when he was but an earle, he being then but of young
yeares,†

Was by the Lords providence preserved from many dangers
And peril of losing his life ; and life of his uncle,
Martial Earle Pembroke, who behav'd himselfe as a nobel
And valiant chival'ir, when they were like to be taken
By Roger hight Vaghan, who thought them surely to
murder,‡

Rightly received a death that he purpos'd falsely for other.
Those fraudulent judges, that accused falsely Sufanna,
Rightfully were condemn'd by the Prophet sent by Jehova ;
Worthily ston'd to death, as they had wrongfully judged
Godly Sufanna to die : thus God th' ungodly rewarded.§
And on a gallow tree that proud presumptuous Hamon
Rightly was hang'd, that aledg'd to guiltlesse Mardoche
treason.||

This foresaid Vaughan was charg'd, by the king his appointment,

For to aprehend those Earles ; but he therein mist of his
intent.

Each self-will of a king, or commaund, is not a godly
Thing to be done ; for a prince enraged fiercely with envy
Seekes to do wrong causelesse, which God will avenge in
his anger :

* Exod. cha. v, 6, 7, 8, 9.

† Grafton, fol. eodem.

‡ Grafton, fol. 712, Edw. 4.

§ History of Sufanna.

|| Efter.

(For God on high, God above, knowes all) for he plagues
an ofender.

Marke what a chance foloed. These Earles fled thence to
the castel

Of Pembroke ;* who were eftsoones purfu'd by the subtil
Fierce Morgan Thomas, who the castel strongly besieged,
Environed with a trench, yet they were safely preserved
By David ap Thomas, who the siege rais'd ; yet very brother
Unto the said Morgan. Can men Gods purposes alter ?
Was not godly David, by the meanes and faithful atonement
Of Jonathan, preserv'd from King Saules murderus intent ?†
Henry the sixt prophec'd (who this Earles state and very
favor

View'd for a while, noting his princelike witty behavi'or.)

Lo, this is he, for a trouth, that in end shall surely by
wisdome,‡

By valor of knighthood, and stoutnes, ataine to the
kingdome.

This good king (as a prince inspir'd) did prophecy trewly,
For what he told proov'd trew, by Gods revelation only :
For God alowes his elect severall gifts. Every perfit
Good gift comes fro the Lord, by the gift of Gods very
spirit.§

For the Prophets prophec'd of Christ : God gave his
Apostels

Marvelus and strange gifts, as he gave his glorius Angels.||
Now to my matter againe.

These Earles, safely preserv'd, durst not stay there any longer,
But got away in all hast from thence for feare of a danger.

* Grafton.

† 1 Sam. ch. 20, ver. 35, &c.

‡ Grafton, fol. 692, Edw. 4.

§ Sam. 1, 17.

|| 1 Pet. 1, v. 10, 11.

Like as a light foote roe, from quick-sent houndes to the
greene-wood*

Luftily bounceth away, to save life, skips on a maine scud ;
So these Earles got away from thence to Timby, that
haven

Towne in Wales ; to the which by constraint luckily driven,
They made provision for shippes. And like as a swallow
Quickly the skyes doth sheare ;† or rather, like as an arrow
Flies from a strong mans bow, so they from thence with a
navie

Sail'd to the Duke Francis,‡ who received them both very
friendly ;

Faithfully them promising that they should have his
assistance

For to do them pleasure, and what they wanted, allowance.
Where these fortunate Earles, in great security living,
Safely remained a while, King Edward's anger avoiding,
Joyfully there passing their time ; where he with his uncle,
Highly regarded at armes, at tylt and turnee did excell.
Every time hath a chaunge : we in times mutabil alter :§
Gods will prescient prescribes a determinate order,
His great glory to raise.

Can mindes associat to kingdomes amity foster ?

Or perfit lovers, can they rivalry suffer ?

Cæsar could not abide to be submisfe, or to be loyall

To valiant Pompey,|| that accounted no man his equall.

Every king hath his heyre, or next to the crowne, in a
suspect ;

For that he thinks that he will not prove so trew as a subject.

* Similie.

† Similies.

‡ Grafton, fol. 713, Edw, 4.

§ Tempora mutantur, &c.

|| In Lucan.

Love to be kings, and kings breed brothers mutual hatred,*
 No faith observing, like tyrants set by no kindred.

Can faith and falshood in selfe same feat be resiaunt ?

Such contrarieties are placed flatly repugnant.†

Marke what a chaunce hapned, that counter-checkt, in a
 moment,

All their courtly delights to their cleane contrary judge-
 ment ;

For when as Edward, namely the fourth, did know for a
 certaine

That these venturus Earles were failed safely to Brittainē,
 Unto the foresaid Duke, and there liv'd friendly together,
 Highly regarded of him, nor at all did feare any danger,
 These fory new tidings did afflict his minde not a littel,‡
 For that he thought those Earles might bring him quickly
 to trubbel.

Embassadors, therefore, to the Duke he sent of a purpose,
 With grave discretion his message wisely to disclose ;
 Who did accomplish his heafts, like wise states, made many
 proffers

Unto the Duke, promising large gifts and bountifull offers,
 So that he would vouchsafe those English lords to deliver.
 Unto whom immediate this Duke thus framed an answer :
 So to do, it were not requisite, nor stood with his honnor.
 But least that those lords should seeke elsewhere any succor,
 To prejudice their king, he devis'd to seclude them asunder
 With vigilant persons, to be safe kept one from another,
 And from them to remove each page and every servant
 Which was an English man, that there were on them
 attendant.

* Sentence.

† Sentence.

‡ Grafton, fol. 715, Edw. 4.

Answered in this sort, they toke their leave with obeifance,
And so return'd to the king, to shew their faithful atendance.
Who, when he heard these newes, he beleev'd that he
 stoode in a safety ;

His minde was quieted, quite freed from factius envy.
Therewithal, he to the duke forth with them wrote in a
 letter,

How that he would him yearely reward, with thanks for
 his answer ;

Friendly requesting him that he would those words but
 acomplish,

Which of his owne free will he did so faithfully promise.
See what a fuspitius minde works : how greedines of gould
Princelike mindes doth ataint, by force of flattery contrould !
Like as a sulphurus heate (encompast round) lyeth hollow,*
Clos'd in a vapory clowd, there struggling strives for an issue ;
Which, with a straunge rattling, with a rumbelo lowd flashy
 thunder,

Filles th' element with a noyse, and center of earth with a
 wonder :

So privy fuspition, conceived in heart with a fury,
Breedes great displeasure, and raging cankerus envie.
For when King Edward had bettere pondered all things,
He (that had experience) fought first to prevent the
 beginnings,†

Least that he might be depos'd. When a wound with
 mallady festreth,

And growes inveterate, that fore what surgery cureth ?

When nature vanisheth, which cannot worke any longer,

* Similie.

† Ovid. Principiis obsta. Serò medicina paratur, &c.

What medicine can availe mans former health to recover ?
Flexibil at first is young tender tree to be bowed ;
Growne by continuance very bigge, disdeignes to be moved.
For when he considered that rightly this Earle fro the lynage
Sprouted of Henry the sixt, then he fought for a further
 avantage,

For that he knew wel inough, if that there were any living*
Righteous heire to the crowne, that lin'aly came from his
 ofspring,

Might bring his diademe and regal sceptor in hazard.

Therefore againe to the duke he charg'd grave men to go
 forward,

Doctōr Stillinton with two more, sent with a treasure
Once yet againe to present his grace more largely to
 pleasure,

If that he would but allow and permit curteus Henry
(Nam'd Earle of Richmond) with them to returne in a safety,
For speciall causes ; that their king, bountifull Edward,
Would joyne in mariage (wherein then he seem'd to be
 forward)

Elizabeth to this Earle ; which was well knowne to be
 daughter

To their liege Sovereaigne : which luckily fortun'd after.

Thereby this Earle might have those landes that he claim'd
 in asurance,

If that he were married so nere to the king in aliance.

And so the king stood sure that none might make any tytēl
Unto the crowne, but he might all forraine faction expel.

They in al haſt get away their meſſage wiſely to tranſpoſe,
Who to the duke at large each particularity diſcloſe.

* Grafton, fol. 732, Edw. 4.

When that he their message did know, he paus'd for a good
while
What was best to be done, since th' earle liv'd there but in
exile ;
But when he considered that he should be match'd with a
virgin, -
Their owne kings daughter, to be linkt in league with his
owne kinne,
Where that he might be prefer'd to some great dignity
present,
There as an earle, or a duke, to rule by the king his
apointment,
First he began to deny, but pleas'd with treasure given,
What with soliciting, and would so gainfully gotten,
Kindly this answer he gave : that he was content to deliver
Henry that Earle, not a sheepe to the wolfe, but a sonne to
the father ;*
And in a letter he wrote how th' Earle was much had in
honor
Both for his own wisdom, valiaunce, and witty behavi'our.
They then seiz'd of a prey, which they had greatly desired,
Thankfully tooke their leave, and from thence quickly
departed
Unto the towne of Saint Malo, bord'ring neare to the
sea shore,
Minding thence to depart when ships were made ready.
Wherefore
Th' Earle, when he knew that he should be return'd home,
for very sorrow
Since that he was so betrai'd, he fell fore sicke of an ague ;

* Similie.

Imagining that he should, as soone as he landed in
 England,
 Be stratagiz'd. But see! who can Gods dignity withstand?
 Gods divine providence and sacred dignity supream
 Ruleth al humane cause, though humane causes ar ex-
 treame.*
 Marke Gods omnipotence, whose workes ar wonderus,
 extant,
 Still to be seene; who preserv'd this venturus Earle at an
 instant,
 Sav'd (as a strange miracle) by the faithfull love of a
 stranger.
 For many times men ar helpt, and sav'd by the meanes of
 another;
 Like as a physition doth seeke mans health to recover,
 So wil a friend for a friend in trubbel stand a defender.
 Vulcan against Troy was, but Trojans friend was Apollo,
 And Venus indiferent, Pallas not: mortally Juno
 Malliced Æneas, as alyed wholly to Turnus;
 Yet was he by Venus helpe preserv'd from her enmitie
 grievus.
 Undubitate Pylades was a friend to woful Orestes;
 To Damon, Pythias; Patrocles friended Achilles;
 Alcyde ayded Hylas, Æneas friend was Achates,†
 Eurialus, Nifus; Diomedes friended Ulisses;‡
 And to be chiefe memoriz'd, that firme and trusty Zopirus
 Who cut his owne eares off Babilon to procure Darius.
 Darius, stout king, in his hand faire pomegranat having,§
 One of his especial friends askt him (merrily jesting)
 What things especiall (if he might have that he wished)

* Sentence. † Divers examples. ‡ Virg. § Plutarch in Apo.

Would he request for his owne? As there were graines to
be counted,

So many friendly, Zopyres (as a wife king) wifely did
answer :

For what more pretius then a friend that friendeth another ?*

As fire and heate both cannot be parted asonder,

So love and friendship cannot be without one another.

For when on John Chewlet (that was for a courtier only
Counted a stout man at armes) who lov'd this gratius Henry,
Heard that he was very sick, and from thence like to be
conveigh'd,†

Shortly to King Edward, he (therewith wofully dismaid)
Posted amaine to the court, and present slept to the Kings
Grace,

Heavily perplexed ; who, looking sad with a pale face,
Stood as amased afore this duke, with a stearne hevvy
count'nance,

And not a word did speake, as a man that wanted his
uttrance.

Therewithal astonied to behold so feareful an object
(Like as a prince vigilant) he did some treachery suspect ;
Yet, when he considered this knights state, chearefully thus
spake :

Shew me the cause (good John) that thou so monefully dost
looke.

Therewithal he, to the duke reverent, with an humbel
obeyfance,

Boldly declar'd what he meant, and spake with a treatibel
uttrance.

Pardon I crave, Soveraigne, if I speake : Truth verely never‡

* Pluta. in Apo.

† Grafton, fol. 738, Edw. 4.

‡ Sentence.

Shameth his own master. What availes than fondly to
flatter ?

Heare then a truth, O Duke ! for like as Cynthia shining,
Inveloped with a clowde, obscures her-felfe from ilustring,
Semblably truth for a time obscur'd, many times lieth
hidden ;*

Truth yet in end wil apeare : truth never permaneth
unknowne.

O my renowned Duke ! wilt thou now falsify promise,
Firmely betroth'd to this Earle ? What a fault is this, what
a blemmish ?

O that I were buried ! Shal I live to know thy dishonor ?
Truly my minde (O Duke) is vext with an infinit horror,
For that I greatly to grieve, that this stout Earle to the
slaughter

Should (as a lambe) be betrai'd, and there to be flaine of a
butcher.†

This wil bring thy renowne, O Prince (which every mans
mouth

Extols up to the clowdes) to decay. For (plainely to tell
trouth)

If so be (my Soveraigne) thou wilt so shamefully suffer
Henry this Earle to depart, thou stain'st thy glory for ever :
Thy former valiance and fame, that shine to the world's end,
Shall as a smoke pas away. Shal a Prince such craftines
intend ?

Peace, good John (quoth the Duke) peace, peace ! I pray
thee, beleeve me ;

For these embafadors do protest and fay that he shal be

* Similie.

† Similie.

Spows'd to the kings daughter (which their king faithfully
promist*)

And to be next to the king plas'te in authority chiefest.
Well, said John to the duke, in whom shall shame be reputed,
If that he dye by the way, or in English realme be beheaded ?
For that I dare venture my life, that it is but a practice
This fily soule to deceive, this sicke Earles life to relinquish.
If that he shal be beguil'd in such sort, let me no longer
Live to repaire to thy court : if he should dye, dye had I
rather.

When Dionise the tyrant would needes have Plato be-
headed,†

Zenocrates answer'd : not afore that mine be deprived.
But many say that a king that knowes not how to disem-
bell
Knowes not at all to rule : such sleights be devis'd by the
divell.

If that I may be so bould to speake but a word in his
absence,

O my benigne Sovereigne ! lend eare and give to me
credence,

For why ? This Earle of a truth lyes sick, and likely to
perish.

If fro thy realme he depart, what prince will trust to thy
promise ?

Nothing more perillous then a compound poysonous honny ;‡
No body more treacherous then a foe that seemes to be
friendly.

With tunes harmonicall sweete singing merrily mermaides
Falsly betray mariners : so these men, sent as aforesaid,§

* Grafton, fol. 738, Edw. 4.

‡ Similie.

† Laertius, lib. 4, chap. 2.

§ Simile.

Smoothly deceive your grace with faire speach and mony
given :

Under a cloake of love his conceal'd craftines hidden.

O fond discretion, on faire words wholly relying !*

Experiment best is where wordes and deedes are agreeing.

Craft hath a godly pretence, but a murderus end. For a
fowler

Merrily playes on a pipe when he craftily taketh a plover.†

Ifcariot Judas, that false and wicked apostel,

Falsely betrai'd with a kisse, and fould our Lord for a trifel.

Laomedons falshood (Priamus father, and son of Ilus)

Caused his owne bludy death, and losse of Troy, city famus.

Was not Alexander, by craft of King Ptolemæus,‡

His false fath'r in law, depriv'd of his empery famus ?

Bluddy Polymnestor (which of gould was so desirus)

Beastly did obtruncate Priamus sonne, young Polidorus.

More to recite, what availles ?§

Therefor I humbly beseech your Grace (O Duke) to re-
member

This disconsolate Earle, that lyes neare dead of a fever.||

Send that he may be retain'd. Let not thy glory be
blemmisht :

Keepe faith inviolate, let a prince performe what he promist.

Thus this knight to the duke his whole minde (wofully
distrest)

Plainely without any guile or dissimulation exprest.

Lastly by perswasions this wise Duke (ruled by the counsell

Of good John Chewlet, who this earles state knew to be
feeble)

* Sentences.

† Similie.

‡ 1 Macha. ch 11.

§ Virg.

|| Grafton, fol. 739, Edw. 4.

Sent Peter Landoyse, chiefe Treasurer, only the foresaid
Embassadors to delay, that th' Earle might safely be
convaï'd

Unto the Sanct'ary there; which was with speede then effected,
Which so delighted his heart that his health there quickly
revived.

Like as an hart in a chace, that is hurt or pincht with a
greyhound,

Bounceth away on a maine, and runnes most swiftly, to get
ground,*

Yer that he should b' imboft, fro the greyhound speedily
doth get,

And privy lewnes in a brake, imbaies himselfe in a thicket,
There to recover his hurt: so this Earle (escapt from a
daunger)

Liv'd in a place priviledg'd, his former health to recover.

Would to God every prince, that ruleth in every kingdome,
Would be so rul'd by the good wife counsell, and by the
wifdome

Of plaine trouth-speakers, and also that every courti'er
Would not aledge any lyes to the Prince to defame on
another.

Now to my matter againe.

When these embasadors perceiv'd they were so deluded,
Both of an Earle, their prey, and of gould freely deliver'd,
Tould Peter Landoyse, their king would take it in ill part,†
They to retorne, so deceiv'd of their Earle and mony,
homeward:

But Peter Landoyse assured them that he should be
Safe in a sanct'ary kept (which they would warily foresee)

* Similie.

† Grafton, fol. 739, Edw. 4.

Or to be streightly detein'd in a safer custody forthwith ;
 So they neede not at all to doubt or feare any mischief.
 They, pacifi'd by the meanes of Landoyse curteus answere,
 Thought it a folly to stay in Brittain realme any longer,
 But willed Landoyse (to the Duke their duty remembring)
 Those promises to be kept, their leave there thankfully
 taking :

Who promised that he would.

So these embasadors sail'd thence, and landed in England,*
 And there tould to the king each chiefeft point of his arrand.
 Who, when he heard their speach, perswaded partly by reason,
 How that he should be detein'd there safe, or safe in a prison,
 (He not at all fearing th' intendment of sory persons)
 Shew'd himself as a prince more bountiful unto the
 commons,

And liberal to the poore.

But time his course hath ; time staylesse daiely doth happen,†
 With swift breach curelesse, with gould not againe to be
 gotten.

O wavering fortune ! when thou seem'st most to be smiling,‡
 Mutabil intendment meanest, and mischievous ending.
 Every time hath an end. O worldly varietie, never
 Knowne to remaine constant ! What is here that per-
 maneth ever ?

For stout King Edward, when he found himselfe to be
 fore sick,

And when he thought that he was (in a manner) past any
 physick,

Streight to the Queenes kindred did send on away in a
 poste-haste

* Grafton, fol. 755, Edw. 4.

† Sentences.

‡ Poeticè.

Unto the Lord Rivers* (whom he knewe to be firme, to be
stedfast)
And to the Lord Haftings (Lord Chamberlaine then of
England)
And to the Lord Marqueffe (whom she first had by her
husband
Named Sir John Gray, which was made knight in a battel
Fought at Saint Albons, & there was flaine : who did excell
In valor of knighthood)
Willing them to repaire to the court with speedines eftfoones,
And to resort to the king for divers and many reasons.
Who to the court in all hast did come, who courtly saluting
Were refaluted againe, on another semblably greeting.
Every lord that came to the courte, by the king his appoint-
ment,
Went to the kings prefence. When he saw them there to
be present,
He took them by the handes (though inward pangs with a
forrow
Greatly molested his heart) and, underfet with a pillow,
Spake to them as foloweth.
My lordes and kynsmen, your prefence hartily welcom,†
Whofe frendshippes I found more fure to me than a
kingdom.
My life is but a blaft, I feele death woful aproching,
And I rejoyce that I have my freendes here at my departing :
My body wafeth away, I fynd myfelf to be feebl,
Alfo my blud to decay ; I feele myfelf but unabel

* Grafton, fol. 760 & fol. 761, Edw. 5.

† King Edward's laft will, or admonition to the Queene, his children, and nobility.

For to pronounce many wordes. Therefore, my lordes, to
me listen.

Concord in friendship, be faythful unto my children ;
And to my sonne, your Prince, I charge you for to be loyall,
Safe to preserve his grace, to defend this realme univerrall.
For the Cicil tyrants could find no greater a torment
Then cruel envy, that hagge, which fosters deadly re-
vengement.

Marcus Agrippa declar'd that small thinges, daily, by
concord,*

Estfoones grow to be great ; and great thinges, fondly by
discord,

Quickly declayne to ruine.

That grave ould sapient Scyllurus, named Chironesis,†
(Fowre score sonnes who begate) when he lay sick, thus did
he publish.

Every one, deare sonnes, in his hand here take but an arrow,
And break them forthwith. Which they did speedily.
But now

Each on a sheafe of shaftes, my sonnes, take, forcibly break
them :

Which to do each did afay, but could not. Then with a
solemne

Speach thus he spake : As you could not them break, so,
my children,‡

Trew fyrme and constant conjunction of many brethren
No body can dissolve. Therefore, live frendly together.
If so be you seperate your selves each one from another,
Then shall your enemies (as a prey snatcht up of a tyger)

* Seneca in Epist. lib. 14.

† Plutark in reg. Apotheg. & Stob. ser. 82.

‡ Similie.

You (disagreeing so) with a small force easily conquer.
So, my beloved lordes, if you, by malicious envy,
Shall fall at variance, which of you stands in a safety?
Prosperous are kingdoms, publick weales statefully flourish,
Where states concurring do perfect amity stablish ;*
But when a realme disagrees, that realme is seene very
feldom

Long to remaine a monarche. For certaine, every kingdom
Hatefully dissevered (fayth and tranquillity wanting)
Turned is up side downe, ruinus disconsolat ending :
Hate doth a realme ruinate. Therefore, my lordes, I be-
seech you,

Every one to be frendes, my precepts duly to follow.
Every lord by the hand there present tooke on another
(Who did appeare to be frendes) though their heartes were
far asunder.

And then he spake to the Queene fore greev'd, who moun-
efully looking,

Teares from her eyes gusht forth, as bubbling blobbes from
a wellspring.

Farewell, dearly belov'd ; your children charily cherish ;
See them well to be bred with good and singular advise.
And you, my children, be dutiful unto the mother :
Use these your kinsmens counsayle, in stead of a father ;
For litel yong children should wisely be rul'd by the
counsayle

Of wity grave senators, whose fame and vertue doth excell.
And, with a sorrowful hart his children sadly beholding,
Stretched his hand to them all, these same wordes faintly
speaking.

* Sentence.

God bleffe you children, farewell lordes dearly beloved ;
Who with trickling teares (sad fighing) wofully mourned.
And then he held up his hands to the Lord, his mercy
befeeking,

And to receive his soule to the joyes that ar ever abiding.
Therewithal he faynting in a swoone grewe straight to be
speachlesse :

Gasping breath who did yeald, with a pale face and body
fenselesse.

Whose soule imparadiz'd, I believe is with the Creator,
Our Lord Emmanuell, our Chrift, and sole mediator.
Who, when he had regaliz'd 3. yeares and credibly twenty,
Tomb'd in a faire monument, at Windfore lies, in an abbey.
How that he dy'd many men did doubt, for he dy'd on a
suddayn.

Sundry by furfet afirm'd, which no body knew to be
certayn ;

But many thought that he was put away by the vile privy
treason

Of tyranus Richard, by the meanes of some fory poyfon ;
As Sir Thomas More, in his owne book skilfully penned,
Thought (by the speach that he learn'd) that he was sure
privily poysned.

And not a thing unlyke ; for he spared no body, whose life
Might dominire for a king, whose life might work him a
mischiefe.

He was a vile Machavile, and still tooke time at avauntage :
To worke such stratagemes his lew'd mind gave him a
courage.

As wax is molify'd, and clay made hard, by the sun-shine,*

* Similie.

So to the word of God good mens hearts daily wil encline ;
But lewd are hardned by the word. Such obstinat error
Permaneth in reprobates, whose end is damnable horror.
This valiaunt Edward was a prince of a beautiful aspect,*
Whose face shyn'd with a faire sanguine complexion indeckt;
Whose yelo burnished haire did shyne like glorius amber,
Whose gray eyes twinkling, like starres, did cheerefully
glister :†

Comelines of person, very tall of bodily stature ;
Exquisit every part was featured ; and of a nature
Merciful and liberal ; whose stout hart (bouldly by wisdom
And politick valiaunce) of right did atayn to the kingdom.
He was a prince patient, in great prosperity pleasant,
And not at all arrogant ; in great adversity constant,
Not timorous, wavering ; to steadfast friend very faithfull ;
To fra'dulent enemyes severe, implacabel, hatefull ;
Fortunat in warfare ; but somewhat gi-ven (in exceffe)
To womanish daliaunce, as his historye plainly doth
expresse.

This stout king Edward many times would say, that he
lov'd well

Three speciall paragons, in sev'ral gifts who did excell :
First was wily by kind ; but another seem'd to be godly ;
Shores wife was meriest, as a woman void of al envy.

* Description of Edward the fowerth.

† Similies.

The just and lawful title that Richard
Duke of Yorke, father to King Edward, made
to the Crowne of England.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, rightly the garland
Sought by law to regaine, his right to the Crowne then of
England ;

And he preferred a byll to the nobil common asembly*
Held at Westminster. Where, after merciful Henry
(Namely the sixth) his death, they all (there jointly to-
gether)

Gave this realme to the Duke, his right heires in the
remainder.†

But this stout Richards stout lucklesse mynd was unabel
For to prolong so long ; but in end was slaine in a battell,
Neare to the towne Wakefield (and left here these many
children :

Edward, George, Richard ; all three well knowne to be
brethren)

And yet he fware many times by solemne othes, that he
never†

Would any treason attempt, or against him raise any power.
His three sonnes, whom I nam'd, were like three martial
Hectors,

All of a stoutnes alike, on anothers glory detractors.

This foresaid Richard to the foresaid fortunat Edward
Was father undubitate ; sonne and heire namely to Richard,

* Grafton, fo. 757 et 758.

† Graunted by parliament.

‡ Stow, fol. 944 & fol. 972.

Stout Earle of Cambridge.

Who married Dame Anne, sole heire and daughter of
Edmund

Mortimer, Earle of March, Richards niece, namely the second:
So that he was by the lawes right lawfull heire to the
kingdome,

Which Edward did ataine by force, and partly by wifdome.
Henry the fourth did usurpe, and put downe wrongfully
Richard,

Second king by name, at Pomfret slaine by the coward
Sir Pierce of Exton; who strake him downe, as a butcher
Striketh an ox on his heade. Wo worth so shameful a
monster!

This trecherus bludy Duke did bring eight tal men in
harnesse,

Each man a bill in his hand, like thieves, to murder his
Highnesse;

Who, with a bill that he got by force, did manfully withstand*
Thofe Machavile hypocrites (for he kild foure men with his
owne hand)

Till that he was struck down by the knight; who leapt in
a chay-cr,

Like cravenus coward, to repose himself from a daunger.

* Grafton, fol. 412, Hen. 4.

The second Booke of the tyranny and
 usurpation of king Richard : and how king Henry
 the seaventh, when he was Earle of Rich-
 mond, was preserved in his time.

A praier.

I (he, that here doth apeale to the sacred seate of a kingly,
 Kingly tribunall throne, of a King celestial only,
 Only the King of kings, the triumphant Lord God imortall,
 Three persons, one God, deifi'd with glory coequall)
 Humbly before thee, my God, that King, and Lord God of
 heaven,

Wholly my-felfe prostrate : give eare, O Lord, to me, listen :
 Sanctify me by thy grace, and justify me by thy mercy,*
 For by the grace of God comes our salvation only.

Graunt that I may paraphrase, stout Henries glory to
 publish,

And to promulgat abroad King Richards tyrrany diuclish.

I he, that only before (in Romane rythmery verses)
 Did modulate, with a thinne oten pype, fortunat Henries
 Flight that he made to the Duke, with his uncle there in a
 safety

Both to remaine for a time, till time should prooue to be
 friendly.

Which was a worke of thanks : But now, now, murtherus
 horror,

* Ephe. 2, 5, 8.

And Machavile stratagemes I recorde, of a lewde malefactor,
That did usurpe as a king, that killed his own very brethren,
Murdered his nephues wife, and many peeres, on a sudden,
Mournefully, Muse, manifest the detested deedes of a tyrant,
Monster of all mankinde, whose finnes to the world ar
aparant :

With salt watery teares this wofull tragedy penfill :

Teares, from a fabel penne of direfull ebony, distill.

I to the clowdes seeke not to mount, like Icarus, in fky ;*
Nor, like proud Phaëton, with a minde presume to be lofty.
Witty Thales maiden, that sawe him looke up on heaven,
And in a ditch to decline : he is wel serv'd, quoth the
maiden,

For that he looked aloft when he should have lookt on his
owne feete.

Looke not aloft, sily Muse, but shew thy selfe to be discreet.
Here do I mean to declare (O Queene) how shamefully
Richard

That Duke of Gloster (but a younger brother of Edward,
Lately the king) did ataine to the crowne, and dignity
regal.

Trewly my minde doth abhorre that I should here make
the recitall,

What Machavile policies, what shifts, what crafty devices,
What tyranus stratagemes he devis'd, to crucifie princes.
First of all, here to beginne : he stab'd and kill'd with a
dagger

Henry the sixt, when he was safe kept (as a prifoner) in
Tower,†

For that he considered King Henries life was an hindr'ance

* Ovid. Poeticè.

† Grafton, fol. 713, Edw. 4.

Both to the king and him, by the which they wanted
asurance;

Therefore he did this fact, his brother firmly to settel
In throne of regiment (whose state he knew to be fickle)
For that he knew that he might, when a sure foundation is
laide,

Build as he would himselfe. Can a building stand that is
unstaide?

Like as a hungry lyon (ramping) will seeke to devow-er
Every beaſt that he meetes, til he hath full appeased his
hunger,*

So this vile bludy Duke their deaths did wilfully conspire,†
Which did oppose themselves that he might not attaine to
this empire.‡

For greedy thirst of gould, and fervent love of a kingdome,
All ſelo mates doth abhor; there faith is found very ſeldom.

Like as a weak patient that lyes fore ſick of a dropsy§
Drinckes yet is alwaies dry, ſo that no liquor his haſty,
Or greedy, thirst can alay: ſo minds that proudly deſi-er
Imperiall regiment, ſtill thirst and long for an empyre.||
Next he, the Duke of Clarence (his brother) cauſ'd in a
malmſey

Butte to be drown'd, as a duke (thought guiltleſſe) found to
be guilty;

Immagining that he might then ſooner attaine to the
kingdom,

When that he was put away. For he div'd each drift to
the bottom.

Like Auroras birde, that fluttereth up to the welkin,¶

* Similie.

† Sentence.

‡ Nulla fides, regni fociis, &c.

§ Similie.

|| Grafton, fol. 781 & fol. 719, Edw. 5.

¶ Similie.

Soareth aloft higher then a grosse mans fight can imagine ;
So this proud greedy duke (whose minde so lofty did aspire)
Reached a thought higher than meane wits thought to this
empire.

O what a vile perilus serpent, what a cormoran helhound,*
Is cruell ambition, which seekes mans glory to confound !
For mindes infatiate wil attempt still, still to be highest ;
First to be greatly prefered ; next equall ; then to be
chiefeft.

Ambitius wifdome comes not from above, but is earthly,
Sensual, and diuclish, contentius, and ful of envy ;†
But sapience from above is gentel, merciful, harmeleffe,
Wrongfully not judging, but void of hypocrisie doubtlesse.
Now to proceede, as I meant.

King Edward, when he knew that he was so spitefully
drowned,

His sory misfortune and lewd luck greatly repented :
For when as other lords would speake for a lewde sory perfon
(Humbly befeaching him that he would vouchsafe him a
parfon)

Sadly the king would say, many times, O brother unhappy !
For whom no body would once seeme to request any mercy :
But many men do repent when it is too late to redresse it.
That privy vile bludy fact that he did so shamefully permit
Strake a remorse in his hart,

Surely the more that a mind is clogd with a greuius offence,
More dolor and anguish doth torment daily the conscience.
Sundry report diuers reasons of their privy mallice
Fiercely revived againe ; each cause yet prov'd but a
furmife.

* Sentence.

† See James 3, v. 16, 17.

For why? The King and Queene suspected a prophecie
fore-tould,*

Which they immagined would prove to be true; that a G
should

(Thought to be George Clarence) their nobil progeny
supplant :

Which soone was verif'd and prov'd to be true by the tyrant,
That Duke of Gloster, when he was proclaim'd a Protector,
Who to the Kings children did prove their sole malefactor.

O fond suspition of mindes! Who can the characters
Of future happes foretell set downe by celestial orders?

Like as a cockes crowing, or crackling flame of fy-er,
Daunteth a lusty lyon, which flies for feare of a daunger :
So doth a suspition, conceiv'd by the bruit of a rumor,
Breed in a princes mind, but an inward feare, but a terror.
Some did asirme this Duke should match with Mary, the
daughter

Of Charles Duke Burgon, which Edward daily did hinder ;
Which was a grieffe to the Duke, as a fore that festereth
inward,

For that his owne brother so dealt that appeared to be
for-ward.

Thirdly, the cause was alledg'd, that this Duke, George, had
a servant

Wrongfully condemned, that should as a forcerer enchant
Their regall persons and their posterity. Wherefore,
This Duke complainyng to the King, was araign'd as a
traytour ;

With fory wordes who revyl'd, and still did murmur against
them :

* Grafton, fol. 741, Edw. 4.

Whereby the King, in a rage, this Duke did speedily
condemne.

There is a time for a man both where and when to do
wisely ;

As did appeare by the Duke, who prov'd too daungerous
hafty.

Silence feldom ofendes, large speach oft stirreth up anger.*

That wity grave Socrates his schollers charg'd to remember†

Three speciall documents : to be shamefast, wise, to be silent ;

Most requisite for them, that they may prove to be prudent :

For let a man see much, let him heare, and say but a littel,

For littel meddling doth feldom bring any troubel.‡

As litel hoat sparkles many times do kindel a fy-er§

Great, fierce and violent ; so lewd speech stirreth up anger

Sore, sharpe, and vehement : and as fire forcibly great

streames

Upflaming spreadeth, so lewd wordes enmitie by meanes

Endamaging disperse. And as fire quenched is hardly||

Till that it hath burned to the full, and that very fiercely,

Whose force doth ruinate, burne and consumeth in ashes

Great, large, huge tenements, faire, fine, and sumptuous

houfes ;

Semblabel (in like fort) is an anger merciles, ardent,

Continuing vehement ; whose madde rage and fury fervent

Doth townes depopulate, subverteth flatly the citties,

Upturneth castels, murdreth kinges, and many princes

Stout, wise and valiaunt. What is it, but mischievous Envy

Cankereth up in her hart ? To do wrong she practiceth

only,

* Sentence.

† Maxim. Serm.

‡ Proverbes.

§ Similie.

|| Similie.

Which she delights most in. With pride she jettres as a
 copefmate,
 Immagining vengeance. Wo worth so spiteful [a] brewbate !
 Better a staf that bendes than a staf that breaketh afunder ;*
 Better a man patient than a man that stirreth up anger.†
 No wrath so vehement as brothers enmity ; whose rage,‡
 Fiercely revived againe, what man may possibill affwage ?
 As for an exampl: since Typhon killed Ofyris,
 Romulus also Remus, Cambises wrongfully Smerdis.

TO HER MAJESTIE.

Here I desist for a time, O Queene ! For like an abortive
 Droupeth afore he be ripe, so my booke may prove but
 offensive,§

If that he passe to the print, yet my poore skill hath adornist
 That, that I meane to deline. Soft fyre makes malt to be
 sweetest.||

And God graunt thee to rule as a joyful prince to thy peepil,
 Princely so long to live, as an hart, as an oke, or a woosel.
 If so be your Highnes this verse and histry fancy,
 Then will I gladly proceed, els not ; for I count it a folly.

Here is a Book that I made, which pagan Jove in his anger,
 Nor steele shall outweare, nor time authentical, ever.¶

THE AUTHOR TO HIS MUSE.

Here let us harbor a while: thinges ar to be done in a
 measure ;
 Every tyde hath an ebbe ; paines past to recount is a
 pleasure.

* Similie.

† Sentence.

‡ Sentence.

§ Similie.

|| Proverbe.

¶ Jam opus exegi, &c.

Glory to God, God above! which was God from the beginning,
Which is, which shal be our Lord eternal abiding.

Serenissimæ Reginae.

En meliora canam, si placant carmina, Princeps :
Sin tibi displiceant, hic murus aeneus esto.

*Certaine Latine verses, that were made long since by one
Doct̃or Buste, a phisitian, in commendation of the
Queenes Majesty, when she came to Oxford.*

Juno, Minerva, Venus, nemerosæ vallibus Idæ,
Judicium formæ dum subiere suæ,
Juno jactat opes. Quid tum? Prudentior illis
Est Pallas; Pallas haud opulenta tamen.
Inter formosas, si tu Dea forte fuisses,
Vicisti reliquas, O Dea, quarta Deas.
Quam Juno jeuna foret! Quam pallida Pallas!
Quam Dea vana Venus! Quam Dea sola fores!
Sit Venus alma viris; regni virtutis egena est.
Omnia sunt tua: tu Juno, Minerva, Venus.

*Translated into English Hexameters and Pentameters,
verse for verse.*

Juno, Minerva, Venus, in vales of woddèd hil Ida,
Whyles, which was fayrest, they did agree to be try'd,
Juno she brag'd of wealth. What then? Then thought to
be wifest
Was Pallas; Pallas was not a wealthy godeffe.
If that among those fair godefes thou, fair godes, hadst ben,
Thou hadst surpast them (there, as a fourth godes) all.

Juno, she how jejune ! How pale had Pallas appeared !
And Venus how vainelike ! Thou then an only godeffe.
Let Venus all men please, yet throne of vertue she wanteth.
All thinges are thine ; thou Juno, Minerva, Venus.

And Saphickes in English I have made thus :

Godly Queene Princeffe president remayneth
Only our fortresse, resident appeareth,
Duly like Empreffe pre'minent requireth
All us apointed,
Stoutly with bouldnes provident, to venter
Bouldly foes fiercenes violent to conquer,
Manly with stoutnes diligent defend her,
Which is anoynted.

[FINIS.]

INTRODUCTION.

2/6

WE have here reprinted two of old Thomas Churchyard's Poems—the first utterly unknown, but of little worth excepting in a historical point of view—the second, the most popular piece that he ever wrote, and which originally, and in a shorter form, made its appearance in "The Mirror for Magistrates," a well-known series of supposed autobiographical productions in verse, first published in 1559, and again, with Sackville's famous "Induction," in 1563.

The "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion" was put forth at the period of the breaking out of the insurrection in Ireland, which Robert Earl of Essex was sent to subdue. Two poems, the "Fortunate Farewell" of the Earl of Essex, and the "Welcome Home" of the same nobleman, have been included in all the lists of Churchyard's productions; but the "Wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion," which necessarily preceded them, has not even been mentioned. The writer never displayed any striking powers of imagination or happiness of invention; and in the later part of his career (failing, perhaps, other attractions) he endeavoured to draw attention to his labours by the adoption of a very peculiar system (if system it can be called in which no established principle seems to have been observed) of spelling and punctuation, both of which are continued in the reproduction in the hands of the reader. Having been born at

Shrewsbury about 1520, Churchyard was, probably, in his seventy-eighth year when the tract (of only four leaves) appeared, and he died six years afterwards.

His "Tragedy of Shore's Wife" (not a drama, although the subject was dramatised late in the reign of Elizabeth) had been known for more than thirty years before it was enlarged and altered as it appears in the following pages. In 1593, its author gave to it his latest improvements, and it was then made to form a separate tract in "Churchyard's Challenge," a collection of poems which the author "challenged" as his own, although he complained that his enemies had, in several instances, denied the paternity. Such had especially been the case with his "Shore's Wife;" but in the year following its reappearance in 1593, it was warmly applauded by no less a critic than Thomas Nash, who, among other points, thus addressed Churchyard in the Epistle before "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem:" "I love you unfeignedly and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-eloquentest Poets of this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne Poema*. Shore's Wife is young, though you be stept in years: in her shall you live when you are dead."

We doubt whether the modern reader will accord entirely in Nash's eulogy, which was, perhaps, more highly spiced, because Gabriel Harvey had done his best to detract from the old poet's merits. Besides the peculiarity of spelling, especially in the "Wished Reformation," Churchyard purposely, and obviously, set grammatical concords at defiance: the verb and its nominative often disagree.

J. P. C.

A
WISHED REFORMACION
OF
WICKED REBELLION.

Newly fet foorth by

Thomas Churchyard

ESQUIER.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON

by Thomas Este, dwelling in

Alderfgate streete.

1598.

To all the right noble of birth or
mynd, with the true hartted Gentlemen and
loyall subjects of England, Thomas Church-
yard wisheth heavenly happinesse, with
worldly honour, rest, peace and
parfait felicite.

MOEST worthy, vertuos, honorable, and well disposed
people of all degrees, whoes goodnes and wisdom I
dowt not, but have oftten ballanced in brest the terryble
trobuls and broyls that trefon and rebellion hath broght
to many quyet kingdoms by parrelos practises, proud
attempts, and seditios disorders, a foer pestilent sicknes that
breeds many dangeros deffects in a publyck staet. If
thear wear no other president, make Ierland an example;
what cursed callamitees aer set a broetch by theas wicked
and unwelcom cawfis, canckers in a common weall, blayns
and botchis in a sound body, and gnawing worms and
caetter pillars to every honest hart. If a wyes world
accounts theas rotten byells no better, how shuld a true
wrytter give them any better naem? Wherefore I pray

you with pacyence and sweet confitheracion (and no fowre
 fenffuer) read what followeth in mild manner of vers,
 albeit fomwhat byetting the gawlls of fuch, whoes wounds
 cannot bee healed but by fom fharp and ferching medfon :
 thear is ment, by the wryttars good will, a fodayn wifhed
 reformation of wicked rebellion, and over great boldnes
 that fhuld maek them bloefh that aer actters and doers in
 theas tragecall commedies and mizerable pagants, I crave
 but your good juegments and layzar to loek with frindly
 eyes on the verfis that wear well ment and lovingly offred.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

A wished reformation of wicked rebellion.

GOOD men wear glad at Gods great glorie seen
(By speshall grace) on Englands joy to shyen,
Which grace prezarvd our quinttedefensed Queen,
That skaeped saef from skaeth throw power devien.
O falls forsworn, what ear you aer, give place
To mightty Jovs Lieftenant heer on earth !
O haetfull flock of traytors, heid your face
From rightfull kings and queens well boern by byrth !
Fy, tretcheros trash, that wind will blo a way ;
Pluck up your fight, and see your own decay !

Have you not hard how birds of theayr discloes
Fowll treafons oft, and brings traytors to shaem ?
His consfence doth condemp him whear hee goes,
That seeks to torn a kingdom out of fraem ;
Cowncell a broed, and bad device at hoem,
Ritches ill won, and gold that enmies give,
Baerfoet lyek freers to wrangling Roem may roem ;
In England long heer may no traytors live.
O Jezuwits ! can you your selves eskues,
Whan Jhesus naem and docttrin you abuses ?

Hee preached peace, you sow discord and war,
 All duety done to Sezar Cryft dyd lyek ;
 But you in rage and errors run so far,
 Yee care not whom yee poyson, kill, or ftryek :
 A shamelesse swarm off Seminaries now,
 Disguifd lyek dogges that whine beefore they bite,
 Fills every towne with truthlesse traytors throw,
 Whoes words, lyke fwords, are ready drawne to fmite ;
 But blo of axe comes oft ere they bee waer,
 And ftryeks of head, and leaves the body baer.

All speeds a lyek, and all comes to one end ;
 Hee dyes to day, next moern his fellow goes :
 No warning farves, nor may the mischiefe mend,
 So fast and far the floods of folly floes.
 Runs ore the brym beeyond obedience bounds,
 Tears up great trees, and throwes good houfes downe,
 Harms common weales, maeks cuerles foers and wounds,
 And cuts them off that ought farve prince and crowne.
 What win you then, when lyves of many a man
 Are fpilt and loft, fince you theas broyls beganne ?

To ryed in poeft from Spayne to Tybron freight
 Is fure a knack of coofnaeg in a coerd.
 Some fwyngars fay, hanging is but a fleight,
 Yet drawing fuer, and quartring is aboerd
 Of honeft harts. Fy, helhounds! hunt no moer
 Among true men, your haunt is foen efpied :
 To bee trust up, and get no thank therfoer,
 Is boldnesse great, so lyek a traytor tryed.
 O England! wayll the baebs boern in thy wocm,
 Who never brings no better fruet from Roem.

Poyfons do mutch, but murthers smell the smoek,
(A fit perfuem for Plutoes fellows all)
They are sent ore, under a cunning cloek,
To shrowd a plaeg that one some shouldrs fall.
The Sacrament, first, traytors must receive
To doo fowll deeds. Is that relygion good ?
Fy on that fayth that shall mans fowll disceave
By bold attempts, and bathing hands in blood !
Without eskues theas faults must suffer blaem,
(In secreet sayd) aut com to open shaem.

Treafons do end with plaegs and skorgis great,
A iust reward for wilfull fowll offence :
Than, what is won by bloody angers heat ?
As Judas sold our Chrif for thirtty pens,
Hee hangd himself for doing such a deed :
The law loeks well on all those divlish drifts
Which coms to nought, for strangly still they speed
That wold gro great by cruell shaemles shifts :
Death, hell, and fier at heells doth follow those
That from the prince and staet a gadding goes.

No kingdom shoes so many rebells yet,
Althoguh a Freer in France wold fellows have ;
Yee run to far with over weening wit,
For traytors wants the powre to powll and shave,
Or cut our throets, sharp razors how you may.
Tiem tells us taells of all your practyes throw,
Then fly hens, foells, your deeds do you beewray :
Fowll murther brings your naems in question now,
Escaep is noen, but only throw the pyeks,
For all the world your doings mutch mislyeks.

Kill oen, kill all ; kill all, first hang your felvs,
 So all is faeff, for hee that all doth see
 Looks down on thoes that dayly digs and delvs,
 To save from harms all such as harmles bee :
 So, on thoes props that holds up publyek staet
 Hee looks, and doth thearin as hee doth pleas,
 And for a pawne hee givs you all check maet,
 Boern heer at hoem, or bred beeyond the feas.
 Than, think on all you wish to overthrow,
 So is your fall moer neerar than you know.

For as you wish a change for hired cause,
 So evry staet haets thoes that traytors bee ;
 No frinds you find in common world or lawfe,
 Whear constant fayth your changing minds may see.
 Think you our world loves traytors half so well,
 That children, wiefs, and goods they do forget ?
 And will loes land and housis whear they dwell,
 And roet up all, untyemly twigs to set ?
 Goe, bloody brood, hatcht up in rebell rowt,
 Hyed heads in hoells, else world will find you out.

God may convert vyell men from vicyous arts,
 Reform the mind, the body vertuous grows ;
 When shaem maeks blush the face that playes bad parts,
 God's grace will work moer goodneffe then man knoes :
 Ill lyef foer thought fils hart with hoep and grace,
 Repentance brings sweet rest and bleffings boeth ;
 Obedience fraems a conscience in good cace,
 True feare and love delights in loyall troeth ;
 But who seeks blood in blood shall glotted bee,
 And his own end by blood shall quickly see.

I can but with the wicked wear reform'd,
And all the rust and kancker skowred clean ;
If no, bee sure thear madnesse will bee worm'd,
And troblos tongs bee tawght to sing a mean.
Thear poysonings aer reveald by thear own crue,
Thear treasons hath no powre to passe unknown ;
Sedisshoes books and sawfy lybels nue,
In fier and flaem aer utterly oerthrowne ;
Themselves in doubt of death and daunger still,
Under Gods wrath, and rightfull princes will.

Finis qd. Thomas Churchyard.

THE TRAGEDIE
OF
SHORES WIFE.

*Much augmented, with divers new
Additions.*

By THOMAS CHURCHYARD.



LONDON.
Printed by John Wolfe.
1593.

To the right honorable the Lady
Mount Eagle and Compton, wife to the
right honourable the Lord of Buck-
hurfts son and heire.

GOOD Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie
Carie, your sifter, honourable accepted a discourse
of my penning, I beleevved your Ladiship would not refuse
the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I
bethought me of a Tragedie that long laye printed and
many speake well of, but some doubting the shallownesse of
my heade (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doings)
denies me the fathering of suche a worke, that hath won so
much credit ; but as sure as God lives, they that so defames
me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open
wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in
my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a quarrell :
but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat,
and to contend with the malicious, I think it a madnesse ;
yet I protest before God and the world the penning of
Shore's wife was mine, desiring in my hart that all the
plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me

either with scrowle or councell to the publishing of the invencion of the same Shores wife. And to shew that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her Tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impreffion thereof, and hath sette forth some more Tragedies and tragicall discourfes no whit inferior, as I trust, to my first worke; and, good madame, because Rosimond is so excellently sette forth (the actor whereof I honour) I have somewhat beautified my Shore's wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe my device in age is as rife and reddie, as my disposition and knowledge was in youth. So having chosen a noble personage to be a patrone to support poore Shores wifes Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her (olde and newe) to your good Ladiships judgment, hoping you shall lose no honour in the suppartation of the same, because the true writer thereof with all humbleness of mind and service presents the Tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and encrease of vertues fame to make your Ladiships daies happie.

T. CHURCHYARD.

Heere followes the Tragedie of Shores wife, much augmented with divers new aditions.

AMONG the rest by fortune overthrowne,
I am not least that most may waile her fate :
My fame and brute abroad the world is blowne :
Who can forget a thing thus done so late ?
My great mischance, my fall, and heavy state
Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

This wandring world bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits with wanton sugred joyes :
In Fortunes freakes who trusts her when she smiles
Shall find her false and full of fickle toys.
Her triumphs all but fills our eares with noyse,
Her flattering giftes are pleasures mixt with paine,
Yea, and all her words are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire that we in glorie set
Doth thirle our hearts to hope in slipper hap ;
A blast of pompe is all the fruite we get,
And under that lies hid a sodaine clap.
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trap :
In groping flowres with nettles stung we are ;
In labring long we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceite with painted face for tho!
Oh poyfnd baite that makes us eager ftill!
Oh fained friend, deceiuing people fo!
Oh world, of thee we cannot fpeake too ill!
Yet fooles we are that bend fo to thy skill.
The plague and fcourge that thoufands daily feele
Should warne the wyfe to fhun thy whirling wheele.

But who can ftop the ftream that runnes full fwift,
Or quench the fire that crept is in the ftrow?
The thirfty drinkes, there is no other fhift,
Perforce is fuch that neede obayes no lawe.
Thus bounde we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot ftay nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of thofe that fought too high to clime.

My felfe for prooffe, loe! here I now appeare
In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full deare,
Whofe lewd reproch doth found unto the skies,
And bids my corfe out of the ground to rife,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But needes muft come and fhewe her piteous cafe.

The fheete of shame wherein I shrowded was
Did move me oft to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares did ring the trompe of braffe,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray:
Yea, though full dead and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voyce, of mee what people faide,
But then to fpeake, alas! I was affraide.

And nowe a time for me I see preparte.
I heare the lives and falls of many wights ;
My tale therefore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lights :
Where Pageants be, smale things fill out the fights.
Wherefore give eare, good Churchyard ; doe thy best
My Tragedy to place among the rest.

Because the truth shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearse in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destene,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale ;
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell :
A whole discourse, by me Shores wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the fame.

Of noble blood I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest mouldre :
Mine heritage but seven foote of th' earth,
Fortune ne gave to me the gifts of gold ;
But I could brag of nature, if I would,
Who fild my face with favour fresh and faire,
Whose beautie shon like Phœbus in the ayre.

My beautie blasd like torch or twinckling starre,
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light :
Faire Phœbus beames scarce reacheth halfe so farre
As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright.
As summers day exceedes blacke winters night,
So Shores wives face made foule Browneta blush,
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The damaske rofe, or Rofamond the faire,
That Henry held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept clofe in cage from open ayre,
For beauties boaft could fcarfe compare with me.
The kindly buds and bloffomes of brave tree
With white and red had deckt my cheekes fo fine,
There flood two balles like drops of claret wine.

The beaten fnow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter fure then naked necke and hand :
My lookes had force to make a lyon yeeld,
And at my forme in gaze a world would ftand.
My body fmall, framd finely to be fpend,
As though dame Kind hap fworne in folemne fort
To fhrowd herfelfe in my faire forme and port.

No part amiffe when nature tooke fuch care
To fet me out as nought fhould be awry,
To furnifh forth (in due proportion rare)
A peece of worke fhould pleafe a princes eie.
O, would to God that boaft might prove a lie!
For pride youth tooke in beauties borrowde trafh
Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lafh.

My fhape, fome faide, was feemely to each fight,
My countenance did fhewe a fober grace ;
Mine eies in lookes were never proved light,
My tongue in wordes was chaft in every cafe :
Mine eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,
Save that, alas! a prince did blot my browe :
Loe! there the ftong did make the weake to bowe.

The majestie that kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awefull cheere they shewe,
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for feare,
Like as the hounde that doth his maister know.
What then? Since I was made unto the bowe,
There is no cloake can serve to hide my fault,
For I agreede the fort he should assault.

The eagles force subdues ech bird that flies :
What metell may resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun daill the cleereft eyes,
And melt the yse and make the frost retyre?
Who can withstand a puissant kings desire?
The stiffest stoness are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

Yf kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me forth in colours blacke and browne;
Or beautie had beene parcht in Phœbus flames,
Or shamefast waies had pluckt my feathers downe,
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For natures gifts were cause of all my grieve.
A pleasant pray entifeth many a theefe.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacocks pride
By cloathing me with natures tapestry!
Woe worth the hewe wherein my face was dyde,
Which made me thinke I pleased every eie!
Like as the starres make men beholde the skye,
So beauties shewe doth make the wise full fond,
And brings free hearts full oft in endlesse bond.

But cleere from blame my frends can not be found :
Before my time my youth they did abuse.
In mariage yoke a prentise was I bound
When that meere love I knewe not how to use.
But wel away ! that cannot me excuse.
The harme is mine, though they devisde my care,
And I must smart, and set in flaunderous snare.

Yet giue me lieve to pleade my cause at large.
Yff that the horfe doe run beyonde his race,
Or any thinge that keepers have in charge
Doe breake their course where rulers may take place,
Or meate be set before the hungries face,
Who is in fault ? th' offender, yea or no ?
Or they that are the cause of all this woe.

Note well what strife this forced mariage makes,
What lothed lives doe come where love doth lacke,
What scratching briars doe growe upon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke ;
What heavy load is put on patients backe,
What strange delights this branch of vice doth breed,
And marke what graine springs out of such a feede.

Compell the hauke to sit that is unmande,
Or make the hounde unrained to drawe the decre,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or move the sad a pleasant tale to here,
Your time is lost and you no whit the nere :
So love ne learns of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feesles sweete fancies fit.

The lefs defame redounds to my difpraise ;
I was intifte by traines and trapt by trust :
Though in my force remained yeas and naves
Unto my friends, yet needes consent I muſt
In every thing, yea, lawfull or unjuſt.
They breake the bowes and ſhake the tree by ſleight,
And bend the wand that mought have growne full ſtraight.

What helpe is this ? the pale once broken downe,
The deere muſt needes in danger run aſtray :
At me therefore why ſhould the world ſo frowne ?
My weaknes made my youth a princes pray.
Though wiſdome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet try my caſe, who liſt, and they ſhall prove
The ripeſt wits are ſooneſt thralls to love.

What neede I more to cleere my ſelfe ſo much ?
A king me wan and had me at his call :
His royall ſtate, his princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will that women ſeeke of all ;
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts which were not ſmall
Befeeged me ſo ſtrongly round about,
My powre was weake : I could not holde him out.

Duke Hanniball in all his conqueſt great,
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceed,
Of all their ſpoyses, which made them toyle and ſweate,
Were not ſo glad to have ſo rich a meede
As was this Prince when I to him agreede,
And yeelded me a priſner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to fly.

The nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the larke that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so rejoyce,
As I with wordes have made this worthy king :
I neuer jarde, in tune was euery string :
I tempred so my tongue to please his eare
That what I said was currant every where.

Sweete are the songs that merry night-crow sings,
For many parts are in those charming notes ;
Sweete are the tunes and pipes that please kings ;
Sweete is the love wherein great lordings dotes ;
But sweetest of all is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe foulds where skulles of fishe doe play.

And where love slides it leaves ne signe nor shewe
Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe.
It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow
Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke song plaine :
No musicke more may please a princes vaine
Then descant strange and voice of favrets breest
In quiet bower, when birds be all at rest.

No such comfort as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean :
Where two long loves and lives in joy alone
They sing at will the treble or the meane.
Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane.
The king and I agreed in such concorde,
I ruld by love, though he did raigne a lord.

I joynd my talke, my jestures and my grace
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the king in such a case
That to his death I was his chiefeft hand.
I governd him that ruled all this land :
I bare the sword, though he did weare the crowne ;
I strake the stroke that threwe the mightie downe.

If justice said that judgement was but death,
With my sweete wordes I could the king perswade,
And make him pause, and take therein a breath
Till I with suite the fautors peace had made :
I knewe that way to use him in his trade ;
I had the art to make the lyon meeke ;
There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

I tooke delight in doying each man good,
Not scratting all my selfe, as all were mine,
But lookt whose life in neede and danger stood,
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.
On princes traine I alwayes cast mine eie ;
For lifting up the servants of the king
I did throwe court my selfe in favour bring.

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
And promised nought but would performe it streight ;
I shaked downe sweete fruit from top of tree,
Made apples fall in laps of men by sleight.
I did good turnes whiles that I was in height,
For feare a flawe of winde would make me reele,
And blowe me downe when Fortune turnd his wheele.

I fild no chefts with chynks to cherifh age,
But in the harts of people layde my gold ;
Sought love of lord, of maifter and of page,
And for no bribbe I never favour folde.
I had enough, I might doe what I would,
Save, fpend, or give, or fling it on the ground :
The more I gave, the more in purfe I found.

Yf I did frowne, who then durft looke awry ?
Yf I did fmile, who would not laugh outright ?
Yf I but fpake, who durft my wordes denye ?
Yf I purfude, who would forfake the flight ?
I meane, my powre was knowne to every wight.
On fuch a height good hap had built my bowre,
As though my fweete fhould nere have turnd to fowre.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
Refufde to keepe a princes concubine,
Forfeeing the end, and mifchiefe as it ftood,
Againft the king did never much repine.
He fawe the grape whereof he dranke the wine :
Though inward thought his hart did ftill torment,
Yet outwardly he feemde he was content.

To purchafe praife and win the peoples zeale,
Yea, rather bent of kind to doe fome good,
I ever did upholde the common weale :
I had delight to fave the guiltles blood :
Each futers caufe, when that I underftood,
I did prefer, as it had beene mine owne,
And helpe them up that might have beene orethrowne.

My powre was preſt to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free to give where neede required :
To watch for grace I never thought it long ;
To doe men good I neede not be deſired ;
Nor yet with giftes my hart was never hyred,
But when the ball was at my foote to guide,
I playde to thoſe that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was eaſe at will ;
My robes were rich and braver then the funne :
My fortune then was far above my ſkill,
My ſtate was great, my glaſſe did ever runne.
My fatall threed ſo happely was ſpunne
That then I fate in earthly pleaſures clad,
And for the time a goddeſſe place I had.

But I had not ſo ſoone this life poſſeſt,
But my good hap began to ſlide aſide,
And Fortune then did me ſo fore moleſt,
That unto complaints was turned all my pride.
It booted not to row againſt the tide :
Mine oares were weake, my heart and ſtrength did faile ;
The winde was rough, I durſt not beare a faile.

What ſteps of ſtrife belong to high eſtate !
The climbing up is doubtfull to endure ;
The ſeate it ſelfe doth purchaſe privy hate,
And honours fame is fickle and unſure,
And all ſhe brings is flowres that be impure,
Which fall as faſt as they doe ſprout and ſpring,
And cannot laſt, they are ſo vaine a thing.

We count no care to catch that we doe with,
But what we win is long to us unknown :
Till present paine be served in our dish,
We scarce perceive whereon our griefe hath growen.
What graine proves well that is so rashly sown ?
If that a meane did measure all our deedes,
In steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The settled mind is free from Fortunes power :
They neede not feare who looke not up aloft ;
But they that clime are carefull every hour,
For when they fall they light not very soft.
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest branches beare
The stormes doe blow, and have most rigour there.

Where is it strong, but neere the ground and roote ?
Where is it weake but on the highest sprays ?
Where may a man so surely set his foote
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes ?
The little twigs are but unstedfast stayes,
Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast :
Who trusts to them shall never stand full fast.

The winde is great upon the highest hilles,
The quiet life is in the dale belowe ;
Who treads on yfe shall flyde against their wills ;
They want no cares that curious artes doe knowe.
Who lives at ease, and can content him so
Is perfect wise, and sets us all to schoole :
Who hates this lore may well be calde a foole.

What greater grieve may come to any life
Then after sweete to taste the bitter sowre,
Or after peace to fall at warre and strife,
Or after mirth to have a cause to lowre ?
Under such props false Fortune buildes her bowre ;
On sodaine change her flittering frames be fet,
Where is no way for to escape the net.

The hasty smart that Fortune sends in spite
Is harde to brooke where gladnes we embrace ;
She threatens not, but sodainely doth smite ;
Where joy is most there doth she sorrow place.
But sure I think this is too strange a case
For us to feele such grieve amid our game,
And know not why untill we tast the same.

As erst I sayde, my blisse was turnd to bale :
I had good cause to weepe and wring my hands,
And shewe sad cheere with countenance full pale,
For I was brought in sorrowes wofull bands :
A pirry came and fet my ship on sands.
What should I hyde, and colour care and noy ?
King Edward dyde, in whome was all my joy.

And when the earth received had his corse,
And that in tombe this worthy prince was layde,
The world on me began to shewe his force :
Of troubles then my part I long affayde ;
For they of whome I never was affrayde
Undid me most, and wrought me such despite,
That they bereft me of my pleasure quite.

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worldes disgrace,
Holds downe the head, that never casts up eye;
Cast out of court, condemned in every place,
Condemnd perforce at mercies foote must lye.
Hope is but small when we for mercie crye:
The bird halfe dead that hauke hath fast in foote;
Lay heade on blocke, where is no other boote.

The rowling stone that tumbleth downe the hill
Fynds none to stay the furie of his fall;
Once under foote for ever daunted still:
One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball.
Left once in lacke feeles alwayes want of will:
A conquerd mind must yeeld to every ill:
A weake poore soule, that Fortune doth forsake
In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that fall such as doe rise and run;
The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide,
Poore people passe (as shadowes in the sun)
Like feeble fish that needes must followe tyde.
Among the rich a beggar soone is spied.
When weake Shores wife had lost her staffe of stay,
The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pinchd and pointed at in deed,
As baited bull were leading to the stake.
Wealth findes great helpe, want gets no friend at neede:
A played wight a bootles mone may make.
A naked foole in street for colde may quake;
But colde or hot, when mischiefes comes a roe,
As falles the lot the backe beares of the bloe.

Prefarment past the world will soone forget :
The present time is daily gazd upon.
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,
Small count is made of his good fortune gon.
We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone :
Embrace the best, and set the world aside,
Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

You yonglings, nowe, that vaine delights leads on
To sell chaste life for lewd and light desires,
Poore gaine is gote when rich good name is gon ;
Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires.
World soone casts of the hackney horse it hiers,
And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath,
Tibbe is turnd lose to feed on barren heath.

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make ;
The sent once past, adue dry withered leaves.
Love lasts not long prickt up for pleasures sake,
Straw little worth when corne forsakes the sheaves ;
A painted post the gazers eie deceives,
But when foule fauts are found that belead the sight,
The account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play small season lasts, you see,
Old appish sportes are quickly out of grace,
Fond wanton games will soone forgotten be ;
As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face.
There needes no more be spoken of this case :
All earthy joyes by tract of time decayes ;
Soone is the glasse runne out of our good dayes.

My fall and facte makes prooffe of that is spoke,
Tels world to much of shadowes in the funne,
Duft blowne with winde, or simple prooffe of smoake
That flies from fire, and fast throwe aire doth run :
It ends with woe that was with joy begun :
It turnes to teares that first began with sport ;
At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

As long as life remaind in Edwards brest,
Who was but I ? who had such friends at call ?
His body was no sooner put in cheft,
But well was he that could procure my fall.
His brother was mine enemy most of all,
Protector then, whose vice did still abound,
From ill to worfe, till death did him confound.

He falsely fainde that I of counsell was
To poyfon him, which thing I never meant ;
But he could fet thereon a face of brasse
To bring to passe his lewde and false intent,
To such mischief this tyrants heart was bent.
To God ne man he never stood in awe,
For in his wrath he made his will a lawe.

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeance on him cries,
And many moe that were to long to name ;
But most of all, and in most woefull wife,
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the world I suffered open shame :
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I pennance tooke with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare and looke me in the face ;
As I paft by the rumours on me ran,
But pacience then had lent me fuch a grace,
My quiet lookes were praifd of every man.
The shamefaft bloud brought me fuch collour than,
That thoufands fayde, that fawe my fober cheere,
It is great ruth to fee this woman heere.

But what prevayld the peoples pitie there ?
This raging wolfe would spare no guiltles blood.
Oh wicked wombe, that fuch ill fruit did beare !
Oh curfed earth that yeeldeth forth fuch mud !
The hell confume all things that did thee good,
The heavens fhut their gates againft thy fprecte,
The world tread downe thy glory under feete !

I afke of God a vengeance on thy bones.
Thy ftinking corps corrupts the aire, I knowe :
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy life thy workes were hated fo,
That every man did wifh thy overthroe ;
Wherefore I may, though parcialI nowe I am,
Curfe every caufe whereof thy body came.

Woe worth the man that fathered fuch a childe !
Woe worth the howre wherein thou waft begate !
Woe worth the brefts that have the world begylde
To norifh thee, that all the world did hate !
Woe worth the Gods that gave thee fuch a fate
To live fo long, that death defervde fo oft !
Woe worth the chance that fet thee up aloft !

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and all
When subjects clapt the crowne on Richards head !
Woe worth the lordes that sat in sumptuous hall
To honour him that princes blood so shead !
Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead,
When he presumde in brothers seat to sit,
Whose wretched rage ruld all with wicked wit !

Ye princes all and rulers everechone,
In punishment beware of hatreds yre :
Before yee scourge, take heede, looke well thereon,
In wraths ill will if malice kindle fyre,
Your harts will burne in such a hote defyre,
That in those flames the smoke shall dim your sight,
Yee shall forget to joyne your iustice right.

You should not judge till things be well descerned,
Your charge is still to maintaine upright lawes :
In conscience rules you should be throwly lernd,
Where clemencie bids wrath and rashnes pause,
And further saith, strike not without a cause :
And when yee smite, doe it for iustice sake,
Then in good part ech man your scourge will take.

If that such zeale had movd this tyrants mind
To make my plague a warning for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to finde :
Such punishment is used for the best.
But by ill will and powre I was opprest :
He spoylede my goods and left me bare and poore,
And caused me to beg from dore to dore.

What fall was this ! to come from princes fare
To watch for crumes among the blind and lame !
When almes were delt, I had an hungry share,
Because I knewe not how to aske for shame ;
Till force and neede had brought me in such frame,
Than starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand to say S. Davids Pfalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare,
A payre of beads about my necke was wound ;
A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trailed on the ground ;
A dish that clapt and gave a heavie sound,
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bare about as witnesse of my fall.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring :
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the funne,
And men admire the favour of a king,
And from great states growne in disgrace they run.
Such fodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun,
For when the stoole is taken from our feete,
Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open streete my lodging was perforce ;
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,
My flesh consumde, I looked like a corse.
Yet in that plight who had on me remorse ?
O God ! thou knowste my friends forfooke me than ;
Not one holpe me that succred many a man.

They frownd on me that fawnd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full fast ;
They hated me by whome I fet much store,
They knewe full well my fortune did not last ;
In every place I was condemnde and cast.
To pleade my cause at bar it was no boote,
For every man did tread me under foote.

Thus long I livd, all weary of my life,
Till death approcht and rid me from that woe.
Example take by me, both maide and wife ;
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so ;
A mirrour make by my great overthroe :
Defye the world and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so ill her dayes.

T. Churchyard.

INTRODUCTION. 4/

WITH the exception of one other of Dekker's productions (which the editor may hereafter reproduce in its original but neglected shape) there is, perhaps, no tract in our language which contains so many and such curious illustrations of the language, opinions, and manners of our ancestors as the tract here reprinted. It is, from beginning to end, a species of prose allegory, but in all places extremely intelligible; and it exposes unsparingly the frauds, abuses, and vices prevalent in the metropolis soon after the demise of Elizabeth: "the seven deadly sins of London" are all portrayed in their turn; and if anything incongruous appear in the details supplied by the author, it must be attributed to the peculiar form he has chosen for the display of the severity of his reproof.

The literary and dramatic allusions are very remarkable, especially as regards Shakespeare; and severe as are Dekker's reflections upon all classes, he intermixes no personal matter, and assails no individual delinquents. One passage near the end is peculiarly noticeable as fixing the date of the original appearance of a woodcut broadside, the existence of which, in a single copy, is known in our day, and which is valuable upon all accounts, but most of all, as an early specimen of politico-religious caricature.

We are probably to take Dekker's assertion, that his effusion was the *opus septem dierum*, as a statement of fact. He was

generally a struggler against poverty; and we may presume that such was the case in 1606, and that Nathaniel Butter, the stationer, who was generally the patron of needy and speedy authors, offered, or advanced to Dekker a sum of money, on condition that he produced his work by a certain day: the printer was Edward Allde, who was often employed on an emergency; and his battered type bears witness of the service it had gone through, while inaccuracies and bad workmanship shew the haste with which the piece was composed by the typographer, as well as written by the author. Considering it as only a week's labour, "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" is proof of the ready resources of Dekker, as well of his industry, in a very original species of composition. We are aware of nothing precisely like it in our language, either for invention, or for accuracy and vivacity of description. The aim of the writer was not, in this instance, to display his poetical powers; and he addressed himself to a class of readers, including the apprentices of the metropolis, who would be little able to estimate the merit of a work of higher genius, but would be ready purchasers of a production like that here reproduced. It is of the greatest rarity.

J. P. C.

THE
SEVEN DEADLY
Sinnes of London :

DRAWNE IN SEVEN SEVERALL COACHES THROUGH
THE SEVEN SEVERALL GATES OF
THE CITTIE

Bringing the Plague with them.

Opus septem Dierum.

THO: DEKKER.



AT LONDON

Printed by E. A. for Nathaniel Butter, and are
to be folde at his shop neere Saint
Austens gate.

1606.

To the worshipfull and very worthy
Gentleman Henry Fermor Esquire,
Clarke of the Peace for the
Countie of Middlefex.

I AM fory (deare fir) that in a time (so abundant with wit) I shold send unto you no better fruit then the fins of a city: but they are not common (for they were never gathered till this yeare) and therefore I send them for a rarity. Yet now I remember my selfe, they are not the finnes of a citie, but onely the picture of them; and a drollerie (or Dutch peece of Lantskop) may sometimes bread in the beholders eye as much delectation as the best and most curious masterpeece excellent in that art. Bookes being sent abroad after they are begotten into the world, as this of mine is, are in the nature of orphans; but being received into a gardianship (as I make no doubt but this shall) they come into the happie state of adopted children. That office must now be yours, and you neede not bee ashamed of it, for kings have beene glad to do them honour, that have bestowed such a never-dying honour uppon them. The benefite you shall receive is this, that you see the building up of a tombe (in your life time) wherein you are sure to lie, as that you cannot bee forgotten, and you

read that very epitaph that shal stand over you, which by no envie can bee defaced, nor by any time worne out. I have made choise of you alone, to bee the onely patron to these my labours ; by which word (onely) I chalenge to my selfe a kinde of dignitie ; for there hath beene a generation of a sort of strange fellowes (and I thinke the race is not yet eaten out) who when a booke (of their owne) hath bin borne in the lawfull matrimonie of learning and industrie, have basely compelled it either, like a bastard, to call a great many father (and to goe under all their names) or else (like a common fellow at a sessions) to put himselfe (as they tearme it) upon twelve godfathers. In which case (contrarie to all law) the foreman is most dishonoured. That art of *skeldring* I studie not : I stand upon stronger bases. The current of a mans reputation being divided into so manie rivolets must needs grow weake. If you give intertainment to this in your best affection, you will binde me (one day) to heighten your name, when by some more worthy columnne (by me to be erected) I shall consecrate that and your selfe to an everlasting and sacred memorie.

Most affectionately desirous to be yours :

THO. DEKKER.

READER,

IT is an ordinarie custome (for us that are bookish) to have a bout with thee, after wee have done with a patron, as for schollers (in the noble science) to play at the woodden rapier and dagger, at the ende of a maisters prize. In doing which we know not upon what speeding points wee runne, for you (that are readers) are the most desperate and fowleest players in the world: you will strike when a mans backe is toward you, and kill him (if you could for shame) when he lies under your feete. You are able (if you have the tokens of deadly ignorance and boldnes at one time upon you) to breede more infection in Pauls Church-yard then all the bodies that were buried there in the Plague-time, if they had beene left still above ground. You stand somtimes at a stationers stal, looking scurvily (like mules champing upon thistles) on the face of a new booke, bee it never so worthy, and goe (as il favour-edly) mewing away. But what get you by it? The booke-feller ever after, when you passe by, pinnes on your backes the badge of fooles to make you be laught to scorne, or of fillie carpers to make you be pittied. Conradus Gesner

never writ of the nature of fuch ftrange beafts as you are ;
 for where as we call you *Lectores*, readers, you turne your
 felves into *Lictores*, executioners and tormenters. I wold
 not have him that writes better than I to reade this, nor
 him that cannot do fo well to raile ; or if hee cannot chufe
 but raile, let him doe it to my face : otherwise (to me being
 abfent) it is done cowardly ; for *Leonem mortuum mordent
 etiam catuli* : cats dare fcratch lions by the face when
 they lie dead, and none but colliers will threaten a Lord
 Maior when they are farre enough from the cittie. I have

laide no blockes in thy way : if thou findeft

ftrowes (*Vade, vale*) cave

ne titubes.

*The names of the Aftors in this old Enterlude of
 Iniquitie.*

1 Politike Bankeruptifme	}	Seven may eafily play this, but not without a Divell.
2 Lying		
3 Candle-light		
4 Sloth		
5 Apifhneffe		
6 Shaving		
7 Crueltie		

THE INDUCTION TO THE BOOKE.

I FINDE it written in that Booke where no untruthes can be read ; in that Booke whose leaves shall outlast sheetes of brasse, and whose lines leade to eternity ; yea, even in that Booke that was pend by the best Author of the best wisedome, allowed by a Deity, licensed by the Omnipotent and published (in all languages to all nations) by the greatest, truest and onely Divine, thus I finde it written : that for sinne angels were throwne out of heaven ; for sinne the first man that ever was made was made an outcast : he was driven out of his living that was left unto him by his Creator. It was a goodlier living than the inheritance of Princes : he lost Paradice by it (he lost his house of pleasure) : hee lost Eden by it, a garden where Winter could never have nipt him with cold, nor Summer have scorcht him with heate. He had there all fruits growing to delight his taste, all flowers flourishing to allure his eye, all birds singing to content his eare : he had more than he could desire ; yet because he desired more than was fit for him, he lost all. For sinne all those buildings which the great workemaster of the world had in sixe dayes rayfed were swallowed at the first by waters, and shall at last be consumed in fire. How many families hath this leviathan devoured ! how many citties ! how many kingdoms !

Let us awhile leave the kingdomes, and enter into citties:

Sodom and Gomorrah were burnt to the ground with brimstone that dropt in flakes from heaven : a hot and dreadfull vengeance. Jerusalem hath not a stone left upon another of her first glorious foundation : a heavy and fearfull downfall. Jerusalem, that was Gods owne dwelling-houſe : the ſchoole where thoſe Hebrew lectures, which he himſelfe read, were taught : the very nurſery where the Prince of Heaven was brought up : that Jerusalem whoſe rulers were princes, and whoſe citizens were like the ſonnes of kings : whoſe temples were paved with gold, and whoſe houſes ſtood like rowes of tall cedars : that Jerusalem is now a deſert : it is unhallowed and untrodden : no monument is left to ſhew it was a citty, but onely the memoriall of the Jewes hard-hartednes in making away their Saviour. It is now a place for barbarous Turks, and poore deſpised Grecians : it is rather now (for the abominations committed in it) no place at all.

Let us hoyft up more ſayles and lanch into other ſeas, till we come in ken of our owne countrey. Antwerp (the eldeſt daughter of Brabant) hath falne in her pride ; the citties of rich Burgundy in theyr greatnes ; thoſe ſeventeene Dutch virgins of Belgia (that had kingdomes to theyr dowries, and were worthy to be courted by nations) are now no more virgins : the ſouldier hath deflowred them, and robd them of theyr mayden honor : warre hath ſtill uſe of their noble bodyes, and diſcovereth theyr nakednes like prostituted ſtrumpets. Famine hath dried up the freſh bloud in theyr cheekes, whilſt the peſtilence digd up theyr fields, and turned them into graves. Neither have theſe puniſhments bin layd upon them onely, for bloud hath bin alſo drawne of their very next neighbours. France lyes

yet panting under the blowes which her owne children have given her. Thirty yeres together suffred she her bowels to be torne out by those that were bred within them: she was full of princes, and saw them lye mangled at her feete: she was full of people and saw in one night a hundred thousand massacred in her streetes: her kings were eaten up by civill warres, and her subjects by fire and famine. O gallant monarchy! what hard fate hadst thou, that when none were left to conquer thee, thou shouldst triumph over thy selfe. Thou hast wyne flowing in thy veynes, but thou madest thy selfe druncke with thine owne blood. The English, the Dutch, and the Spanish stoode aloofe and gave ayme, whilst thou shotst arrowes upright that fell upon thine owne head, and wounded thee to death. Wouldst thou (and the rest) know the reason why your bones have bin bruized with rods of iron? It was because you have risen in arch-rebellion against the Supreme Sovereigne: you have bin traytors to your Lord, the King of heaven and earth, and have armed your selves to fight against the Holy Land. Can the father of the world measure out his love so unequally that one people (like to a mans yongest child) should be more made of than all the rest, being more unruly than the rest?

O London! thou art great in glory, and envied for thy greatnes: thy towers, thy temples and thy pinnacles stand upon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like frindges of silver hang at the hemmes of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the proudest, the welthiest but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest; for thou art attir'de like a bride, drawing all

that looke upon thee to be in love with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou fittest in thy gates heated with wines, and in thy chambers with lust. What miseries have of late overtaken thee! yet (like a foole that laughs when hee is putting on fetters) thou hast bin merry in height of thy misfortunes. She (that for almost
Qu. Elizabeths death. halfe a hundred of yeeres) of thy nurse became thy mother, and layd thee in her bosome, whose head was full of cares for thee, whilst thine slept upon softer pillowes than downe: she that wore thee always on her brest as the richest Jewell in her kingdome; who had continually her eye upon thee, and her heart with thee; whose chaste hand clothed thy rulers in scarlet, and thy inhabitants in robes of peace, even she was taken from thee, when thou wert most in feare to lose her; when thou didst tremble (as at an earth-quake) to thinke that blood should runne in thy channels, that the canon should make way through port-cullises, and fire rife thy wealthy houses, then, even then, wert thou left full of teares, and becamst an orphan. But, behold! thou hadst not sat many howres on the banks of
King James his coronation. sorrow, but thou hadst a loving father that adopted thee to be his owne: thy mourning turned presently to gladnes, thy terrors into triumphs. Yet, lest this fulnesse of joy should beget in thee a wantonnes, and to try how wisely thou couldst take up affliction, sickness was sent to breathe her unholsome ayres into thy nostrils, so that thou, that wert before the only gallant and minion of the world, hadst in a short time more diseases (then a common harlot hath) hanging upon thee: thou suddenly becamst the by-talke of neighbors, the scorn and contempt of nations.

Heere could I make thee weepe thy felfe away into waters by calling backe those sad and difmall houres wherein thou consumedst almost to nothing with shrikes

A booke fo called, written by the author, describing the horror of the Plague in 1602, when there dyed 30578 of that difease. and lamentations in that *Wonderfull Yeere* when these miserable calamities entred in at thy gates, flaying 30,000 and more, as thou heldst them in thine armes; but they are fresh in thy memory, and the story of them (but halfe read over) would strike so coldly to thy heart, and lay such heavy sorrow upon mine

(*Namque animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit*) that I will not be thine and my owne tormentor with the memory of them. How quickly, notwithstanding, didst thou forget that beating! The wrath of him that smot thee was no sooner (in meere pittie of thy stripes) appeased, but howrely (again) thou wert in the company of evill doers, even before thou couldst finde leysure to aske him forgiveness.

Ever since that time hath hee winckt at thy errors, and suffred thee (though now thou art growne old, and lookest very ancient) to goe on still in the follies of thy youth: he hath ten-fold restor'de thy lost sonnes and daughters, and such sweete lively fresh colours hath he put upon thy

King of England and Christierne King of Denmark. cheekes, that kings have come to behold thee, and princes to delight their eyes with thy bewty. None of all these favours (for all this) can draw thee from thy wickednes. Graces

have powrd downe out of heaven uppon thee and thou art rich in all things, saving in goodnes; so that now once againe hath he gone about (and but gone about) to call thee to the dreadfull barre of his judgement. And no marvaile; for whereas other citties (as glorious as thy felfe)

and other people (as deare unto him as thine) have in his indignation bin quite taken from the face of the earth, for some one peculiar sinne, what hope hast thou to grow up still in the pride of thy strength, gallantnes and health, having seven deadly and detestable sinnes lying night by night by thy lascivious sides?

O thou beawtifullest daughter of two united monarchies! from thy womb received I my being, from thy breasts my nourishment; yet give me leave to tell thee that thou hast seven divels within thee, and till they be cleane cast out the arrowes of pestilence will fall upon thee by day, and the hand of the invader strike thee by night. The sunne will shine, but will not be a comfort to thee, and the moone looke pale with anger when she gives thee light. Thy lovers will disdayne to court thee: thy temples will no more send out divine oracles: Justice will take her flight and dwell else-where; and that desolation, which now for three yeeres together hath hovered round about thee, will at last enter, and turne thy gardens of pleasure into church-yards, thy fields that served thee for walks into Golgotha, and thy hye built houses into heapes of dead mens sculs. I call him to witnes, who is all truth; I call the cittizens of heaven to witnes, who are all spotlesse, that I slander thee not in saying thou nourishest seven serpents at thy breasts that will destroy thee. Let all thy magistrates and thy officers speake for me: let strangers that have but seene thy behaviour be my judges: let all that are gathered under thy wings, and those that sleepe in thy bosome give their verdict upon me: yea, try me (as thy brabblings are) by all thy petit and graund jurors, and if I belye thee, let my country (when I expire) deny me her common blessing,

buriall. Lift up therefore thy head (thou mother of so many people): awaken out of thy dead and dangerous slumbers, and with a full and fearlesse eye behold those seven monsters that with extended jawes gape to swallow up thy memory; for I will into so large a field singe every one of them, that thou and all the world shall see their uglinessse, for by seeing them thou mayst avoyd them, and by avoyding them be the happiest and most renowned of citties.

POLITICK BANKRUPTISME
OR
THE FIRST DAYES TRIUMPH OF THE
FIRST SINNE.

IT is a custome in all countries, when great personages are to be entertained, to have great preparations made for them; and because London disdaines to come short of any city, either in magnificence, state or expences on such an occasion, solemne order was set downe, and seven severall solemne dayes were appointed to receive these seven potentates; for they carry the names of princes on the earth, and wherefoe're they inhabit, in a short time are they lords of great dominions.

The first dayes triumphs were spent in meeting and conducting Politick Bankruptisme into the freedome; to receive whom the master, the keepers and all the prisoners of Ludgate, in their best clothes, stood most officiously readie: for at that gate his Deadlineesse challenges a kind of prerogative by the custome of the citie, and there loves he most

The maner how Bankruptisme is entertained, and at what gate. to be let in. The thing they stood upon was a scaffold erected for the purpose, stuck round about with a few greene boughes (like an ale-house booth at a fayre) and covered with two or three threed-bare carpets (for prisoners have no better) to hide the unhandfomenes of the carpenters worke: the boughes with the very strong breath that was prest out of

the vulgar, withered and like Autumnian leaves dropt to the ground, which made the broken Gentleman to hasten his progresse the more, and the rather, because Lud and his two sonnes stood in a very cold place, waiting for his comming. Being under the gate there stood one armed with an extemporall speech to give him the onfet of his welcome. It was not (I would you should well know) the clarke of a country parish, or the schoolemaster of a corporate towne, that every yeere has a saying to Master Maior; but it was a bird pickt out of purpose (amongst the Ludgathians) that had the basest and lowdest voice, and was able in Terme time, for a throat, to give any prisoner great ods for the boxe at the grate.

This organ-pipe was tunde to rore for the rest, who with a hye sound and glib delivery made an encomiastick paradoxicall oration in praise of a prison, proving that captivity was the only blessing that could happen to man, and that a Politick Bankrupt (because he makes himselfe for ever by his owne wit) is able to live in any common wealth, and deserves to go up the ladder of promotion, when five hundred shallow-pated fellowes shall be turnd off. The poore orator having made up his mouth, Bankruptisme gave him very good words and a handful or two of thanks, vowing he would ever live in his debt. At which all the prisoners, rending the ayre with shouts, the key was turnd, and up (in state) was he led into King Luds house of Bondage, to survey the building, and to take possession of the lodgings; where he no sooner entred, but a lusty peale
Solamen miseris
focios habuisse
doloris. of welcomes was shot out of kannes in stead of
canons, and though the powder was exceeding wet, yet off they went thick and threecfold. The day was

proclaymed holiday in all the wardes; every prifoner fwore if he would ftay amongft them, they would take no order about their debts, becaufe they would lye by it too; and for that purpofe fwarmd about him like bees about comfit-makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of Drunkennes, as *Upfy-freeze*, *Crambo*, *Parmizant*, etc., the pimples of this ranck and full-humord joy rifing thus in their faces, becaufe they all knew that, though he himfelfe was broken, the linings of his bags were whole; and though he had no confcience (but a crackt one) yet he had crownes that were found. None of all thefe hookes could faften him to them: he was (like their clocks) to ftrike in more places than one, and though he knew many citizens hated him, and that if he were encountred by fome of them, it might coft him deare, yet under fo good a protection did he go, (as he faid) becaufe he owed no ill will even to thofe that moft fought his undoing; and therefore tooke his leave of the houfe with promife to be with them or fend to them once every quarter at the leaft. So that now, by his wife instructions, if a puny were there amongft them, he Mifery makes might learne more cafes and more quiddits in men cunning. law within feven dayes, than he does at his Inne in fourteene moneths.

The Politician, beeing thus got into the citie, caries himfelf fo difcreetly that he fteales into the hearts of many. In words is he circumfpect, in lookes grave, in attire civill, His qualities. in diet temperate, in company affable, in his affaires ferious; and fo cunningly dooes he lay on thefe colours, that in the end he is welcome to, and familiar with the beft. So that now there is not any one of all the twelve Companies in which (at one time or other) there

are not those that have forsaken their owne Hall to be free of his: yea, some of your best shop-keepers hath he inticed to shut themselves up from the cares and busines of the world to live in private life; nay, there is not any great and famous streete in the city wherein there hath not (or now doth not) dwell some one or other that hold the points

His disguises. of his religion. For you must understand that

the Politick Bankrupt is a harpy that lookes smoothly, a hyena that enchants subtilly, a mermaid that sings sweetly, and aameleon that can put himselfe into all colours. Sometimes hee's a Puritane; he sweares by nothing but "indeede," or rather does not sweare at all, and wrapping his crafty serpent's body in the cloake of religion, he does those acts that would become none but the Divell. Sometimes hee's a Protestant and deales justly with all men till he see his time, but in the end he turnes Turke. Because you shall beleieve me, I will give you his length by the scale, and anatomize his body from head to foote. Heere it is.

His policy. Whether he be a tradesman, or a marchant

when he first sets himselfe up, and seekes to get the world into his hands (yet not to go out of the City), or first talks of countries he never saw (upon the Change), he will be fure to keepe his dayes of payments more truly than lawyers keepe their termes, or than executors keepe the last lawes that the dead injoynd them to, which even infidels themselves will not violate: his hand goes to his head to his meanest customer (to expresse his humilitie): he is up earlier then a fargeant, and downe later then a constable to proclaime his thrift. By such artificiall wheelles as these he winds himselfe up into the height of rich mens favors, till he grow rich himselfe, and when he sees that they dare

build on his credit, knowing the ground to be good, he takes upon him the condition of an asse to any man that will loade him with gold, and useth his credit like a ship freighted with all sorts of merchandize by ventrous pilots; for after he hath gotten into his hands so much of other mens goods or money as will fill him to the upper deck, away he sayles with it, and politickly runnes himselfe on ground to make the world beleewe he had sufferd shipwrack. Then flyes he out like an Irish rebell, and keepes aloofe hiding his head when he cannot hide his shame; and though he have fethers on his back puld from fundry birds, yet to himselfe is he more wretched then the cuckoo in winter, that dares not be seene. The troupes of honest citizens (his creditors) with whom he hath broken league and hath thus defyed, muster themselves together, and proclaime open warre: their bands consist of tall yeomen that serve on foot, commanded by certaine fargeants of their bands, who for leading of men are knowne to be of more experience than the best Low-countrey Captaines. In ambuscado do these lye day and night, to cut off this enemy to the City, if he dare but come downe. But the Politick Bankrupt barricadoing his sconce with double locks, treble dores, invincible bolts and pieces of timber, four or five storyes hye, victuals himselfe for a moneth or so, and then, in the dead of the night, marches up higher into the country with bag and baggage. Parlies then are summond, compositions offred, a truce is sometimes taken for three or four yeeres, or (which is more common) a dishonorable peace (seeing no other remedy) is on both sides concluded, he (like the States) being the only gayner by such civill warres, whilst the citizen that is the lender is the

lofer: *Nam crimine ab uno disce omnes*: looke how much he snatche from one mans sheafe hee gleanes from every one, if they bee a hundred.

The victory being thus gotten by basenes and trechery, back comes he marching with spread colours againe to the City, advances in the open streete as he did before, fels the goods of his neighbor before his face without blushing: he jets up and downe in his silks woven out of other mens stocks, feeds deliciously upon other mens purses, rides on his ten pound geldings in other mens saddles, and is now a new man made out of wax; that's to say, out of those bonds whose seales he most dishonestly hath cancelld. O velvet garded theeves! O yea-and-by-nay cheaters! O grave and right worshipfull couzeners!

What wretchednes is it by such steps to clime to a counterfettred happines! So to be made for ever is to be utterly undone for ever: so for a man to save him selfe is to venture his own damnation; like those that laboring by all meanes to escape shipwrack, do afterwards desperately drown themselves. But, alas! how rotten at the bottom are buildings thus raisd! How soone do such leaves grow out of date! The third house to them is never heard of. What slaves then doth many (so purchast) make of those who by such wayes thinke to find out perfect freedome! But they are most truly miserable in midst of their joyes; for their neighbors scorne them, strangers point at them, good men neglect them; the rich man will no more trust them; the begger in his rags upbraydes them. Yet, if this were all, this all were nothing. O thou that on thy pillow (lyke a spider in his loome) weavest mischevous nets, beating thy braynes, how by casting downe others to raise up thy selfe!

Then Politick Bankrupt, poore rich man, then ill-painted foole, when thou art to lye in thy last inne (thy loathsome grave) how heavy a load will thy wealth bee to thy weake corrupted conscience ! Those heapes of silver, in telling of which thou hast worne out thy finger's ends, will be a passing bell tolling in thine eare, and calling thee to a fearefull audit. Thou canst not dispose of thy riches, but the naming of every parcell will strike to thy heart, worfe then the pangs of thy departure : thy last will at the last day will be an inditement to cast thee ; for thou art guilty of offending those two lawes (enacted in the Upper House of Heaven) which directly forbid thee to steale, or to covet thy neighbors goods.

But this is not all neither ; for thou lyeest on thy bed of death, and art not cared for : thou goest out of the world, and are not lamented : thou art put into the last linen that ever thou shalt weare (thy winding sheete) with reproch, and art sent into thy grave with curses : he that makes thy funerall sermon dares not speake well of thee, because he is ashamed to belye the dead ; and upon so hatefull a fyle doest thou hang the records of thy life, that even when the wormes have peckt thee to the bare bones, those that goe over thee will set upon thee no epitaph but this—*Here lyes a knave.*

Alack ! this is not the worst neither : thy wife being in the heate of her youth, in the pride of her beawty, and in all the bravery of a rich London widow, flies from her nest (where she was thus fledg'd before her time) the City, to shake off the imputation of a bankrupts wife, and perhaps marries with some gallant : thy bags then are emptied to hold him up in riots : those hundreds which thou subtilly

tookſt up upon thy bonds do ſinfully ſerve him to pay taverne bills, and what by knavery thou gotſt from honeſt men is as villanouſly ſpent upon pandars and whores. Thy widow, being thus brought to a low ebbe, grows deſperat, curſes her birth, her life, her fortunes ; yea, perhaps, curſes thee when thou art in thy everlaſting ſleepe, her conſcience perſwading ſtrongly that ſhe is puniſhed from above for thy faults ; and being poore, friendleſſe, comfortleſſe, ſhe findes no meanes to raiſe her ſelfe but by *falling*, and therefore growes to be a common woman. Doth not the thought of this torment thee ? She lives baſely by the abuſe of that body to maintaine which in coſtly garments thou didſt wrong to thine owne ſoule : nay, more to afflicte thee, thy children are ready to beg their bread in that very place where the father hath ſat at his dore in purple, and at his boord like Dives, ſurfeting on thoſe diſhes which were earned by the ſweat of other men browes. The infortunate marchant, whoſe eſtate is ſwallowed up by the mercileſſe ſeas, and the provident trademan, whom riotous ſervants at home, or hard-harted debtors abroad undermine and overthrow, blotting them with the name of bankrupts, deſerve to be pittied and relieved, when thou that haſt cozend even thine owne brother of his birth-right, art laught at, and not remembred but in ſcorne when thou art plagued in thy generation.

Be wiſe, therefore, you grave and wealthy cittizens ; play with theſe whales of the ſea, till you eſcape them that are devourers of your merchants : hunt theſe Engliſh wolves to the death, and rid the land of them ; for theſe are the rats that eate up the proviſion of the people : theſe are the graſhoppers of Egypt, that ſpoyle the corne-fields of the

husbandman, and the rich mans vineyards : they will have poore Naboths piece of ground from him, though they eate a piece of his heart for it. These are indeede (and none but these) the Forreners that live without the freedome of your city better than you within it : they live without the freedome of honesty, of conscience and of Christianitie. Ten dicing-houses cheate not yong gentlemen of so much mony in a yeare as these do you in a moneth. The theefe that dyes at Tyburne for a robbery is not halfe so dangerous a weede in a common-wealth as the Politick Bankrupt : I would there were a Derick to hang him up too !

The Ruffians have an excellent custome : they beate them on the shinnes that have mony and will not pay their debts : if that law were well cudgeld from thence into England, barbar-surgeons might in a few yeeres build up a hall for their Company larger then Powles, only with the cure of Bankrupt broken-shinnes.

I would faine see a prize set up, that the welted usurer and the Politick Bankrupt might rayle one against another for it : ô, it would beget a riming comedy ! The challenge of the Germaine against all the masters of the Noble Science would not bring in a quarter of the money ; for there is not halfe so much love betweene the iron and the loadstone, as there is mortall hate betweene those two furies. The usurer lives by the lechery of mony, and is bawd to his owne bags, taking a fee that they may ingender. The Politick Bankrupt lives by the gelding of bags of silver. The usurer puts out a hundred pound to breede, and lets it run in a good pasture (thats to say, in the lands that are mortgag'd for it) till it grow great with foale, and bring forth ten pound more. But the Politick Bankrupt plays

the alchimiſt, and having taken a hundred pound to multiply it, he keepes a puffing and a blowing, as if he would fetch the philoſophers ſtone out of it, yet melts your hundred pound ſo long in his cruſibles, till at length he either melt it cleane away, or (at the leaſt) makes him that lends it thinke good, if every hundred bring him home five with principall and intereſt.

You may behold now in this perſpective piece which I have drawne before you, how deadly and dangerous an enemy to the ſtate this Politick Bankrupt hath bin, and ſtill is. It hath bin long enough in the Citty, and, for any thing I ſee, makes no great haſte to get out. His triumphs have bin great, his entertainment rich and magnificent: he purpoſes to lye here as Lucifers Legiar: let him therefore alone in his lodging (in what part of the Citty ſoever it be) toſſed and turmoyled with godleſſe ſlumbers, and let us take up a ſtanding neere ſome other gate to behold the entrance of the Second Sinne. But before you go, looke upon the chariot that this Firſt is drawne in, and take ſpeciall note of all his attendants.

The habit, the qualities and the complexion of this embaffador ſent from hell are ſet downe before. He rides in a chariot drawne upon three wheeles, that run faſteſt away when they beare the greateſt loades. The bewty of the chariot is all in-layd work, cunningly and artificially wrought, but yet ſo ſtrangely, and of ſo many ſeverall-faſhioned pieces (none like another) that a ſound wit would miſtruſt they had bin ſtolne from ſondry worke-men. By this prowd counterfet ran two pages; on the left ſide Conſcience, raggedly attird, ill-fac'd, ill-coloured and miſſhapen in body. On the right ſide runs Beggery, who, if

he out-live him, goes to serve his children. Hipocrisy drives the chariot, having a couple of fat well-coloured and lusty coach-horses to the eye, cold Covetousnes and Cosenage, but full of diseases, and rotten about the heart. Behind him follow a crowd of tradesmen and merchants, every one of them holding either a shop-booke or an obligation in his hand, their servants, wives and children strawing the way before him with curses; but he carelessly runnes over the one, and out-rides the other; at the tayle of whom (like the pioners of an army) march troop-wife, and without any drum struck up, because the leader can abide no noise, a company of old expert farjeants, bold yeomen, hungry baylifs, and other brave martiall men, who, because (like the Switzers) they are well payd, are still in action, and oftentimes have the enemy in execution, following the heeles of this citty-conqueror so close, not for any love they owe him, but only (as all those that follow great men do) to get mony by him. We will leave them lying in ambush, or holding their courts of gard, and take a muster of our next regiment.

2. LYING

OR

THE SECOND DAYES TRIUMPH.

When it came to the eares of the sinfull Synagogue how the rich Jew of London (Barabbas Bankruptisme), their brother, was receyved into the Citty, and what a lusty reveler he was become, the rest of the same progeny (being 6 in number) vowd to ride thither in their greatest state,

and that every one should challenge to himselfe (if he could enter) a severall day of Tryumph, for so he might doe by their owne customes. Another, therefore, of the broode being presently aptly accoustred and armed *cap-a-pe* with all furniture fit for such an invader, sets forward the very next morning, and arriv'de at one of the gates before any of the porters eyes were unglewd. To knocke hee thought it no policy, because such fellowes are commonly most churlish when they are most intreated, and are key-cold in their comming downe to strangers, except they be brybed: to stay there with such a confusion of faces round about him, till light should betray him, might call his arrivall, being strange and hidden, into question: besides he durst not send any spy he had to listen what newes went amongst the people, and whether any preparation were made for him, or that they did expect his approche; because indeede there was not any one of the damned crewe that followed his tayle whom he durst trust for a true word. He resolves, therefore, to make his entrance not by the sword, but by some sleight, what storme or fayre weather soever should happen.

And for that purpose taking asunder his charriot (for it stood altogether like a Germane clock, or an English jack or turne-spit upon skrewes and vices) he scatters his troops upon the fields and hye-way into small companies, as if they had bene Irish beggers, till at last espying certayne colliers with carts most sinfully loaden for the Citty, and behind them certayne light country horse-women ryding to the markets, hee mingled his foote-men carelesly amongst these, and by this stratagem of coales bravely thorow Moore-gate got within the walles; where marching not like

a plodding grafyer with his droves before him, but like a Citty-captayne with a company (as pert as taylours at a wedding) close at his heeles (because nowe they knewe they were out of feare) he musters together all the hackney-men and horse-courfers in and about Colman-streete.

No sooner had these sonnes and heyres unto horse-shoos got him into their eyes, but they wept for joy to behold him; yet, in the ende, putting up their teares into bottles of hay, which they held under their armes, and wiping their slubberd cheekes with wispes of cleane strawe (provyded for the nonce) they harnessed the Grand Signiors caroach, mounted his cavallery upon curtals, and so sent him most pompously (like a new elected Dutch burgo-master) into the citty.

He was lookt upon strangely by all whom he met, for at the first few or none knew him, few followed him, few bid him welcome. But after hee had spent heere a very little peece of time, after it was voyc'd that Monsieur Mendax came to dwell amongst them, and had brought with him all sorts of politick falshood and lying, what a number of men, women and children fell presently in love with him! There was of every trade in the citty, and of every profession some that instantly were dealers with him: for you must note that in a state so multitudinous, where so many flocks of people must be fed, it is impossible to have some trades to stand, if they should not lye.

How quickly after the art of lying was once publiquely profest were false weights and false measures invented! And they have not since done as much hurt to the inhabitants of citties as the invention of gunnes hath done to their walles; for though a lye have but short legs (like a dwarfes) yet it goes farre in a little time, *Et crescit cundo,*

and at last proves a tall fellow : the reason is that truth hath ever but one father, but lyes are a thousand mens bastards, and are begotten every where.

Looke up then (thou thy countryes darling) and behold what a divelish inmate thou hast intertained. The genealogy of truth is well knowne, for he was borne in heaven and dwells in heaven. Falshood, then, and lying must of necessity come out of that hot country of hell from the line of devils; for those two are as opposite as light and darknes. What an ungracious generation wilt thou mingle with thine, if thou draw not *this* from thee ! What a number of unhappy and cursed children will be left upon thy hand ! for Lying is father of Falshood, and grandfire to Perjury. Frawd (with two faces) is his daughter, a very monster : Treason (with haire like snakes) is his kinsfeman, a very fury. How art thou inclos'd with danger ! The lye first deceives thee, and to shoote the deceit off cleanly, an oath (like an arrow) is drawne to the head, and that hits the marke. If a lye, after it is molded, be not smooth enough, there is no instrument to burnish it but an oath. Swearing gives it cullor and a bright complexion : so that oathes are crutches upon which lyes (like lame foldiers) go and neede no other pasport. Little oathes are able to beare up great lyes ; but great lyes are able to beate downe great families ; for oathes are wounds that a man stabs into himselfe ; yea, they are burning words that consume those who kindle them.

What fooles, then, are thy buyers and sellers to be abused by such hell hounds ! Swearing and forswearing put into their hands, perhaps, the gaines of a little silver, but like those pieces which Judas received they are their destruc-

tion. Welth so gotten is like a tree fet in the depth of winter : it prospers not.

But is it possible (thou leader of so great a kingdome) that heretofore so many bonfires of mens bodies should be made before thee in the good quarrell of truth, and that now thou shouldst take part with her enemy? Have so many triple-pointed darts of treason bin shot at the heads of thy princes, because they would not take truth out of thy temples, and art thou now in league with false witches that would kill thee? Thou art no traveler; the habit of lying, therefore, will not become thee : cast it off.

He that gives a foldier the lye lookes to receive the stab, but what danger does he run upon that gives a whole city the lye? Yet must I venture to give it thee. Let me tell thee, then, that thou doest lye with pride, and though thou art not so gawdy, yet art thou more costly in attiring thy selfe than the court, because Pride is the Queene of Sinnes : thou hast chosen her to be thy concubine, and hast begotten many daughters upon her body, as Vainglory, Curiosity, Disobedience, Opinion, Disdain, &c. Pride, by thy lying with her, is growne impudent : she is now a common harlot, and every one hath use of her body. The Taylor call her his lemman : he hath often got her great with child of Phantasticallity and Fashions, who no sooner came into the world, but the fairest wives of thy tenants snatcht them up into their armes, layd them in their laps and to their breasts, and after they had plaid with them their pleasure, into the country were those two children (of the Taylors) sent to be nurst up ; so that they live sometimes there, but ever and anon with thee.

Thou doest likewise lye with Ufury : how often hast thou

bin found in bed with her! How often hath she bin openly disgraced at the Crosse for a strumpet! yet still doest thou keepe her company, and art not ashamed of it, because you commit sinne together, even in those houses that have paynted posts standing at the gates. What ungodly brats and kindred hath she brought thee! for upon Ufury hast thou begotten Extortion (a strong but an unmannerly child); Hardnes of Heart, a very murderer; and Bad Conscience, who is so unruly that he seemes to be sent unto thee to be thy everlasting paine. Then, hath she sonnes in law, and they are all scriveners: those scriveners have base sonnes, and they are all common brokers: those brokers likewise send a number into the world, and they are all common thieves.

All of these may easily give armes; for they fetch their discent from hell, where are as many gentlemen as in any one place in any kingdome.

Thou doost lye with sundrye others, and committest strange whoredomes, which by use and boldnesse growe so common that they seeme to be no whoredomes at all. Yet thine owne abominations would not appeare so vilely, but that thou makest thy buildings a brothelry to others; for thou suffereest Religion to lye with Hipocrisie, Charitie to lye with Ostentation, Friendship to lye with Hollow-heart-ednes, the Churle to lye with Simony, Justice to lye with Bribery, and, last of all, Conscience to lye with everie one; so that now shee is full of diseases. But thou knowest the medicine for al these feavers that shake thee: be, therefore, to thy selfe thine owne phisition, and by strong pilles purge away this second infection that is breeding upon the before it strike to the heart.

Falshood and Lying thus have had their day, and, like almanackes of the last yeare, are now gon out : let us follow them a step or two farther to see how they ride and then (if we can) leave them ; for I perceive it growes late because Candle-light (who is next to enter upon the stage) is making himself ready to act his comicall scenes. The chariot, then, that Lying is drawne in is made al of whetstones : Wantonnes and Evil Custome are his horses : a foole is the coachman that drives them : a couple of swearing fencers sometimes leade the horses by the reynes, and sometimes flourish before them to make roome. Worshipfully is this Lord of Limbo attended, for knights themselves follow at his heeles : mary, they are not poft and poyre knightes, but one of the poft ; amongst whose traine is shuffled in a company of scrambling ignorant petti-foggers, leane knaves and hungrie, for they live upon nothing but the scraps of the law, and heere and there (like a prune in white-broth) is stuck a spruce, but a meere prating unpractised, lawyers clarke all in blacke. At the tayle of all (when this goodly pageant is passed by) follow a crowde, of everie trade some, amongst whome, least we be smothered, and bee taken to bee of the same list, let us strike downe my way. *Namque odi profanū vulgus.*

3. CANDLE-LIGHT

OR

THE NOCTURNALL TRYUMPH.

O, Candle-light ! and art thou one of the curfed crew ?
 Haft thou bin set at the table of princes and noblemen ?

Have all fortes of people doone reverence unto thee, and stood bare so soone as ever they have seene thee? Have theeves, traytors, and murderers been affraide to come in thy prefence, because they knewe thee just, and that thou wouldest discover them? And art thou now a harborer of all kindes of vices? Nay, doost thou play the capitall Vice thy felfe?

Haft thou had so many learned lectures read before thee, and is the light of thy understanding now cleane put out, and have so many profound schollers profited by thee? Haft thou doone such good to universities, beene such a guide to the lame, and seene the dooing of so many good workes, yet doest thou now looke dimly, and with a dull eye upon al goodnes? What comfort have sickmen taken (in weary and irksome nights) but onely in thee! Thou hast been their phisition and apothecary, and when the relifh of nothing could please them, the very shadow of thee hath beene to them a restorative consolation. The nurse hath stilled her wayward infant, shewing it but to thee. What gladnes hast thou put into mariners bosomes, when thou hast met them on the sea! What joy into the faint and benighted travailer when he has met thee on the land! How many poore handy-craftes men by thee have earned the best part of their living! and art thou now become a companion for drunkards, for leachers, and for prodigalles! Art thou turnd reprobate? Thou wilt burn for it in hell; and so odious is this thy apostacy, and hiding thy self from the light of the truth, that at thy death and going out of the world even they that love thee best wil tread thee under their feete: yea, I, that have thus plaid the herald, and proclaimd thy good parts, wil now play the cryer and

cal thee into open court to arraigne thee for thy misdemeanors.

Let the world, therefore, understand that this tallow-facde gentleman (cald Candle-light), so soone as ever the funne was gon out of sight, and that darknes, like a thief out of a hedge, crept upon the earth, sweate till hee dropt agen with bustling to come into the Cittie. For having no more but one onely eye (and that fierie red with drinking and sitting up late), he was ashamed to be seene by day, knowing he should be laught to scorne and hooted at. He makes his entrance, therefore, at Aldersgate of set purpose; for though the streete be faire and spacious, yet few lightes in mistie evenings using there to thrust out their golden heads, he thought that the aptest circle for him to be raised in, because there his glittering would make greatest shew.

What expectation was there of his comming! Setting aside the bonfires, there is not more triumphing on Midfommer night. No sooner was he advaunced up into the most famous streetes, but a number of shops for joy beganne to shut in: mercers rolde up their filkes and velvets: the goldsmithes drew back their plate, and all the Citty lookt like a private play-house, when the windowes are clapt downe, as if some nocturnall or dismall tragedy were presently to be acted before all the trades-men. But Cavaliero Candle-light came for no such solemnitie: no, he had other crackers in hand, to which hee watcht but his houre to give fire. Scarce was his entrance blown abroad, but the bankrupt, the fellow, and all that owed any money, and for feare of arrests or justices warrants had, like so many snayles, kept their houses over their heads al the day before, began now to creep out of their shels, and to stalke

up and down the streets as uprightly and with as proud a gate as if they meant to knock against the starres with the crownes of their heads.

The damask-coated cittizen that sat in his shop both forenoone and afternoone, and lookt more sowerly on his poore neighbors then if he had drunke a quart of vinegar at a draught, sneakes out of his owne doores and slips into a taverne, where, either alone or with some other that battles their money together, they so plye themselves with penny pots, which (like small-shot) goe off, powring into their fat paunches, that at length they have not an eye to see withall, nor a good legge to stand upon. In which pickle if anye of them happen to be justled downe by a post (that in spite of them will take the wall) and so reeles them into the kennell, who takes them up or leades them home? Who has them to bed, and with a pillow smotheres this stealing so of good liquor, but that brazen-face Candle-light? Nay more, he intices their verie prentices to make their desperate fallyes out, and quicke retyres in (contrarie to the oath of their indentures) which are seaven yeares a swearing, onely for their pintes and away.

Tush! this is nothing. Yong shopkeepers that have but newly ventured upon the pikes of marriage, who are every houre shewing their wares to their customers, plying their businesse harder all day then Vulcan does his anvile, and seeme better husbands than fidlers, that scrape for a poore living both day and night, yet even these, if they can but get Candle-light to sit up all night with them in any house of reckning (that's to say in a taverne) they fall roundly to play the London prize, and that's at three severall weapons, drinking, dauncing and dicing, their wives lying all that

time in their beds fighting like widowes, which is lamentable, the giddie-braind husbands wasting the portions they had with them, which lost once they are (like maiden-heades) never recoverable. Or, which is worfe, this going bat-fowling a nights beeing noted by some wise yong man or other, that knowes how to handle such cases, the bussh is beaten for them at home, whilest they catch the bird abroad; but what bird is it? The woodcocke.

Never did any cittie pocket up such wrong at the hands of one over whom she is so jealous and so tender that, in winter nights, if he be but missing and hide himselfe in the darke, I know not how many beadles are sent up and downe the streetes to crie him: yet you see there is more cause she should send out to curse him. For what villanies are not abroad so long as Candle-light is stirring? The serving-man dare then walke with his wench: the private puncke (otherwise called one that boords in London), who like a pigeon sits billing all day within doores, and feares to step over the threshold, does then walke the round till midnight, after she hath beene swaggering amongst pottle pots and vintners boyes. Nay, the sober Perpetuana suited Puritane, that dares not (so much as by moone-light) come neere the suburb-shadow of a house where they set stewed prunes before you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knowes Candle-light is within, as if he were new chosen constable. When all doores are lockt up, when no eyes are open, when birds are silent in bushes, and beasts lie sleeping under hedges, when no creature can be smelt to be up, but they that might be smelt every night a streets length ere you come at them, even then doth this *Ignis fatuus* (Candle-light) walke like a fire-drake into fundrie corners. If

you will not beleeeve this, shoote but your eye through the iron grates into the cellers of the vintners, there you shall see him hold his necke in a jin made of a clift hoope-sticke, to throttle him from telling tales, whilst they most abhominably jumble together all the papistickall drinkes that are brought from beyond sea. The poore wines are rackt and made to confesse anie thing: the Spanish and the French meeting both in the bottome of the cellar, conspire together in their cups to lay the Englishman (if he ever come into their company) under the boord.

To be short, such strange mad musick doe they play upon their sacke-buttles, that if Candle-light, beeing overcome with the steeme of new sweete wines when they are at worke, shoulde not tell them tis time to goe to bedde, they would make all the hogges-heads that use to come to the house to daunce the Canaries till they reeld againe. When the grape-mongers and hee are parted, hee walkes up and downe the streetes squiring the old midwives to anie house (verie secretly) when any bastards are to be brought into the worlde. From them (about the houre when spirits walke and cats goe a gossiping) hee visits the watch, where creeping into the beadles cothouse (which standes betweene his legges that are lapt rounde about with peeces of rugge, as if he had newe stricke of[f] shackles) and seeing the watchmen to nodde at him, hee hydes himselfe presently (knowing the token) under the flappe of a gowne, and teaches them (by instinct) how to steale nappes into their heades, because he sees all their cloakes have not one good nappe upon them; and uppon his warrant snort they so lowde that to those night-walkers (whose wittes are up so late) it serves as a watch-worde to keepe out of the reach of their

browne billes : by which meanes they never come to aunswere the matter before maister Constable, and the bench upon which his men (that shoulde watch) doe fitte : so that the Counters are cheated of prisioners, to the great damage of those that shoulde have their mornings draught out of the garnish.

O Candle-light, Candle-light ! to howe manie costely sacke-poffets and reare banquets hast thou beene invited by prentices and kitchen-maidens ! When the bell-man, for anger to spie (such a purloyners of cittizens goods) so many, hath bounced at the doore like a madde man, at which (as if Robin Good-fellow had beene conjur'd amongst them) the wenches have falne into the handes of the greene-sicknesse, and the yong fellows into colde agues, with verie feare least their maister (like olde Jeronimo and Isabella his wife after him) starting out of their naked bed should come downe (with a weapon in his hande), and this in his mouth, *What outcryes pull us from our naked bedde ? Who calles ?* &c., as the players can tell you. O Candle-light, howe hast thou stuncke then, when they have popt thee out of their companie ! Howe hast thou taken it in snuffe, when thou hast beene smelt out, especially the maister of the house exclayming that by day that deede of darknesse had not beene. One vennie more with thee, and then I have done.

How a many lips have beene worne out with kissing at the street doore, or in the entry (in a winking blind evening) ! How many odde matches and uneven mariages have been made there betweene young prentises and there maisters daughters, whilest thou (O Candle-light) hast stood watching at the staires head, that none could come stealing downe by thee, but they must be seene !

It appeares by these articles put in against thee, that thou art partly a bawd to diuerse loofe sinnes, and partly a coozener ; for if any in the cittie have badde wares lying deade uppon their handes, thou art better than *aqua vite* to fetch life into them, and to send them packing. Thou shalt, therefore, bee taken out of thy proude chariot and bee carted : yet first will wee see what workmanship and what stufte it is made of, to the intent that if it bee not daungerous for a cittie to keepe any relique belonging to such a crooked faint, it may bee hung up as a monument to shewe with what dishonour thou wert driven out of so noble a lodging, to deface whose buildings thou hast beene so envious, that when thou hast beene left alone by any thing that would take fire, thou hast burnt to the ground many of her goodliest houses.

Candle-lights coach is made all of horne, shaven as thin as changelinges are. It is drawne (with ease) by two rats : the coachman is a chaundler, who so sweats with yearking that he drops tallowe, and that feedes them as provender : yet are the lashes that he gives the squeaking vermine more deadly to them then all the rats baine in Bucklerfburie. Paineifulnesse and Studdy are his two lackeyes, and run by him : Darknesse, Conspiracy, Opportunitie, Strata-gems, and Feare, are his attendants : hee's sued unto by diggers in mines, gravers, schollers, mariners, nurfes, drunkards, unthriftes, and shrode husbands : he destroyes that which feedes him, and therefore, Ingratitude comes behinde all this, driving them before her. The next diuel that is to be commaunded up is a very lazie one, and will be long in rising : let us, therefore, unbinde this, and fall to other charmes.

4. SLOTH

OR

THE FOURTH DAYES TRYUMPH.

Man (doubtleffe) was not created to bee an idle fellow, for then he should be Gods vagabond: he was made for other purpose then to be ever eating as swine, ever sleeping as dormife, ever dumb as fishes in the sea, or ever prating to no purpose as birdes of the ayre: he was not fet in the univerfall orchard to stand still as a tree, and so to bee cut downe, but to be cut downe if he should stand still. And to have him remember this he carries certaine watches with larums about him, that are ever striking; for all the inginous wheeles of the foule are continually going: though the body lye never so fast bounde in slumbers, the imagination runnes too and fro; the phantasie flies round about, the vitall spirits walke up and downe; yea, the very pulses shew activitie, and their hammers are still beating, so that even in his very dreames it is whispered in his eare that he must be a dooing something.

If hee had not these prompters at his elbowe, yet everie member of his body (if it could speake) would chide him if they were put to no use, considering what noble workmanship is bestowed upon them. For man no sooner gets upon his legges, but they are made so that either hee may run or goe? when he is weary they can give him ease by standing still: if he will not stand, the knees serve like hindges to bow up and downe, and to let him kneele. His armes have artificiall cordes and stringes, which shorten or flye

out to their length at pleasure. They winde about the bodye like a silver girdle, and being held out before, are weapons to defend it: at the end of the armes are two beautifull mathematicall instruments with five severall motions in each of them, and thirtie other moving engines by which they stirre both. His head likewise standes upon three skrewes; the one is directly forward to teach him providence; the other two are on either side one, to arme him with circumspection: how busie are both the eyes to keepe danger from him everie way!

But admit hee had none of these wonderfull volumes to reade over, yet hee sees the clowdes alwaies working; the waters ever labouring; the earth continuallye bringing foorth: he sees the funne have a hie colour with taking paines for the day: the moone pale and sickly with sitting up for the night: the starres mustring their armyes together to guard the moone; all of them, and all that is in the world serving as schoolemaisters, and the world it selfe as Academ to bring up man in knowledge, and to put him still into action.

How, then, dares this nastie and loathsome sin of Sloth venture into the citie amongst so many people? Who doth he hope will give him entertainment? What lodging (thinks he) can be taine up where he and his heavy-headed company may take their afternoones nap soundly? for in every street carts and coaches make such a thundring, as if the world ranne upon wheeles: at every corner men, women, and children meete in such shoales that postes are sette up of purpose to strengthen the houses, least with juffling one another they should shoulder them downe. Besides, hammers are beating in one place, tubs hooping in

another, pots clincking in a third, water-tankards running at tilt in a fourth: heere are porters sweating under burdens; there marchants-men bearing bags of money; chapmen (as if they were at leape-frog) skippe out of one shop into another; tradesmen (as if they were dauncing galliards) are lusty at legges and never stand still: all are busie as countrie attorneyes at an Assizes. How, then, can Idlenes thinke to inhabit heere?

Yet the worshipfull sir (that leades a gentlemans life and dooth nothing) though hee comes but slowly on (as if he trode a French march) yet hee comes, and with a great trayne at his tayle, as if the countrie had brought up some fellow to one of our gayles: so is hee convaide by nine or ten drowfie malt-men that lye nodding over their sackes, and even a moste sleepee and still triumph begins his entrance at Bishopsgate.

An armie of substantiall householders (moste of them living by the hardnesse of the hand) came in battaile array, with spread banners, bearing the armes of their severall occupations to meete this cowardly Generall, and to beate him backe. But hee summoning a parles hammered out such a strong oration in praise of Ease that they all struck up their drums, flung up their round cappes (and as if it had beene another William the Conqueror) came marching in with him, and lodged him in the quietest streete in the cittie, for so his Lazinesse requested.

Hee then presently gave licenses to all the vintners to keepe open house, and to emptye their hogsheads to all commers; who did so, dying their grates into a drunkards blush (to make them knowne from the grates of a prison) least customers should reele away from them, and hanging

out new bushes, that if men at their going out could not see the signe, yet they might not loose themselves in the bush. He likewise gave order that dicing-houses and bowling alleyes should be erected, wherupon a number of poore handy-crafts-men, that before wrought night and day, made stocks to themselves of ten groates and crowns a peece, and what by betting, lurches, rubbers and such tricks they never tooke care for a good daies worke afterwards. For as Letchery is patron of al your suburb colledges, and sets up vaulting-houses and dauncing-schools; and as Drunkenesse when it least can stand does best hold up alehouses, so Sloth is a founder of the almshouses first mentioned, and is a good benefactor to these last.

The Players prayed for his coming: they lost nothing by it: the coming in of tenne ambassadors was never so sweete to them as this our sinne was: their houses smoakt everye after noone with stinkards, who were so glewed together in crowdes with the steames of strong breath, that when they came forth their faces lookt as if they had beene perboyld: and this comicall tearme-time they hoped for at the least all the summer, because tis given out that Sloth himselfe will come and sit in the two-pennie galleries amongst the gentlemen to see their knaveries and their pastimes.

But alas! if these were the worst diseases (thou noblest city of the now noblest nation) that Idleness does infect thee with, thou hast phisick sufficient in thy selfe to purge thy bodie of them. No, no; hee is not slothfull, that is onelye lazie, that onelye wastes his good houres, and his silver in luxury and licentious ease, or that onely (like a

standing water) does nothing but gather corruption : no, hee is the true slothfull man that does no good. And how many would crie *Guilty* unto thee, if this were there inditement ? Thy majestrates that (when they see most danger) put up the swordes that Justice hath guided to their loynes, and flie unto the countrie, leaving thee destitute of their counsell, they would crie guilty, they are slothfull.

Thy phisitions that fearing to die by that which they live (sicknes) doe most unkindely leave thee when thou art ready to lye upon thy death bed, they are slothfull ; they would crie guilty. Thy great men, and such as have been thy rulers, that being taken out of poore cradles, and nursed up by thee, have fild their cofers with golde, and their names with honour, yet afterwards growing weary of thee (like mules having suckt their dammes) most ingratfully have they stolne from thee, spending those blessings which were thine upon those that no way deserve them, are not these slothfull ? They would crie guiltye. There is yet one more whome I would not heare to crie guiltye, because (of all others) I would not have them slothfull. O, you that speake the language of angels, and should indeed be angels amongst us, you that have offices above those of kinges, that have warrant to commaund princes, and controle them if they doe amisse ; you that are stewards over the kings house of heaven, and lye heere as embassadors about the greatestt state-matters in the world, what a dishonour were it to your places that it should bee knowne that you are slothfull ! You are sworne labourers to worke in a vineyard, which if you dresse not carefully, if you cut it not artificially, if you underprop it not wisely when you see it laden, if you gather not the fruites in it when they bee

ripe, but suffer them to drop downe, and bee eaten by swine, O, what a deere account are you to make to him that must give you your hire ! You are the beames of the sun that must ripen the grapes of the vine, and if you shine not cleerely he will eclipse you for ever : your tongues are the instruments that must cut off rancke and idle sprigs, to make the bearing-braunches to spread ; and unlesse you keep them sharpe, and be ever pruning with them, he will cast you by, and you shall be eaten up with rust. The church is a garden, and you must weede it : it is a fountaine and you must keepe it cleere : it is her husbands jewell, and you must pollish it : it is his best beloved and you must keepe her chaste.

Many merchants hath this cittie to her sonnes, of al which you are the most noble : you trafficke onely for mens soules, sending them to the Land of Promise, and to the heavenly Jerusaleme, and receiving from thence (in exchange) the richest commoditie in the world, your owne salvation. O, therefore, bee not you slothfull ! for if, being chosen pilots, you sleepe and so strike upon the rockes, you hazard your owne shipwracke more then theirs that venture with you.

What a number of colours are here grounded to paint out Sloth in his ugliness, and to make him loathed, whilst he (yawning, and his chin knocking nods into his breast) regards not the whips of the most crabbinish satyristes. Let us, therefore, looke upon his horse-litter that he rides in, and so leave him.

A couple of unthodde asses carry it betweene them : it is all fluttishly overgrowne with mosse on the outside, and on the inside quilted through out with downe pillows. Sleepe

and Plenty leade the fore-affe : a purfie double chind Læna riding on a fumpter-horfe with provander at his mouth, and she is the litter-driver : shee keepes two pages, and those are an Irish beggar on the one side, and one that sayes he has been a soldier on the other side. His attendants are Sicknes, Want, Ignorance, Infamy, Bondage, Palenes, Blockishnes, and Carelesnes. The retayners that wear his cloth are Anglers, Dumb Ministers, Players, Exchange-Wenches, Gamsters, Panders, Whores, and Fidlers.

APISHNESSE

OR

THE FIFT DAYES TRIUMPH.

Sloth was not so slow in his march when hee entred the citie, but Apishnesse (that was to take his turne next) was as quick. Do you not know him? It cannot be read in any chronicle that he was ever with Henrie the eight at Bulloigne, or at the winning of Turwin and Turnay ; for (not to belie the sweete gentleman) he was neither in the shell then, no nor then when Paules-steeple and the weather-cocke were on fire ; by which markes (without looking in his mouth) you may safely sweare that hees but yong ; for hees a feirfe dapper fellow, more light headed then a musitian, as phantaftically attyred as a court jeafter, wanton in discourse, lascivious in behaviour, jocond in good companie, nice in his trencher, and yet he feedes very hungerly on scraps of songs : he drinkes in a glasse well, but vilely in a deepe French-bowle ; yet much about the yeare when

Monfieur came in was hee begotten betweene a French tayler and an English court-feamfter. This Signior Jocularo (as the divell would have it) comes prawnfing in at Cripplegate, and he may well doe it, for indeede all the parts hee playes are but con'd fpeeches ftolne from others, whose voices and actions hee counterfeites, but fo lamely that all the cripples in tenne fpittle-houfes fhewe not more halting. The graver browes were bent againft him, and by the awfull charmes of reverend Authoritie would have fent him downe from whence he came, for they knew howe fmoother foever his lookes were there was a divell in his bofome. But hee, having the ftronger faction on his fide, fet them in a mutenie: *Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus*: the manie headed monfter fought as it had beene againft Saint George, won the gate, and then with fhewtes was the Gaveston of the time brought in. But who brought him in? None but richmens fonnes that were left well, and had more money given by will, then they had wit how to beftow it: none but prentices almoft out of their yeers, and all the tailors, haberdafhers and embroderers that could be got for love or money; for thefe were preft fecretly to the fervice by the yong and wanton dames of the citie, becaufe they would not be feene to fhewe their love to him themfelves.

Man is Gods ape, and an ape is Zani to a man, doing over thofe trickes (efpecially if they be knaviſh) which hee fees done before him: fo that Apifhneffe is nothing but counterfetting or imitation; and this flower when it firft came into the citie had a prettie ſcent, and a delightfull colour, hath bene let to run fo high, that it is now feeded, and where it fals there rife up a ſtinking weede.

For as man is Gods ape, striving to make artificiall flowers, birdes, &c., like to the naturall, so for the same reason are women mens shee apes, for they will not bee behind them the breadth of a taylors yard (which is nothing to speake of) in anie new-fangled upstart fashion. If men get up French standing collers, women will have the French standing collar too: if dublets with little thick skirts (so short that none are able to sit upon them) womens foreparts are thicke-skirted too. By surfetting upon which kinde of phantasticall Apishnesse in a short time they fall into the disease of pride: pride is infectious, and breedes prodigalitie: prodigalitie after it has runne a little closes up and festers, and then turnes to beggerie. Wittie was that painter, therefore, that when he had limned one of every nation in their proper attyres, and beeing at his wittes endes how to drawe an Englishman, at the last (to give him a quippe for his follie in apparell) drewe him starke naked, with sheeres in his hand, and cloth on his arme, because none could cut out his fashions but himselfe.

For an English-mans fuite is like a traitors bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne and quartered, and is set up in severall places: his codpeece in Denmarke; the collar of his duple[t] and the belly in France; the wing and narrow sleeve in Italy; the short waste hangs over a Dutch botchers stall in Utrich; his huge floppes speakes Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes; the blocke for his head alters faster then the feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne blockheades. And thus we that mocke everie nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie one of them to peece out our pride,

and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us.

This sinne of Apishness, whether it be in apparell or in diet, is not of such long life as his fellowes, and for seeing none but women and fooles keepe him companie, the one wil be ashamed of him when they begin to have wrinckles, the other when they feele their purses light. The magistrate, the wealthy commoner, and the auncient cittizen disdaine to come neare him: wee were best therefore take note of such things as are aboute him, least on a suddaine hee slip out of sight.

Apishness rides in a chariot made of nothing but cages, in which are all the strangest out-landish birds that can be gotten: the cages are stucke full of parats feathers: the coachman is an Italian Mownti-banck who drives a fawne and a lambe, for they draw the gew-gaw in winter, when such beafts are rarest to be had: in sommer it goes alone by the motion of wheelles. Two pages in light coloured suites, embrodered full of butterflies, with wings that flutter up with the winde, run by him, the one being a dauncing boy, the other a tumbler. His attendants are Folly, Laughter, Inconstancie, Riot, Niceness and Vainglorie: when his Court removes hee is followed by Tobacconists, Shittlecock-makers, Feather-makers, Cob-web-lawne-weavers, Perfumers, young countrie Gentlemen and Fooles. In whose ship whilst they are sayling, let us observe what other abuses the Verdimotes Inquest doe present on the lande, albeit they bee never reformed, till a second Chaos is to bee refined. In the meane time, *In nova fert animus.*

SHAVING:

OR

THE SIXT DAYES TRIUMPH.

How? Shaving! Methinkes Barbers should crie to their customers *winck hard*, and come running out of their shoppes into the open streetes, throwing all their suddes out of their learned Latin basons into my face for presuming to name the mysterie of Shaving in so villanous a companie as these seven are. Is that trade (say they) that for so many yeares hath beene held up by so many heades, and has out-bearded the stowtest in England to their faces—is that trade, that because it is evermore trimming the Citie, hath beene for so many yeers past made up into a societie, and have their Guild, and their Priviledges with as much freedome as the best, must that now be counted a sinne (nay, and one of the Deadly Sinnes) of the Cittie? No, no: be not angry with me (Oh you that bandie away none but sweete washing balles, and cast none other then rose waters for any mans pleasure) for there is shaving within the walles of this great metropolis which you never dreamed of—a shaving that takes not only away the rebellious haire, but brings the flesh with it too; and if that cannot suffice, the very bones must follow. If therefore you and five Companies greater then yours should chuse a Colonel to lead you against this mightie Tamburlaine, you are too weake to make him retire, and if you should come to a battell, you would loose the day.

For behold, what troopes forsake the standard of the

citie, and flie to him! Neither are they base and common fouldiers, but even those that have borne armes a long time. Be silent, therefore, and be patient; and since there is no remedie but that (this combatant that is so cunning at the sharp) wil come in, mark in what triumphant and proud manner he is marshalled through Newgate: at which bulwarke (and none other) did he (in policy) desire to shew himselfe. First, because he knew if the citie should play with him as they did with Wiat: Newgate held a number that, though they were false to all the world, would be true to him. Couragiously, therefore, does he enter: all of them that had once served under his colors (and were now to suffer for the truth which they had abused) leaping up to the iron lattaces to beholde their general, and making such a ratling and shaking their chaines for joy, as if Cerberus had bin come from hell to live and die amongst them. Shaving is now lodged in the heart of the citie, but by whom? and at whose charges? Mary, at a common purse to which many are tributaries, and therefore no marvell if he be feasted royally. The first that paid their mony towards it are cruel and covetous land-lords, who for the building of a chimney, which stands them not above 30s., and for whitening the wals of a tenement which is scarce worth the daubing, raise the rent presently (as if it were new put into the Subsidy book) affessing it at 3*l*. a yeer more then ever it went for before: filthy wide-mouthed bandogs they are, that for a quarters rent will pull out their ministers throte, as if he were their tenant; and (though it turn to the utter undoing of a man) being rubbd with quicksilver, which they love because they have mangy consciences, they will let to a drunken Flemming a

house over his own country-mans head, thinking hees safe enough from the thunderbolts of their wives and children, and from curses, and the very vengeance of heaven, if he get by the bargain but so many angels as will cover the crowne of his head.

The next that laide downe his share was no sharer among the Players, but a shaver of yong gentlemen before ever a haire dare peepe out of their chinnes; and these are usurers, who for a little money and a great deale of trash (as fire shovels, browne paper, motley cloake-bags, &c.) bring yong novices into a fooles paradise till they have sealed the mortgage of their landes, and then like pedlers goe they (or some familiar spirit, for them raizde by the usurer) up and downe to cry commodities which scarce yeeld the third part of the sum for which they take them up.

There are likewise other barbers who are so well cuf-tomed that they shave a whole cittie sometymes in three dayes, and they doe it (as Bankes his horse did his tricks) onely by the eye and the eare: for if they either of them see no magistrate comming towards them (as being called back by the common-weale for more serious employments) or doe but heare that hee lyes sicke upon whom the health of a citie is put in hazard, they presently (like prentices upon Shrove-tuesday) take the lawe into their owne handes and doe what they list. And this legion consists of market-folkes, bakers, brewers, all that weigh their consciences in scales. And, lastly, of the two degrees of colliers, viz., those of char-coles and those Newcastle. Then have you the shaving of fatherlesse children, and of widowes, and thats done by executors: the shaving of poore clients

especially by the attorneyes clearkes of your courts, and thats done by writing their billes of costs upon cheverell: the shaving of prisoners by extortion, first taken by their keepers; for a prison is builded on such ranke and fertile ground that if a poore wretches sow it with hand-fulles of small debts when they come in, if they lie thee but a while to see the coming up of them, the charges of the house will be treble the demand of the creditor. Then have you brokers that shave poor men by most Jewish interest: marry, the devils trimme them so soone as they have washed others. I will not tell how vintners shave their guests with a little peece of paper not above three fingers broad; for their rooms are like barbarous chairs: men come into them willingly to be shaven. Onely (which is worst) bee it knowne to thee (O thou Queene of Cities) thy inhabitants shave their consciences so close, that in the end they growe balde, and bring forth no goodnesse.

Wee have beene quicke (you see) in trimming this Cutter of Queene Hith, because tis his propertie to handle others so: let us be as nymble in praying his household-stuffe; the best part of which is his chariot richly adorned. It is drawn by foure beasts, the 2 foremost are a wolfe (which will eate till he be readie to burst) and he is coach fellow to a she-beare, who is cruell even to women great with childe: behinde them are a couple of blood-houndes: the coachman is an informer. Two pettifoggers who have beene turned over the barre are his lackies: his household servants are Wit (who is his steward), Audacitie, Shifting, Inexorabilitie, and Disquietnesse of mind. The meanie are (besides some persons beforenamed) skeldring soldiers and begging schollers.

CRUELTYE,
OR
THE SEVENTH AND LAST DAYES TRIUMPH.

What a weeke of sinfull reveling hath heere bin with these fixe proud Lords of Misrule! To which of your hundred parishes (O you citizens!) have not some one of these (if not all) removed their courts, and feasted you with them? Your percullises are not strong enough to keepe them out by day, your watchmen are too sleepy to spie their stealing in by night. There is yet another to enter, as great in power as his fellowes, as subtile, as full of mischief. If I shoulde but name him to you, you would laugh mee to scorn, because you cannot bee perswaded that such a one should ever bee suffered to live within the freedome; yet if I name him not to you, you may in time by him (as by the rest) bee undone. It is Crueltie. O strange! mee thinkes London should start up out of her sollid foundation, and in anger bee ready to fall upon him, and grinde him to dust, that durst say shee is possesse with such a devill. Crueltie! The verie sound of it shewes that it is no English word: it is a fury sent out of hel, not to inhabit within such beautifull walles, but amongst Turkes and Tartars. The other fixe monsters transforme themselves into amiable shapes, and set golden, enticing charmes to winne men to their Circean love: they have angelical faces to allure, and bewitching tongues to inchaunt; but Crueltie is a hag, horred in forme, terrible in voice, formidable in threatens, a tyrant in his very lookes, and a murderer in all his actions.

How, then, commeth it to passe that heere he seekes entertainment? For what cittie in the world does more drie up the teares of the widdowe, and gives more warmth to the fatherlesse than this anciend and reverend Grandam of Citties? When hath the orphan (that is to receive great portions) lesse cause to mourne the losse of parents? He findes foure and twentie grave Senators to bee his fathers instead of one; the Cittie it selfe to bee his mother; her officers to bee his servants who see that hee want nothing; her lawes to suffer none to doe him wrong; and though he be never so simple in wit, or so tender in yeares, shee looks as warily to that welth which is left him, as to the apple of her owne eye. Where have the leaper and the lunaticke surgery and phisicke so good cheape as heere? their payment is onely thanks. Large Hospitalls are erected (of purpose to make them lodgings), and the rent is most easie—onely their prayers. Yet for all this that Charitie hath her armes full of her children, and that tender-brested compassion is still in one street or other dooing good workes: off from the hindges are one of the 7 gates readie to bee lifted to make roome for this giant: the Whiflers of your inferior and chiefe companies cleere the wayes before him; men of all trades, with shoutes and acclamations, followed in thronges behinde him; yea, even the silver-bearded and seveareft lookt citizens have given him welcomes in their parlors.

There are in Lond. and within the buildings that round about touch her sides, and stand within her reach, thirteene strong Houses of Sorrow, where the prisoner hath his heart wasting away sometimes a whole prentiship of yeres in cares. They are most of them built

of free-stone, but none are free within them: cold are their imbracements, unwholsom is their cheare, dispaireful their lodgings, uncomfortable their societies, miserable their inhabitants. O, what a deal of wretchednes can make shift to lye in a little roome! If those 13 houses were built al together, how rich would grieve be, having such large inclosures! Doth Cruelty challenge a freemans roome in the city because of these places? no, the politicke body of the Republike wold be infected if such houses as these were not maintained to keep up those that are unsound. Claimes he then an inheritance here because you have whipping postes in your streetes for the vagabond? the stocks and the cage for the unruly beggar? or because you have carts for the bawde and the harlot, and beadles for the leacher? Neither. Or is it because so many monthly sessions are held? so many men, women and children cald to a reconing at the bar of death for their lives; and so many lamentable hempen tragedies acted at Tiburne? Nor for this: Justice should have wrong to have it so reported. No (you inhabitants of this little world of people); Crueltie is a large tree, and Against forced you all stand under it: you are cruell in com-marriages. pelling your children (for wealth) to goe into loathed beds, for therby you make them bond slaves. What ploughman is so foolish to youke young hecfars and old bullocks together? Yet such is your husbandry. In fitting your coaches with horses you are very curious to have them (so neere as you can) both of a colour, both of a height, of an age, of proportion; and will you bee carelesse in coupling your children? He into whose bosome three score winters have thrust their frozen fingers, if he

bee rich (though his breath bee rancker then a muck-hill, his bodeye more drye than mummi, and his minde more lame than ignorance itfelfe), fhall have offered unto him (but it is offered as a facrifice) the tender boffome of a virgin upon whose fore-head was never written fixteene yeares : if she refufe this living death (for lefs than a death it cannot be unto her) she is threatned to be left an out-cast, curfd for difobedience, raild at daily and revilde howerlye : to fave her felfe from which basenes she desperately runnes into a bondage and goes to church to be married as if she went to be buried. But what glorye atcheive you in these conquests ? You doe wrong to time, inforcing May to embrace December : you difhonour age in bringing it into fcorne for infufficiency, into a loathing for dotage, into all mens laughter for jealousie. You make your daughters looke wrinckled with forrowes before they be olde, and your fonnes by riot to be beggars midft of their youth. Hence comes it that murders are often contrived, and as often acted : our countrie is woful in frefh examples. Hence comes it that the courtier gives you an open scoffe, the clown a fecret mock, the citizen that dwels at your threshold a leery frump. Hence it is that if you goe by water in the calmeft day, you are driven by fome fatall ftorme into the unlucky and dangerous haven betweene Greenewich and London.

You have another Cruelty in keeping men in prifon fo long til ficknes and death deale mildely with them, and (in
Against cruel despite of al tyranny) baile them out of all
creditors. executions. When you fee a poore wretch that to keep life in a loathed body hath not a houfe left to cover his head from the tempeftes, nor a bed (but the

common bedde which our mother, the earth, allowes him) for his cares to sleepe uppon, when you have (by keeping or locking him up) robd him of all meanes to get, what seeke you to have him loose but his life? The miserable prisoner is ready to famish, yet that cannot moove you : the more miserable wife is ready to runne mad with dispaire, yet that cannot melt you : the moste of all miserable, his children lye crying at your dores, yet nothing can awaken in you compassion. If his debts be heavie, the greater and more glorious is your pitie to worke his freedom : if they be light the sharper to the vengeance that will be heaped upon your heades for your hardnes of heart. Wee are moste like to God that made us when we shew love one to another, and doe moste looke like the divell that would destroy us when wee are one anothers tormentors. If any have so much flint growing about his bosome that he will needes make dice of mens bones, I would there were a lawe to compell him to make drinking bowles of their sculs too, and that everie miserable debter that so dyes might be buried at his creditors doore, that when hee strides over him he might thinke he still rises up (like the Ghost in *Feronimo*) crying Revenge!

Against un-
consonable
Masters.

Crueltie hath yet another part to play : it is acted (like the old Morralls at Maningtree) by tradesmen : marrye, severall companies in the cittie have it in study, and they are never perfect in it till the end of seaven yeares at least, at which time they come off with it roundly. And this it is : when your servants have made themselves bondmen to enjoy your fruitfull hand-maides ; thats to say, to have an honest and thriving art to live by ; when they have fared hardly with you by

indenture, and, like your beafts which carry you, have patiently borne al labours and all wrongs you could lay upon them.

When you have gathered the bloſſomes of their youth, and reaped the fruites of their ſtrength, and that you can no longer (for ſhame) hold them in captivitie, but that by the lawes of your country and of conſcience, you muſt undoe their fetters, then, even then, do you hang moſte weightes at their heeles to make them ſincke downe for ever: when you are bound to ſend them into the world to live, you ſend them into the world to beg: they ſerv'd you ſeven yeeres to picke up a poore living, and there in you are juſt, for you will be ſure it ſhall be a poore living indeed they ſhall pick up: for what do the rich cubs? Like foxes they lay their heads together in conſpiracy, burying their leaden conſciences under the earth, to the intent that all waters that are wholeſome in taſte, and have the ſweetnes of gaine in going downe may be drawne through them only, being the great pipes of their company, becauſe they ſee tis the cuſtome of the citty to have all waters that come thither conveyed by ſuch large veſſels, and they will not breake the cuſtomes of the citty. When they have the fullneſſe of welth to the brim, that it runs over, they ſcarce will ſuffer their poore ſervant to take that which runs at waſte, nor to gather up the wind-fals when all the great trees, as if they grew in the garden of the Heſperides, are laden with golden apples: no, they would not have them gleane the ſcattered eares of corne, though they themſelves cary away the full ſheafes: as if trades that were ordaind to be communities, had loſt their firſt priviledges, and were now turnd to monopolyes. But remember (ô you richman)

that your fervants are your adopted children ; they are naturalized into your bloud, and if you hurt them, you are guilty of letting out your owne, than which what cruelty can be greater ?

What Gallenift or Paracelsian in the world, by all his water-casting, and mineral extractions, would judge that this fairest-fac'de daughter of Brute (and good daughter to King Lud, who gave her her name) should have so much corruption in her body, and unlesse (that beeing now two

2700 and odde
yeeres since
London was
first builded by
Brute.

thousand and seven hundred yeeres old) extreme age should fill her full of diseases ? Who durst not have sworne for her that of all loathsome finnes that ever bred within her she had never toucht the sinne of cruelty ? It had wont to be a Spanish sicknes, and hang long (incurably) upon the body of their Inquisition ; or else a French disease, running all over the kingdome in a maffacre ; but that it had infected the English, especially the people of this now once-againe new-reard Troy, it was beyond believe. But is she cleerely purg'd of it by those pills that have before bin given to her ? Is she now found ? Are there no dregs of this thick and pestilenciall poyson eating still through her bowels ? Yes: the ugliest serpent hath not uncurld himselfe: she hath sharper and more black invenomed stings within her, than yet have bin shot forth.

There is a cruelty within thee (faire Troynovant) worfe and more barbarous then all the rest, because it is halfe against thy owne selfe, and halfe against thy dead sonnes and daughters. Against thy dead children wert thou cruell in that dreadfull, horrid, and tragicall yeere, when 30000 of them

Against want
of places for
burial in ex-
tremity of sick-
nes. 1602.

(struck with plagues from heaven) dropt downe in winding-sheets at thy feet. Thou didst then take away all ceremonies due unto them, and haledst them rudely to their last beds (like drunkards) without the dead mans musick (his bell). Alack! this was nothing; but thou tumbledst them into their everlasting lodgings (ten in one heape and twenty in another) as if all the roomes upon earth had bin full. The gallant and the begger lay together; the scholler and the carter in one bed; the husband saw his wife and his deadly enemy, whom he hated, within a paire of sheetes. Sad and unseemely are such funeralls. So felons that are cut downe from the tree of shame and dishonor, are covered in the earth: so souldiers after a mercilesse battaile receeve unhanfome buriall. But suppose the pestiferous deluge should againe drowne this little world of thine, and thou must be compeld to breake open those caves of horror and gashtlinesse to hide more of thy dead household in them, what rotten stenches, and contagious damps would strike up into thy nostrills! Thou couldst not lift thy head into the aire, for that (with her condensed sinnes) would stifle thee: thou couldst not dive into the waters, for that they being tainted by the ayre would poison thee. Art thou not cruell against thy selfe in not providing (before the land-waters of affliction come downe againe upon thee) more and more convenient cabins to lay those in that are to goe into such farre countries, who never looke to come back againe? If thou shouldst deny it, the graves when they open will be witnesses against thee.

Nay, thou hast yet another cruelty gnawing in thy bosome; for what hope is there that thou shouldst have pittie over others, when thou art unmercifull to thy self? Looke

over thy walls into the orchards and gardens, and thou shalt see thy servants and apprentices sent out cunningly by their masters at noone day upon deadly errands, when they perceive that the armed man hath struck them, yea, even when they see they have tokens delivered them from heaven to hasten thither, then send they them forth to walk upon their graves, and to gather the flowers themselves that shall stick their own herse. And this thy inhabitants do because they are loth and ashamd to have a writing over their dores to tell that God hath bin there : they had rather all their enemies in the world should put them to trouble then that he should visit them.

Looke againe over thy walls into thy fields, and thou shalt heare poore and forsaken wretches lye groaning in ditches, and travailing to seeke out Death upon the common hye wayes. Having found him, he there throwes downe their infected carcases, towards which all that passe by looke, but (till common shame and common necessity compell) none stop to give them buriall. Thou setst up posts to whip them when they are alive: set up an Hospitall to comfort them being sick, or purchase ground for them to dwell in when they be well—and that is when they be dead.

The conclu-
sion.

It is now hye time to found a retreat, after so terrible a battaile fought betweene the seven Electors of the Low Infernall Countreyes and one little citty. What armyes come marching along with them! What bloody cullors do they spread! What artillery do they mount to batter the walls! How valiant are their seven Generalls! How expert! How full of fortune to

conquer! Yet nothing sooner overthrowes them than to bid them battaile first, and to give them defiance.

Who can denye now but that Sinne (like the seven-headed Nilus) hath overflowed thy banks and thy buildings (ô thou glory of Great Brittain), and made thee fertile (for many yeeres together) in all kindes of vices? Volga, that hath fifty streames falling one into another, never ranne with so swift and unresistable a current as these black-waters. do to bring upon thee an inundation. If thou (as thou hast done) kneeleest to worship the Beast with seven crowned heads, and the Whore that sits upon it, the fall of thee (that hast out-stood so many citties) will be greater then that of Babylon. She is now gotten within thy walls: she rides up and downe thy streetes making thee drunke out of her cup, and marking thee in the forehead with pestilence for her owne. She causes violls of wrath to be powred upon thee, and goes in triumph away when she sees thee falling. If thou wilt be safe, therefore, and recover health, rise up in armes against her, and drive her (and the Monster that beares her) out of thy gates. Thou seest how proudly and impetuously fixe of these Centaures (that are halfe man, halfe beast and halfe devill) come thundring alongst thy habitations, and what rabbles they bring at their heeles: take now but note of the last, and marke how the seventh rides; for if thou findest but the least worthy quality in any one of them to make thee love him, I will write a Retraction of what is inveyd against them before, and pollish such an Apology in their defence, that thou shalt be enamored of them all.

The body and face of this tyrannous Commander that leades thus the reareward are already drawne: his chariot

is framed all of ragged flint, so artificially bestowed that as it runnes they strike one another, and beate out fire that is able to consume citties: the wheeles are many and swift: the spokes of the wheeles are the shin-bones of wretches that have bin eaten by misery out of prison. A couple of unruly, fierce and untamed tygers (cald Murder and Rashnes) draw the chariot: Ignorance holds the reynes of the one, and Obduration of the other: Selfe-will is the coachman. In the upper end of the coach sits Cruelty alone upon a bench made of dead mens skulls. All the way that he rides he sucks the hearts of widdowes and fatherlesse children. He keepes neither foote-men nor pages, for none will stay long with him. He hath onely one attendant that ever followes him, called Repentance; but the beast that drawes him runnes away with his good Lord and Master so fast before, that Repentance, being lame (and therefore slow) tis alwayes very late ere he comes to him. It is to be feared that Cruelty is of great authority where he is knowne, for few or none dare stand against him: Law only now and then beards him, and stayes him in contempt of those that so terribly gallop before him: but out of the Lawes hands if he can but snatch a sheathed sword (as oftentimes hee does) presently hee whips it out, smiting and wounding with it every one that gives him the least crosse word. He comes into the Citty commonly at All-gate, beeing drawne that way by the smell of blood about the Barres (for by his good will he drinks no other liquor); but when hee findes it to be the blood of beasts (amongst the butchers) and not of men, he flyes like lightning along the causway in a madnes, threatening to over-runne all whom he meetes; but spying the brokers of

Hownsditch shuffling themselves so long together (like a false paire of cards) till the knaves be uppermost, onely to doe homage to him, he stops, kissing all their cheekes, calling them all his deereft sonnes; and bestowing a damnable deale of his blessing upon them, they cry Roome for Cruelty! and are the onely men that bring him into the Citty: To follow whom up and downe, so farre as they meane to goe with him,

——— *Dii me terrent & Jupiter hostis.*

FINIS.

Tho. Dekker.



INTRODUCTION.

THE name of this author, Humphrey Crowch, is included in no list, and the production here reprinted is mentioned in no bibliographical catalogue that we have met with. Nevertheless, he was a voluminous ballad-writer of the period in which Martin Parker, Guy, Price and Climsell flourished; and it will be seen that his verse flows easily, though not very correctly. Crowch's grammar is also not unfrequently at fault, although we cannot say for how many of his false concords he was indebted to the printer. However, as is well known, our ancestors, especially if popular poets, were sometimes not very scrupulous about such matters. The misprints (which we have necessarily preserved) show that the old compositor was far from careful, and the curious blunder on p. 17 of "heart" for *art*, makes nonsense of a material passage, unless the word be cokinically read without the aspirate.

After reprinting it, we almost doubt its fitness for the present series: it rather belongs to the class of popular, than of general literature; and it was published in a shape (sm. 8vo. or 12mo.) and at a price which rendered it attainable by readers of a humbler class, than those ordinarily appealed to by authors of a higher grade and of loftier pretensions. The introduced ballad of "Dido and Æneas" was clearly the style of writing which Crowch preferred, and to which, as far as we know, he usually

confined himself. His "Love's Court of Conscience" is in some respects a meritorious work; and as it is characteristic of the time and of the man, we have thought it right to place the unique copy of it beyond the possibility of destruction.

It bears abundant internal evidence of the haste with which it was put together; and one of the speakers of an important part of the introduction is not even mentioned. It was published in Smithfield, perhaps, for sale during Bartholomew fair. In 1607, a person of the name of West (avowedly a Bartholomew-fair poet) had composed a tract called "The Court of Conscience," and although it is of a more satirical turn than that we now reproduce, it seems to have served Crowch for an example both in title and substance. There is no indication of conclusion, by the insertion of the word *Finis*, or of any equivalent; but the writer had probably arrived, not at the end of his subject, but at the end of so much of it as could be afforded for the money required by the publisher from the purchaser.

J. P. C.

LOVES COURT
OF
CONSCIENCE,

Written upon two several Occasions,
with new Lessons for Lovers

*Whereunto is annexed a kinde Husband's advice
to his Wife.*

By HUMFREY CROWCH.



LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Harper*, and are to be sold
at his shop in Smithfield, at the Hospitall
Gate 1637.

Loves Court of Conscience,

Wherein doth sit *Reason, Discretion, Grace, Truth,*
and *Wit.*

The Cryer of the Court.

LOVERS, stand by, and give your *Judges* place,
Reason, Discretion, Wisdome, Truth, and Grace,
Which here is come your causes for to try,
Where *Justice* sits imbracing equity.

Intelligence.

My lords, here is a Lover newly slaine,
Whose corps within this coffin doth remain;
I come to give you notice that this else,
Unjustly wrong'd, unjustly hang'd himselfe:
A wretched woman was the cause of all
His sad laments, and his untimely fall.

Grace speaks.

I can not see, though she have him abused,
How he can from the murder be excused.

Reason speaks.

Tis true, my lord: had he been rul'd by mee,
From this *same bloudy* fact he had been free.

Truth speaks.

And had the woman tain me for her guide,
The man had *liv'd*, and *she* had bin his bride.

Wisdome speaks.

And had they both my precepts wel observ'd,
From *Reason, Grace, and Truth*, they had not swerv'd.

Discretion speaks.

And had they not refus'd me to imbrace,
Grace, Reason, Wisdom, Truth, had taken place.
 How divine *Wisdom* will of them dispose,
 We cannot say, no man this secret knows ;
 But cause that lovers should not be so doting,
 Ile read some lessons to them worth the noting.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Such whose hands with heart agree,
 In true loves sweet sympathy ;
 Such whose loves and true affection
 Doth to others give direction
 How to love, and love indeed,
 If in love they mean to speed ;
 Such that can no rivall brook,
 Or suspitious of a look,
 Or be angry for a kisse,
 Or can wink at all amisse ;
 Such whose jealous friends can never
 From their hearts true love dissever ;
 Such who, when they play and toy,
 Do not work themselves annoy ;
 Love fixt on each others hearts,
 Not upon the outward parts,
 Left that when those parts decay,
 Love with glory passe away ;
 Such that do not love to range ;
 Such that cannot brook a change ;
 Such that with a roving eye

Give no cause of jealousie ;
Such who, when their friends would part them,
Neither friends nor foes can start them ;
Such who, like the cammamille,
Thrive and flourish all the while,
And the more they are oppress'd,
They the more in love are blest ;
Such as hate so foule a fact
As to break a true contract,
Or a true contract to make
False when once they do forsake
Love, and friend, and honestie,
In the twinkling of an eye ;
Such as when contract they are,
Think a minute a whole yeare,
Till they do enjoy their mates,
Such shall live in happy states.
Such as nought but death can sever,
Happy be their fortunes ever !
This is love, and worth commending,
Ever living, never ending :
These to marry need not feare
Cause they honest minds do beare,
Whilst the rest, that break their faith,
Live in fear of Heavens wrath.

THE SECOND LESSON.

The turtle dove, when she hath lost her mate,
Being expos'd to good or evill fate,
Refuses comfort, and her mate being lost,

Matches no more, her first love being crost.
Contrariwise, made of another nature,
Do lose themselves contrary to this creature ;
For when their lovers constant do expect them,
Others do sue for love that do affect them,
And steals away their hearts, wins them and weds them,
Unknowne to their first lovers, bords and beds them.
This is a hell, a torture to the minde
Of him that such discourtesie doth finde,
Offerd by her whose credit lyes a bleeding :
No good can come wher is such bad proceeding.
And such a comedy most commonly
Ends, for the most part, with a tragedie :
Wofull experience manifestly proves
The wofull ends of such false-hearted loves.
This should teach men to have a speciall care,
Whom they affect, to whom they love do bear,
Since women are so fickle minded grown,
That, when men think them sure, they finde them flown.
Just like a boy, that finding in a hedge
A sparrowes nest, the yong birds hardly fledge,
Goes home with mirth, with melody and laughter,
And thinks to come again a fortnight after,
Then findes them gone : just so it is with men
That sets their mindes on women now and then ;
But should they set a thousand watchfull eyes
Over these winged birds, these butter-flies,
Twere all in vain, if they intend to flie,
They'l have their wills in spite of thee and I.
As soon hedge in the cuckow, as constrain
A woman to be true, to[o] wilfull vain :

But yet I pittie them in such a case,
That love such women, so much void of grace,
Because I know the greater is the love,
If truly plac'd, the harder to remove.

THE THIRD LESSON.

Concerning contract twixt a couple, now,
Without their friends consents I not allow;
But if the thing be done, I cannot see
Why friends should part friends that so well agree.
To hurt the tender conscience of a maid,
Who ere thou art that shalt her so persuade,
To break her faith she plighted to her love,
Shalt understand there is a God above
That knowes the thoughts and secrets of the heart,
Will be reveng'd of thee, though they two part.
Nor is shee free from Heavens punishment,
Though it be done without her friends consent;
For though rash vowes, in heat of loves affection,
Are better broke then kept by wits direction,
Yet how can this the conscience satisfie,
Corrupted with the sin of perjury?
As, for example: I do vow a thing,
I vow performance this to passe to bring,
Which if I break, and say 'twas rashly done,
Will this excuse me from presumption?
Besides, their words are very dirt and trash,
That would affirme that lovers vowes are rash,
That love is surely too too hot to last,
That at the first sight is so firmly plac'd,

To move a contract in two lovers so,
To knit the knot, and after it undo.
Children and inconsiderate fooles do use,
To do and undo and themselves abuse ;
But lovers should be wiser, and so wise,
Not to do any thing without advice.

THE FOURTH LESSON.

The conscience being stretched, God offended,
The maid suborned, and the man suspended,
Closely she marries, and he shall not know
The time when he receives his mortall blow.
She that ne're thought to do him so much harme,
Now keeps anothers bed and bosome warme,
And all upon perswasion of some friend,
Whose counsell proves as poyson in the end.
The guilty conscience never can rest,
But night and day the offender doth molest :
Strange apparitions sometimes doth appeare
Unto the party, filling her with feare :
With strange aspects she is perplext a nights,
In dreames and visions, which she termeth sprites.
Sometimes shee thinks shee sees him whom shee wrongs,
Comming to her with fiery burning tongs,
To pull that tongue out that did falsifie
A spotlesse faith with foulest purgery.
Sometimes she thinks men in white sheets she sees,
Covered with white from head below the knees,
And then she thinks, although the sight be fained,
How white her conscience was before 'twas stained !

And though between her husbands arms she rest,
The thought of her first love doth her molest,
Her conscience stings, her troubled heart doth smite her,
And dreadful dreams doth night by night affright her.

THE FIFTH LESSON.

The news being brought to the forsaken lover,
As time will at the length all things discover,
His love, so truly plac'd, must be removed,
From her which heretofore so well he loved :
That which he did must be again undone,
The hardest taske thats underneath the sun ;
A man assoone a mountain may displace,
As remove that his inward thoughts imbrace ;
Or say that he will straightway take in hand
To separate the ocean from the sand ;
For nature will be nature, sense be sense,
And weaknesse unto both hath reference.
Poor man ! take Reason ; she must be thy bride,
And in this matter let her be thy guide.
But O ! why do I talk of reason so ?
Lovers have no such bride, nor none such know ;
For if they ruled were by her directions,
Then might they learn to rule their own affections.
I wish distressed lovers such a blisse,
To understand and know what reason is ;
But all in vain : love, in another kinde,
By violence thrusts reason from the minde.
A grief to think : you heavenly powers above,
Shew us the way but how to rule this love !

Or if it be a thing muſt govern us,
 Why are we brought to inconvenience thus ?
 Pittie him, O his friends ! in ſuch a fit,
 In whoſe behalf theſe lines of grief I writ,
 And let his ſufferings in a cauſe ſo right,
 Be thought upon when he is out of ſight ;
 Who, being croſt, himſelfe engaged hath,
 To croſſe the ſeas from her that broke her faith ;
 That being gone he might not ſee the ſhame,
 Thats drawing on upon ſo falſe a dame.
 Three yeares a faithfull friend to her he was,
 Three yeers contract before this came to paſſe,
 And now a three yeers voyage is he going,
 And all becauſe he will not ſee her ruine.
 Maidens, be faithfull ; yongmen, he that can
 Bridle affection, he's the wiſeſt man.

THE SONET OF *DIDO* AND *ENEAS*.

After the Vertues they had playd their parts,
 Errour came in to alter lovers hearts.

*Dido was a Carthage queen,
 That lov'd a Trojan knight,
 Which wandring many a coaſt had ſeen,
 And many a dreadful fight.
 As they a hunting rode, a ſhower
 Drove them in a luckleſſe houre*

*Into a darksome cave ;
Where Æneas with his charms
Lockt Queen Dido in his arms,
And had what he did crave.*

*Dido Hymens rites forgot,
Her love was wing'd with haste :
Her honour shee consider'd not,
But in her brest him plac't :
And when her love was new begun,
Fove sent down his winged sonne
To fright Æneas sleeping,
Who bad him by break of day
From Queen Dido steale away ;
Which made her fall a weeping.*

*Dido wept, but what of this ?
The gods would have it so :
Æneas nothing did amisse,
For he was forc't to go.
Learn, lordlings, then, no vows to keep
With false loves, but let them weep ;
Tis folly to be true.
Let this lesson serve your turn,
And let twenty Didoes mourn,
So you get daily new.*

*He, or she, that fancies wrong,
May be ruled by this song.*

*A KINDE HUSBANDS ADVICE TO
HIS WIFE.*

My love, my bosom friend, to whom I owe
My best respects, if you but this did know,
That your curst and unadvised words
Doth pierce my heart, like daggers, knives, and darts :
The reason is, because I well respect you ;
It would not be so, did not I affect you.
My Lord my God provides all needfull things,
As well for me as for the greatest kings,
And under God I carefully provide
Meat for my children, and my wife beside.
If you or they for whom I pains do take
Deny obedience, cause my estate is weak,
It is [a] signe small love to me you beare,
As by your disobedience may appeare :
For if you will not love me for my self,
You shall not love me, for I have no wealth.
If you on wealth so much did cast your eye,
Why did you marry one so poor as I ?
I had small wealth when first with thee I married,
Nor do I wish that I unwed had tarried,
Since I am richer then I was before,
And who can justly say that I am poor,
Since God some children unto me hath given,
That may, for ought I know, be saints in heaven :
These are my riches and my chief content.
Glory to God that mee such riches sent !
Many a rich man that goes fine and brave,

Would give a thousand pound for one child to have.
Gold cannot get a child, O ! if it could,
Then rich men would have children made of gold.
If gold be counted riches, then have I
Many good things that gold can never buy.
Then, I am richer far then some that have
Gold in their purses, lands and livings brave ;
Yet I enjoy these blessings but in vain,
Because I love, and am not lov'd again.
O ! would I did not love thee half so well,
I'de nere regard that firebrand of hell,
I mean your tongue, that doth afflict my heart ;
For if a stranger should but act thy part,
I would not care : I am of this belief,
Where is great love, the greater is the grief ;
If that it be repulst by evill speeches,
By a curst dame that strives to weare the breeches.
Consider what I say, and be advis'd :
Silence in women kinde is highly pris'd.
How canst thou say thou lov'st me with thy hart ?
Thy tongue doth shew thou lov'st me but in part :
It will be so, unlesse you rule your tongue,
That member that hath done me so much wrong.
Those women love their husbands well indeed,
That to their humours are so well agreed,
That though their husbands ne'r so crosse appear,
They silent are, because they love them deare.
I do not wish, I, such a wife embrac't,
But wish that such a tongue in thee were plac't ;
For such as they may have worfe faults then thee,
And such as they are sure no wives for me.

Onely, I wish thee silent as they are,
And then none of them shall with thee compare.
So well I do esteem of thee, sweet heart,
That nothing but thy tongue shall us two part.
Nor can I say that I in haste did chuse
One that good counsell scorn'd, and did refuse ;
For I did never finde thee obstinate,
That I should think my words are out of date,
Or that I speak now out of time or place,
Unto a woman wanting wit and grace :
For wit I know thou hast, and that is this,
To know what should be done, and what's amisse :
And if this wit with grace together joyn,
Thou art more dearer, and more neerer mine ;
For though for wit we both may go to schoole,
Yet I do know thou art not such a foole,
But that this thing thou well doth understand,
That thou dost know th' art under my command :
Unlesse you 'l say, the priest in vain did say,
That you must cherish, honour, and obey ;
Which if you do deny, you do herein
Against your conscience, and your knowledge sin.
Should you do so, I think it not unfit,
To say that you have neither grace nor wit :
Which God forbid, for you have read, I know,
That after God on man did life bestow,
He made the woman out of *Adams* side,
Not his commander, but his loving bride.
It is not good that man should live alone ;
This the Almighty said, this think upon.
So now you cannot chuse but understand,

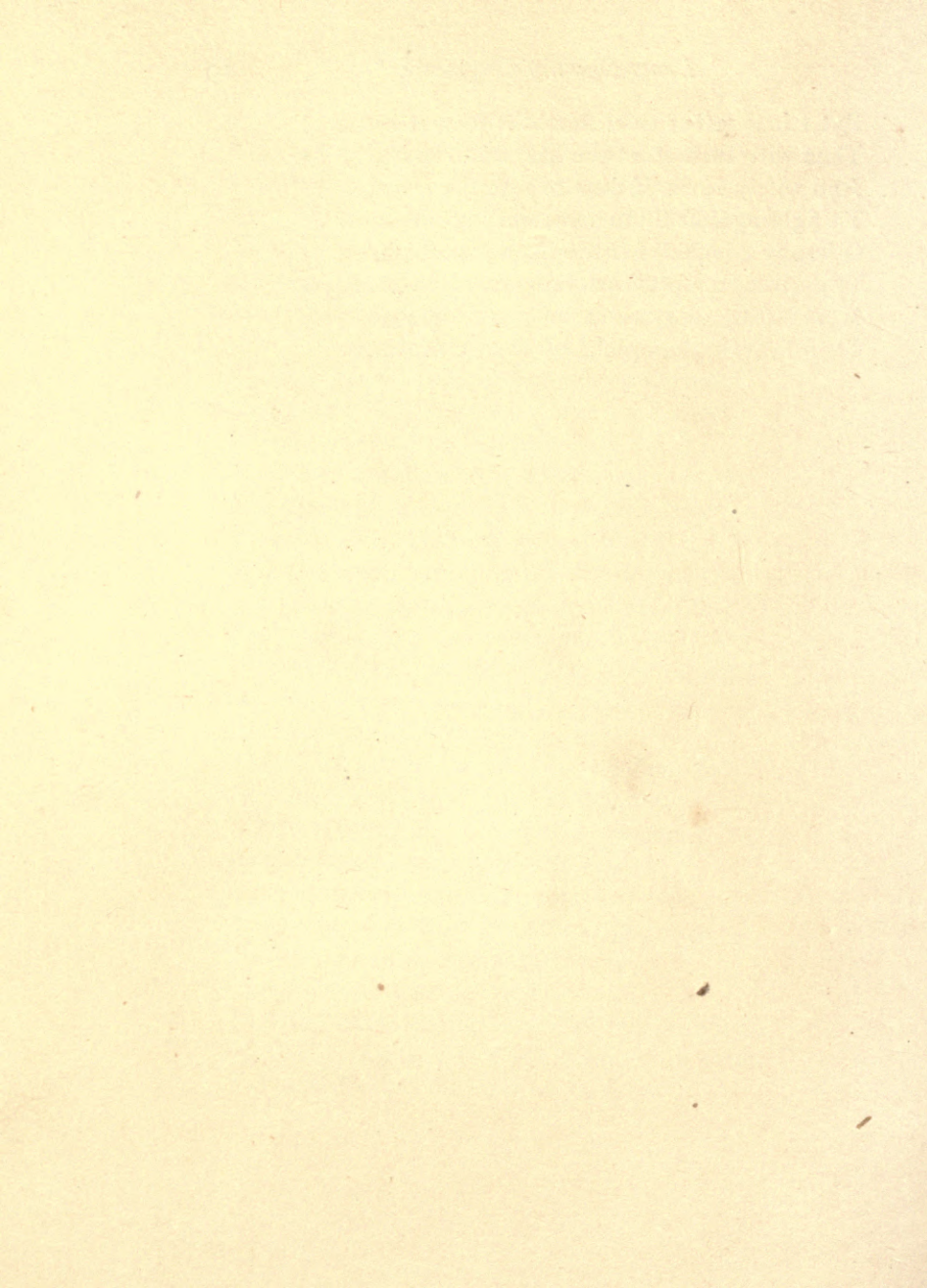
Woman was made to comfort, not command.
They are sweet comforts both at bord and bed ;
Alwayes provided they are not misled
By evill company, or by the tongue
To do their husbands and their neighbours wrong.
But if their tongues, like thunder, trouble men,
They may be said to be commanders then.
Sara obeyed *Abraham*, and did call
Him lord and master : mark this, women all.
O times, how are you changed ! we, poor men,
Can hardly find one *Sara* among ten.
A shrew that hath a fair and comely face,
Proves no decay in nature, but in grace :
If nature do decay in any part,
I wish it in the tongue, not in the heart.
O ! let the tongue decay of my fair bride,
That the more love may in the heart abide.
Dear heart, regard me, and the cause remove,
That hinders the conjunction of our love.
O ! let it not be said, that thou hast bin
One that did move thy husband for to sin ;
One that did move me to impatiency,
And adde affliction unto misery.
If you do know wherein I do offend,
Tell me my fault, and I will quickly mend.
And why shouldst thou not deale as well by mee,
Since all good women labour to be free
From all occasions that may make them ill ;
Nor do they ever strive to have their will,
Because they know the husband is the head,
Which all confesse, but such as are ill bred,

And such who must to shame and ruine run,
As to my knowledge some of them have done.
O! if in thee remain true woman-hood,
Then take advise by this my counsell good.
And do not think that thou the power canst have,
To make thy bosome friend to be thy slave ;
For though I scorn o're thee to tyrannize,
Because I fear the Lord that rules the skies,
Yet I will ever bear my father's minde :
I scorn as much to stoop to women kinde ;
For if I should, then all men would me hate,
Because from manhood I degenerate.
And surely I should have the love of no man,
If I were such a slave unto a woman :
Which to prevent, and to avoid ill speeches,
I 'le look that thou shalt never wear the breeches.
Gall was cast out from *Juno's* sacrifice,
To shew no strife 'twixt man and wife should rise :
All bitter anger must be banished
From married folk, and from the marriage bed.
Cast out this gall, sweeten what 's bitter made,
Call reason in, that long from thee hath stray'd :
Examine well thy self, and thou shalt finde
How thou hast wronged me by being unkinde.
It is reported that there is a stone
Which, if so be it in the fire be thrown,
That heat it doth receive, it will retain,
And never after will be cold again.
I am that stone, and thou the fire art,
Such heat at first to me thou didst impart,
That my affection never will be cold,

Though we should live till both of us were old ;
Nay, though old time should crop thy beauty fair,
And in thy cheeks deep wrinkles should appear ;
Yea, though, I say, thy beauty fair should fail,
Thy red rose cheeks by want of bloud look pale ;
Yea, though I could not give, nor thou receive,
Those comforts which we being yong may have,
Yet I would love thee then, as I do now,
And thou mayst live to finde my saying true.
There is an heart, as *Aristotle* faith,
That cures and kils, such properties it hath :
Even so it lyeth in a womans will,
By kinde or unkinde words, to cure or kill.
Look on the female creatures, beasts or fowle,
Which of them do their mates croffe or controule ?
O ! cast thine eye upon the turtle dove :
Why should that bird out-strip thee in thy love ?
Is woman worse then is the fencelesse creature,
That's onely guided by the light of nature ?
Woman out-strips them all for excellence,
And should out-strip them for obedience.
It is, I say, the glory of your sexe,
To love and to obey, and not to vex
Your husbands by ill language : 'tis unfit,
And those that do so want both grace and wit.
Rule but thy tongue, my love shall never sever,
For where I lov'd at first, I love for ever.

God is the God of order, and each creature
Is ruled by him in its proper nature :
The sun, the moon, the sea, keepeth their bounds,
The tide observes an order on the downs :
Onely untutord men and women they,
More then all other creatures, run astray.
Can I obedience to my Maker shew,
That no good will unto my neighbour owe ?
Can God obedience, then, from you expect,
If you your husbands counsell do reject ?
If we, like children, do not know our places,
But ignorant of divine and humane graces,
Women grow mankind, men effeminate,
And the world turned upside down by fate :
Let *Hercules*, then, keep at home and spin,
And send his wife to wars where he hath bin.
If women finde themselves that they be able,
Men shall feed chickens underneath the table :
Alwayes provided, if they go to warre,
They shall not lose what men so labour for,
Or basely yeeld that castle of defence,
Where Chastity hath her chiefe residence.
Admits no entrance unto any man
But the right owner, such a woman can
Behave her selfe most bravely in the wars,
Without receiving any privy scars,
Obnoxious to her reputation,
To bring her husbands forehead out of fashion.
O ! such a woman's worth her weight in gold,
If it were so that she were to be sold.

But I had rather thou should'st stay at home,
Then with such *Amazons* abroad to rome,
And wisely learn, if thou to fight be prone,
To fight againſt thine owne corruption.
O happy conqueſt ! if thou conquer thoſe,
Thy ſtrong temptations, home-bred, in-bred forſ,
More laſting glory thou ſhalt gain hereby,
Then braveſt champions by their chivalry.



INTRODUCTION.

ONLY two, or at most three, perfect copies of this old, hastily written, historical romance have come down to us; and as its author, Thomas Lodge, was evidently under the pressure of necessity, we may presume that it answered the purpose of temporary relief: in 1593, as well as both earlier and later, he was a writer for his subsistence; and at one period, like many others, he coupled the professions of author and actor; but his plays are not of a degree of merit proportioned to his excellence as a lyric poet. As a novelist, it is enough to say that, he furnished Shakespeare with the story of "As You Like It;" and his popularity in this department of letters was considerable, though by no means so great as that of his contemporaries Lilly, whom he imitated, Rich, whom he aided, or Greene, whom he well knew.

Lodge was the son of a citizen who had at one time been wealthy—Sir Thomas Lodge—and how it happened that, between about 1580 and 1596, the son suffered so much from poverty, as to be driven from the university to the stage, we have no information. We may presume that early in his career he travelled; and we know that later in life, after he had been a student of Lincoln's Inn, he met with success in the medical profession (which he had taken up about 1600), and accomplished a journey upon the continent. In the work before us, and elsewhere, he

shows an intimate acquaintance with Italian literature by rendering into English some varied and elegant compositions.

One of his original pieces makes melancholy reference to his want of success in different spheres of life, and especially in connexion with the stage. These interesting autobiographical stanzas have never been noticed, perhaps on account of the difficulty of procuring a sight of the small volume in which they are printed, but with which, in truth, they have no connexion.

The story of "William Longbeard," as far as it is historical, was derived by Lodge from Stow (*Annales*, p. 240, edit. 1605) and similar authorities; but he introduced some new incidents and embellishments, and enlarged upon others, in order to render his subject attractive, as well as to fill his paper. Nevertheless, he appears to have been unable to draw his matter out to a length required by his publisher, and nearly half of his small volume is made up of curious, learned (for the age), but somewhat incongruous materials. We ought, however, to be thankful for them, because we may be tolerably sure that some of the narratives were, either previously or subsequently, employed by Lodge himself, or by dramatists of his day. It was a date when all sources, ancient and modern, were ransacked for matter out of which a play could be constructed. Among the tales of pirates we might have expected to find some notice of "Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate" (2 Henry VI, A. iv, Sc. 1; but neither he, nor R. Greene's "Abradas, the great Macedonian Pirate," are mentioned. Abradas is introduced both into Greene's "Menaphon," 1587, and into his "Penelope's Web," printed soon afterwards.

J. P. C.

THE
Life and Death
of William Long beard, the most
famous and witty English Traitor,
borne in the Citty
of London.

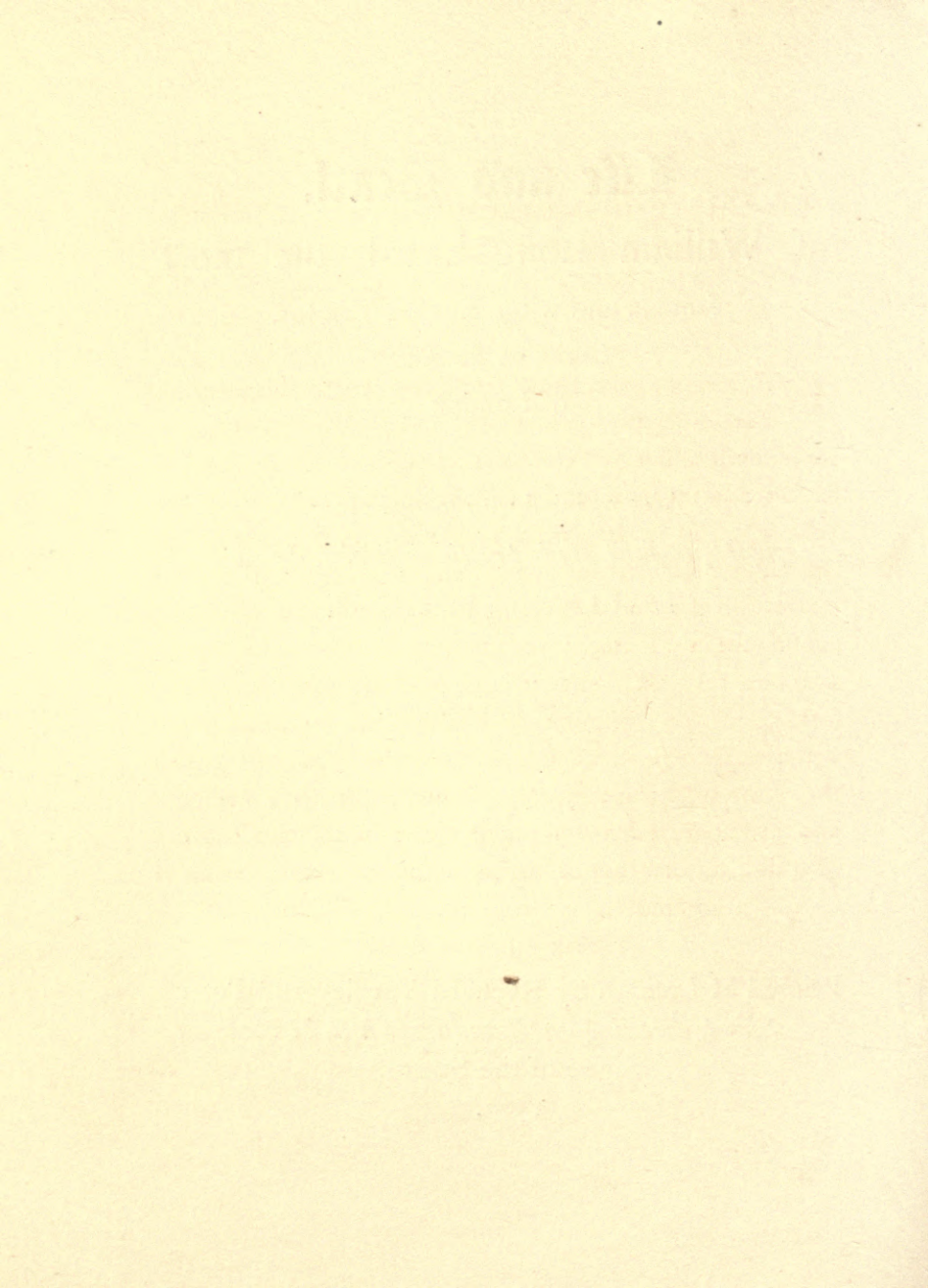
Accompanied with manye other
most pleasant and prettie histories, by T.
L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent.

Et nugæ seria ducunt.



Printed at London by Rychard Yardley and Peter
Short, dwelling on Breadstreet hill, at the
Signe of the Starre.

1593.



To the right worshipfull sir William

Web, Knight, Tho. Lodge wisheth increase
of worship in this life, and eternall
blessing in the life to come.

THE general care which you have had in the fatherlie
gouvernement of the Cittie, and the worthy forward-
nesse in establishing al vertuous counsels for common good,
have made me presumptuous beyond my custome, in the
behalfe of my contreyemen, to present your worship with
this short model of histories, wherein you maye both find
matter worthy the reading, and circumstances of deepe
consideration. I make you patron of these rare things,
who are the very pattern and true Mecenass of vertue,
seeking by your wisdom to establish the estate of poore
Cittizens sonnes decaied, and renew by your care which
they have losse through unadvisednesse. Accept, I beseech
you, my poore talent, or my widdowes mite, with as great
devotion as the hart can imagine, or opinion conceit, and
command me who during life am your
worships most bounden

Tho. Lodge.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

THE world is growne to that excellencie now a daies, Gentilmen, that no conceits are held worthy commendations, but such as have copy of new coined words, and matter beyond all marvaile. For which cause what shall I expect, who have neither the stile to indight so high, neyther the abilitye to please curious eares? Truly, my expectation shall be answereable to my skill: so that I will expect no more then I deserve, and desire no more than the curious will afford. Taylors and Writers nowa-daies are in like estimate: if they want new fashions they are not fansied; and if the stile be not of the new stamp, tut, the author is a foole. In olde time menne studied to illustrate matter with words; now we strive for words beside matter. Since, therefore, the time is such, and judgements are so singular; since the manners are altered with men, and men are in thraldome to their fashionate manners, I will with the diar prepare my selfe to washe out the spots assoone as they are spied, and borrow some cunning of the drawer to colour the imperfection so well as I can, till such time I have cunning to cut my garment out of the whole cloath. And so, resolved to thanke those that accept, and to shake off each reproofe of the envious as lightly as it is lent me, I take my leave.

Yours in all friendship,

T. L.

THE LIFE AND death of William

Long beard.

Howe Willyam Long beard betraied his elder brother unto his death; of his falling in acquaintance with the Abbot of Cadonence in Normandy, and how cunningly and coulourably they got authority from the Kinge to accomplish their ambitious pretences.

WHILST all the world was in uprore, and schismes rained in the Church, when God by prodigious signes threatened pestilent plagues; at suche time as two funnes appeered in our horison in England, and three moones were discovered in the west in Italie, William with the longe beard was borne in the famous cittie of London, of greater minde then of high parentage, a graff of mightie hope at the first, though (as it afterwards proved) his parents spent too much hope on so little vertue.

This free cittizen borne, tenderlie fostered in his infancie, was afterwards trained up in good letters, wherein he profited so suddenie, that most men wondered at his capacitie, and the wisest were afraid of the conclusion: and for that the age wherein hee was bread (being the third yeare of Henrie the Second) was full of troubles, this yoong mans rare guifts were raked up in the embers, little regarded because not yet ripened: but at last, as years increased, the minde

ordained for mightie thinges began to mount, the rather becaafe ambition sealed his eies, which made him with the dove foare fo hie, till his owne cunning and labour made him be overturned; for when he perceived his fathers foote alreadie prepared for the grave, his mother seased by age, and more befotted with affection, himselfe at mans estate and without maintenance, he thus began the first fruites of his impietie, the sequell whereof exceedeth all conceit, and testifieth his devilish and damnable nature.

He had a brother elder than himselfe in yeares, but yoonger in pollicie, who (having by his owne frugalitie gotten great wealth) was called to be a Burgesse of the cittie; a man beloved of all men for his upright dealing, and lamented of al men for his untimelie death. For William, little regarding the benefites he had received of him in his youth, the brotherlie kindnesse, the bountifull courtesies, fought all means possible to betray him who had trained him up, to suck his hart bloud who had fought his harts rest, and to that intent, seeing the opportunitie fitted him, in the raigne of Richard the first, that noble prince of famous memorie, he suborned certaine lewd and sinister confederates of his to accuse him of treason: for which cause, poore innocent man, being suddenlie apprehended, his goods were confiscate, his body imprisoned, his wife and children left succourlesse, whilst wicked William, being both complotter, informer, and witnes, wrought so cunningly with the kings Councell that the goods were his, which his brother with his long labour had gotten, and the poore innocent man, brought out before the judges, with weeping eies beheld his younger brother both revelling in his ritches, and rejoicing at his ruine. Many were the ob-

testations before God, and protestations to the judges, manie his exhortations to his brother, and detestations of his periurie. But William, whose hart was the very harbour of all impietic, ceased not in his owne person to sollicite, and by his companions to incense, the judges in such fort that his brother was at last by them condemned and adjudged to death, as some writers suppose, for coining. And being led forth to his execution, like an harmlesse innocent, the people mustering about the place, the curffed brother, the occasion and compacter of his confusion, accompanie[d] him, with these or such like words he finished his life: "Thou God, that knowest the cause of my untimelie death, canst in justice punish my unjust accusers: meane while take mercie on my poore soule, who am forsaken of my private friends. Be thou a safeguard unto me, whoe am left without succors, and help the desolate widdow with hir distressed children." This said, after some private conference, by permission, between his brother and him, he suffered torment.

But William, having gotten wealth, began to take upon him state, and understanding his father and mother through hartie grieffe were, in their extreame age, committed to the grave, he seized on their goods, carrieng such a countenance in London that all men wondered at him. In wit he was pregnant, in publike affaires pollitike, in revenges constant, in speeches affable, in countenance grave, in apparell gorgeous: yea, so cunning was he to insinuate himselfe among the commons that, as the report went, he had more prentises clubs at his command, then the best courtier had servants to attend him.

And as the custome is, whilest thus he behaved himselfe,

it fortun'd that he fell in companie and conference with the Abbot of Cadonence in Normandie, a man as high minded as himselfe. and more subtile than Sinon, by whose advice and directions he grew so craftilie conceited, that under a holie pretext he wrought more mischief than either the Councell of England could for a long time remedie, or by industrie reverse; and thus it fortun'd. After that the noble and warlike Richard, the firste of that name, had to his immortall glorie recovered his rights in France, established peace with the French king, and by the perswasions of his mother, Dame Elianor, reconciled his brother John, who had before that time beene at deadlie feud with him, it pleased his majestie, partlie for his own recreation sake, partlie to remedie the discontents of his subjects, to goe on progresse in the eight yeare of his reigne, and in the yeare of our Lord 1197; at which time the Abbot of Cadonence and William, watching an occasion and opportunitie, so cunninglie wrought the matter, that they had audience of his Majesties hands, and obtained under the broad seale the whole summe of their requests. The Abbot colored his stratagem under the coppie of conscience, assuring the king that the corruption[s] of his officers were the chiefeest groundes of publike contention, praieng him, in the bounty of an heroick and princelie potentate, to take some order for the correction of them, least at the last it should turne to his owne confusion.

His Majestie, that had ever regard of the poore, with gracious good words thanked him for his good will, giving him warrant and authoritie to redresse those inconveniences, and promising him great promotions if he tooke any profite by his pollicie. William, now that he hath the second

subtiltie to enact, futed his lookes in all sobrietie, and stroaking his long beard, which he curiously fostered even from the beginning, tolde the king of the insolence and outrage of rich men, who spared their owne and pilled the poore, robbed Irus and clawed Midas, beseeching in the commons behalfe a remedie for this inconvenience: whereunto the king easilie condiscended, so that he likewise was authorized to redresse such enormities, and both he and his fellowe Abbot were with manie princelie favours dismissed.

Mounted thus upon the wheele of Fortune, which everie waie sheweth hir selfe as fickle as she is favourable, as ful of gall as she hath honie, they both of them depart for London, carrieng so high countenances as everie one were amazed at their manners. My lord Abbot first, futed in his pontificalibus, called forth divers officers, purposing to examine their accounts, taunting them with untowarde languages, and accompanieng threatens with imprisonment. But as the giants that threatened the heavens were overthrowne by their most hautinesse, and as Phaeton, usurping his fathers feat, was confounded for his ambitious pride by untimelie death, so the Abbot of Cadonence, when he thoght to cavell at all accompts, was called to accompt himselfe before the tribunall justice feat of God, and died midst of his jollitie. But William, who towred with the phoenix to burne in the funne, and adventured to crosse the troblesome seas of this world to perish with overmuch wraftling in the same, now began his pageant, exhorting and stirring the commons to love and imbrace libertie, to fight and labour for freedome; brieflie to detest and blame the excesse and outrage of ritch men, whoe, as he tolde them, reaped the sweet, whilst they, poore soules, sweat

for it. Heereunto wrested he manie stories of antiquitie : first the Laconian state, next the popular governement of Athens, wherein peace never flourished better, said he, than when the commons had freedome of speech. With these and such like honie speech he so animated the multitude that, like a second Hercules, he drew them by the eares thorow the honie of his eloquence. And to his words he annexed action, undertaking manie poore mens causes who were overborne by the rich, handeling his matters with such pollicie as that he was held for a second God among the poore, and for a long time esteemed for a good subject by the Prince. Yet, notwithstanding this, the mightie maligned him greatlie, for that he had informed the king that by their meanes his Majestie lost manie forfeits and escheats which were due unto him ; and for that his detested subttelties may be more apparant, where through he cloked his succeeding treacheries, I have thought good to fette downe some one of them, which may give a taste to those tragike miseries which shall ensue.

How William with the long beard handled the cause of Peter Nowlay, a cobler, who was injured by Robert Befant, sometime Bailife of London.

During the time that William long beard flourished after this manner in all pompe and pleasure, attended dailie and hourelie by hole troops of citizens, it fortunied that one Peter Nowlay, a cobler, a man of little capacity, lived in London, whoe, having gotten uppe by his owne handie labour and endeavour the summe of fortie marks, and not knowing the meanes how to employ the same to his best commoditie, folicited one Robert Befaut, sometimes Bay-

life of London, to take the same money into his hands, and to employ it to some good use, to the end that after his decease his poore infants, which were twoe in number, might have some succour and maintenance.

This money Robert Befaut accepted, having the use thereof for the space of ten yeares, accustoming poore Peter, as these great men are wont to doo, to a Sundaies dinner and sweet words, (which in these our daies is the verie poison of this world, and in that time was no small pestilence). At last [it] pleased God to call the cobbler to his mercie, where through his poore wife lived distressed, his children complaine their miserie, and all his neighbors, considering the honestie of the man in his life, were compassionate, and pittied his orphans after his death. The poore mother, seeing her necessities increase, and her abilitie quite overthrowne, separated apart from all companie, began to weepe verie tenderlie, recommending her poore babes to his mercy, who had no doubt lent them her to a better end than famishment.

“Ahlas (said she) my God, if the least sparrow is not uncared for by thee, what letteth me to trust my childrens helth unto thee, who having bestowed breath upon them, mayest likewise in favour bestow bread upon them. Thou seest, Lord, their friend is taken from them, and the mothers nestlings without thy helpe must become starvelings. Woe is me! would God I had forgon my life or forgotten love; or would my handes were as plentifull as my heart is pittifull. Ah pellican! I must imitate thee, and pierce mine own breast to the end I may foster my babes: otherwise the helpe is vaine which hope yeeldeth, since charitie is cold which should feede hope. Woe is me! where should

I begin to mourne that have no end of mone? Shall I lament my marriage? no; the heavens ordained it. Shall I complaine of Fortune? no; for then I suppose an enimie where there is none. Shall I blame my fruitfulness? How vaine were that, since it is a felicitie to enjoy babes. What, then, shall I doo? truelie, put my whole trust and confidence in Gods mercie, whoe, being Lord of all plentie, can best of all relieve necessities." Scarfly had she ended these words when as hir yoong ones, the one imbracing hir necke, cried for meate, the other kissing hir hands moorninglie bewraied his wants; whilst she, like Mirrha, having teares to bewaile them, no treasure to relieve them, sung this wofull lullabie unto them, whilst the musicke of hir voice enforced them to listen hir.

*Lullabie !**Ah little laddes !**Geve ceaselesse sorow end with lullabie.**Suck up my teares,**That streame from out the fountaines of mine eie :**Feed, feed on me,**Whom no good hope or Fortune glads.**Oh ! set me free**From those incessant and pursuing feares,**Which waken up my woes and kil my pleasure.**Lullabie !**Weep, weepe no more,**But let me weepe, and weeping weepe life hence,**That whilst you want,**I may not see false Fortunes proud pretence.**When I am dead,*

My God, perhaps, will send you store.

O ! smile in need,

Poore hungry babes, let smiles be nothing scant :

I teares, you smiles : both have no better treasure

To bring these woes, exceeding meane or measure,

To lullabie.

Noe sooner had she finished hir song, but Robert Befaunt entered the house, who, though altogether given over to covetousnesse, yet beholding the wofull estate of the poore wife and children, he comforted them the best he might, sending for some little sustenance to yeeld hir and hir little ones som succour ; and after some conference about hir husbands state, and his maner of death, he desired colourable to see hir writings, to the ende he might covenable convaie out of hir hands the bill of fortie marks, which he had past unto Peter hir husband in his time. The sillie soule supposing his almes deeds was unattended with trecherie, drew out of an olde till certeine briefes which she had, using these or such like terms. "Maister Befaunt (saith she), your worship, as I remember, ought to be a patron of these poore infantes ; for I have oftentimes heard my husband faye (when I had a motherlie care what should become of my children) that he had provided for them, charging me to remember that till ever when I needed, and to use you as a father for these infants, whose honestie, as he sware, he would builde his soule uppon: for which cause (giving him the writings) I beseech your wor." quoth she, "to peruse all his secrets, and to stand my good friend in this my miserable widdowhood." Maister Befaunt, touched to the quicke, changed colour verie often, and receiving them at hir

hands with a quivering feare (proceeding by reason of his earnest combate betweene conscience and covetousnesse) ; he at last, after long perusing, found his own bill, which he carelesslie tearing, tolde hir that all of it was but wast paper, and thereupon blushinglie departed, giving hir but colde comfort for hir great hope.

The good woman, animated by some divine power, and espieng the seales of his shame shadowed in his blushing browes, tooke hold of his gowne sleeve, praieng him to staie a little while, and not to leave hir so suddenly : “for (said she), good sir, if you thus leave us, you shall prove that you little love us : besides, your hast makes me to misdoubt your honestie (pardon, good sir, I praye you, if I mistake) for thus to wreak your selfe on paper, and to shew by your suspectful lookes your apparant misdoubts, makes me imagine you have deceived my Peter’s hope : besides, these papers which you have torne may perhaps be some testimonies, which I will gather as the reliques of your rage” (and therewithall she stooped and tooke them up). “But above all, good maister Befaunt, remember God,” quoth she ; “and if there be aught that concerned these little ones in your conscience, cloake not in that behalfe, for God, who gave them me, will not suffer their innocencie to be unrevenged.”

Maister Befaunt, fore incensed with these words, and suspicious least his councill should be disclosed by the broken and scattered papers, at firste by smooth speeches began to perswade hir to restore him them ; but when reason and intreatie enjoyed no place (for the more he moved hir, the more she suspected) he began to use violence. When as the poore children, seeing their mother injured beyond

measure, cried for helpe for hir, whom motherlie care had animated alreadie even to the triall of death, rather than to leave hir papers.

The noife in the houle, and the crie of the chidlren called in the neighbors, whoe seeing Robert Befaut, a man of fuch reputation as he was held, not daring to inforce, began to intreat his forbearance: who, dreading his owne discredit beyond measure, left hir for that time puffing, fwearing, and swearing that he would be revenged on hir whoe had in this fort wrought his discontent: to be fhort, he never defifted till ſhe were imprifoned, vowing never to graunt hir libertie, till ſuche time as ſhe reſtored to him the torne writings.

The miserable widdowe, in this peck of troubles gathering a verie confident boldneſſe unto hir, denied the reſtitution. And finallie, after the counsell of ſome poore cittizens, put uppe a ſupplication, or a ſupplantation (as the ſillier fort of people called it) unto William with the longe beard, preſenting him likewise with the broken and torne peeces of paper, never ceaſing, in moſt humble and pittifull manner, to intreat a mercifull and tender compaſſion towards the reliefe of hir ſelfe and hir poore children. William that pretermitted no occaſion whereby he might inſinuate himſelfe amongeſt the poorer fort, and winne the credit of a good juſticer at his princes handes, began to examine everie circumſtance, and to leave no meane unfought wherby he might get himſelfe glorie, and doo the poore widdowe good.

Fiſt, therefore, he joyned the papers, and conferred the manner of the injurie with the other circumſtances; and at laſt he evidentlie found, and therewithall certified others,

that these torne papers was the bill of debt for forty marks. Finallie, comparing the estate of the poore man with that of Befauts, the time the money had beene in the defendants hands, and the corrupt intention of the riche man, whoe, by renting the bill, thought to race out the remembrance of his due debt, he called him before him, charging the officiall to bring the widdow and hir children before him in open sessions; where, after long debating and trouble on both sides, Befaut standing on his credit, the widdow on hir innocency, William, willing to catch the cat with his owne clawe, began thus: "Maister Befaut, you are called into justice, not that we suspect your honestie, or detract from your estimate, but for this cause are you called: that if you will be deposed that all allegations that may be alledged against you by this widdow are false, you may see hir punished, and justice executed." Befaut, little suspecting the snare that was laide and the subtiltie intended, began with huge oathes to protest that he neither stood any waie indebted to the poore cobbler latelie deceased, neither was in any sort liable to the false suggestions of the widdowe. William, perceiving evidentlie the ungodlie intent of the man to defraud, and how gracious a deed he should doo to speak in the innocents defence, first commanded Befaut's oath to be taken, and, after that, rowling himselfe in a majesticall manner, he began thus:—

"I see well, my countrey men, that justice had need of a patron, when those that should maintaine hir, seeke to maime hir. Ah! what a world we live in when trust shall be betrayed, when simplicitie shall be undermined with subtiltie, and povertie overtopped by power! Behold, faith hee, my countrey men (and therewithall he caused the two

children to bee placed by him) two harmlesse infants, for whom the poore father laboured in his life time, both left to begge after his death ! Alas, that corruption should blind judgement so farr, that where wee ought in charitie to succour these, men make no conscience to supplant them ! The cedar, though a tall tree, lets the little shrub prosper under him ; the eglantine flourisheth by the oake ; the goldfinch feedeth by the griffin ; but the proverb is true among us nowadaies

Homo homini Demon.

We live as we should know no lack ; we flourish as if we feare no fall ; we purchase as if life could not perish : to win the world we make shepwracke of our soules ; and in such a world, where corruptions are so rife, justice must not sleepe ; for if it should, the weake should to the walles, and the peny father by his power should overpresse the penilesse in their poverties. Now, therefore, countrey men, give care, and hearing pittie, patronize these poore soules. This Befault wrongeth them, making his credit the countenance of his craft, and his goods the coulour of his ungodlinesse : behold his hand writing, wherein he, thinking to extinguish the memorie of his debt, hath renewed the meanes of his owne destruction" (which said, he publikelie shewed the papers) and after that turning to M. Befault, he expostulated thus :—" Well, sir, since your corruption is found out, and your ungodlie oathes have doubled your offence, by that authoritie which I have received from his Majesty, I condemn you to pay the summe of fortie marks, with the use thereof, for ten yeares unto this widdowe and hir children : next, for your perjurie, wherein you have offended God especiallie, and next your countrey, I ad-

judge you to paie, in waie of a fine to his Majestie two hundreth poundes stirling, advising you hereafter to use your conscience more uprightlie, and to deale by the poorer fort more justlie."

Befaunt, who highlie stood on his reputation, was so amazed at his so sudden conviction before the assemblie of the citie, that he knew not what to say : his owne hand he coulde not denie ; and if he should, there were some in the companie well acquainted therewith. To be adjudged thus of by his inferiour (as he thought) it was no small disgrace, for which cause, smothering under faire lookes his false hart, he appeled to the King and his Councell, assuring William that he would not be discredited in that sort, and that it should cost him a thousand pounds but he would be revenged. With these and such like speeches the court brake up ; the widdow and the children were dismissed with giftes, and William, with a thousand cittizens at his taile, was with great triumphe conveyed to his lodging. But Befault, for all his braues, was committed and enforced to pay the penaltie ; yea, so did William worke with the King and his Councell, as had not this corrupt marchant with great sommes got himself free, no doubt, he had beene brought within the compas of a Premunire, such subtil suggestions had William practised against him.

*How William with the long beard behaved himselfe to-
wardes the Courtiers, and of his love to his faire
Lemman Maudeline.*

William (having by this means insinuated himselfe into the favour of the king, and by that reason brought the cit-

tizens in feare of him) like the untoward childe, whoe having an inche stealeth an elle, began to presume above the latchet (as the proverbe is) setting light by all men, animating the baser fort against the better, so that the nobilitie put up much injurie at his hands, the clergie were badlie used by him, and the officers of the cittie highlie offended. The Earle of Durham, then chancellor and bishop, taking the parte of a chapleine of his, who was injured by a meane and mechanicall townesman, was braved by him in Cheape side, beaten of his horffe, and had not the Bailifes of the cittie rescued him, the common speeches went, he should never have courted it more. A gentleman in court, at an other time, upbraiding William of his base estate and birth, told him that the worst haire in his beard was a better gentleman than hee was: for which cause William mightilie agreed, and watching opportunitie of revenge, at last incountred him, bravelie mounted on his foot cloth, in Friday street, where taking him forceably from his horffe, he carried him into a barbers shop, and caused both his beard and head to be shaved close, pleasantlie gibing at him in this sort.

Gallant, now have I cut of the whole traine of the best gentlemen you durst compare with me the last daie, and if hereafter you bridle not your toong (as base a gentleman as you make me) Ile have you by the eares. The king informed heereof grew highlie offended; but William, who wanted neither money, friends, nor eloquence, so ordered the matter, as his maligners might barke, but not bite him. But for that all his minde was planted on ambition, and his greatest feare was, least by over forward thrusting himselfe into state, his cloaked aspiring shoulde be discovered,

he began for a while to leave the court, to intend onelie the causes of the poore, and complot those meanes whereby, labouring for mightines without suspect, he might attaine the same without counterchecke: and first, to make shewe how much his mind was altered from high climbing, he craftilie pretended a new conceited love; and but pretending it at first, at laste was enforced to practise it, and thus it fell out.

An honest and well disposed merchant of London had by his wife a faire and amiable yoong mayden to his daughter, being the onely hope of his age, and the fruit of his corage. This lovelie Mawdelin (as the lesser starres are in respect of the sunne, or Mercurie in regard of the orbe of Venus) amongst our London damosels was the *A perse* for beautie, and the paragon of perfections, hir looks full of quickening puritie were able to animate love in marble: nature could doo no more but wonder at hir own handiwork, and art had nought but shadowes in respect of such a substance. All eyes that beheld hir wondred; all pens that praised hir were quickened by hir excellence: to be short, her least worth was of so great consequence, as the best writer might be abashed to conceite or imagine them. With this faire damosell William Long beard traffiqued his fancies, summoning hir yeelding affections with so manie earnest futes and services, that he at last conquered that fort wherein fancie himselfe tooke delight to tyrannize; and as the jet draweth amber, the loadstone the Steele of the compasse, so hir beautie assaulted his fences, that all of them had no power of their offices, but were fatallie assigned to subscribe to hir sorceries. And whereas authoritie and countenance are wrested, the bulwarke of chaf-

titie (though otherwise impregnable) is oftentimes impugned, and not onely assaulted, but at last subdued, William by his friends and followers so wrought, that what by friends and faire words he won hir for his lemmon, sparing no cost to trick hir out in braverie, to the end he might by that meanes give a foile and glasse to her beawtie. This Maudelin thus compassed, hir paramour began to pranke it in the bravest fashion, wresting his wits to make an idoll of hir worth, whose amorous passions, since they are of some regard, I have heer set downe for the courtliest eare to censure of.

*Amidst the maze of discontented mind,
The royall trophy of joy-breeding love,
A happy holde and resting place did find
Within that brest which earst earthes hel did prove.*

*Since when my long-enfeebled eies have reard
Their drooping sight to gaze upon the sunne,
Since when my thoughts in written lines appeard,
Rejoycing in that Palme my faith had wunne.*

*Ennobled thus by that thrise-nobled passion,
Which hath the power all worldly cares to banish,
I flie sweet-seeming leures of false occasion,
And let al thoughts but love-sweet vade and vanish.
The fruits I reape in spight of Fortune froward
Make me suppose no torment too untoward.*

Another he made upon this occasion. Maudelin, his mistresse, had a faire jewell, wherein twoe Cupids of Ana-

creon were painted, wraftling the one with the other, with this motto, *Pro palma*, for which cause he wrote this sonnet, and presented hir therewith.

*Ye braine-begotten dieties, agree you,
Nurst by transparant christall of chaste eies,
Least she that gave you life on sudden see you,
And frowning kil you both, who causde you rise.*

*From hir you came, yong Cupids, from no other,
And but for her if envious you shal wraastle,
I feare you both wil lose a lovely mother ;
Hir brow your bower, hir bosome is your castle.*

*There gree you both, there both together go you,
And suck the Aprill ritches of hir brest ;
Then I, who long have served, and love to shew you
How much I love the bosome where you rest,
Will come and kisse and blesse you, little wantons,
And feed you kindly, wantons, if you want once.*

Another, in respect of the occasion, I could not find in my hart to forget; for being at supper once in hir companie, where were manie that discourfed of love, shewing all the idolatrie of their pens in exemplifieng that unchaste deitie, he at last, when the table was taken up, remembering him of a sonnet in an ancient French poet, on sudden wrote this imitation.

*As soone as thou doest see the winter, clad in colde,
Within September on the caves in sundry formes to fold,*

*Sweet swallow, farre thou fliest till to our native clime,
 In pleasant Aprill Phæbus raies returne the sweeter time.
 But love no day forsakes the place whereas I rest,
 But every houre lives in mine eies, and in my hart dooth nest.
 Each minute I am thrall, and in my wounded hart
 He builds his neast, he laies his egges, and thence will never
 part.*

*Already one hath wings, soft downe the other clads,
 This breakes the skin, this newly flegd about my bosome gads.
 The one hath broke the shel, the other soares on hie,
 This newly laid, that quickly dead before the dam come nie.
 Both day and night I heare the smal ones how they crie,
 Calling for food, who by the great are fed for feare they die.
 All wax and grow to prooffe, and every yeare doo lay
 A second neast, and sit and hatch the cause of my decay.
 Ah! Maudline, what reliefe have I for to remove
 These crooked cares that thus pursue my hart in harboring
 love?*

*But helpelesse of reliefe, since I by care am stung,
 To wound my hart, thereby to staie both mother and hir yong.*

At another time, being absent from his mistresse, by reason he had a poore mans cause in Effex to be heard, he wrote this brieve fancie to her, after the manner of the Italian rimes.

*Oh faire of fairest, dolphin like,
 Within the rivers of my plaint
 With labouring finnes the wave I strike,
 Whose flouds are honored by my saint.
 Withouten heart or gall I spring,*

*And swim to heare thee sweetly sing,
All like the fish, when natures art
Hath rest of hate and tender hart.*

*And in the sea for love I burne,
As for Arion did the fish ;
At everie note I skip and turne,
I harke, I praise, I like, I wish.
But out alas ! with better chaunce
The friendly fish did him advance :
He bare Arion on his back,
Where I thy sweet imbracements lack.*

These other twoe, for their shortnesse and strangenesse, I could not finde in my hart to pretermit, knowing that the better fort, that are privie to the imitation and method, will have their due estimate.

*My mistresse, when she goes
To pull the pinke and rose,
Along the river bounds,
And trippeth on the grounds,
And runnes from rocks to rocks,
With lovely scattered locks,
Whilst amorous wind doth play
With haire so golden gay,
The water waxeth cleere,
The fishes draw hir neere,
The sirens sing her praise,
Sweet flowers perfume hir waies,
And Neptune, glad and faine,
Yeelds up to hir his raigne.*

ANOTHER.

*When I admire the rose
That nature makes repose
In you, the best of many,
More faire and blest than any,
And see how curious art
Hath decked every part,
I thinke, with doubtfull view,
Whether you be the rose, or the rose is you.*

An ode he wrote, amongst the rest, I dare not forget, in that the poesie is appertinent to this time, and hath no lesse life in it than those of the ancient ; and the rather because hereby the learned may see how, even in those daies, poecy had hir impugnors and industrie could not be free from detraction.

HIS OADE.

*Since that I must repose
Beyond th' infernal Lake,
What vailes me to compose
As many verses as Homer did make ?*

*Choice numbers cannot keepe
Me from my pointed grave,
But after lasting sleepe,
The doomb of dreadful Fudge I needs must have.*

*I put the case my verse,
In lieu of all my paine,
Ten yeares my praise rehearse,
Or somewhat longer time some glorie gaine ;*

*What wants there to consume,
Or take my lines from light,
But flame or fierie fume,
Or threatning noice of war or bloudy fight?*

*Excell I Anacrion,
Steficores, Simonides,
Antimachus, or Bion,
Philetes, or the grave Bacchilides :*

*All these, though Greekes they were,
And usde that fluent toong,
In course of many a yeare
Their workes are lost, and have no biding long.*

*Then I, who want wits sap,
And write but bastard rime,
May I expect the hap
That my endeavors may ore-come the time?*

*No, no : tis farre more meet
To follow marchants life,
Or at the judges feet
To sell my toong for bribes to maintaine strife ;*

*Then haunt the idle traine
Of poore Calliope,
Which leaves, for hunger slaine,
The choicest men that hir attendants be.*

These and such like fruits of his fancie may sufficientlie
testifie unto you both the high spirite and deepe invention

of this craftie citizen, who, flourishing thus in the verie fullnesse of loves joy, and revelling in the chiefeſt pallaces of pleasure, at laſt recalled to mind the ambitious deſires that were wont to accompanie him, which having the nature of fire (which no ſooner catcheth hold of drie matter but preſentlie it conſumeth it), from a light ſmoke at laſt fell to ſo huge a flame that himſelfe was confounded therewith, and all his hopes made fruſtrate: and thus it fell out.

The kings majeſtie hearing of his continual aſſemblies, and comparing his purpoſes with his praſtiſe, began, under no ſmall grounds, to conceive his curſſed intention: for, conſidering with himſelfe the manner of his life, the buſi- neſſe of his braine, the tiſing eloquence of his toong, and the mightineſſe of his mind, he imagined (as afterward it fell out) that ſo great meanes of quick and capeable fuell would at laſt breake out to an unquenchable flame; where upon the K. with conſiderate judgement called him to court, commanding him to ceaſe his diſordred aſſemblies, leaſt, in ſeeking to exterminate the injuries of the rich, he ſhuld revive the inſolence of the poore. For (ſaid he), William, whoe ſeeth not whereto theſe routes tend? whoe thinketh not that riot will follow them? The labouring men, that were kept from innovations by their worke, are now capable of all chang and novelties in their idleneſſe. In living as they doo they rather are drawne to deteſt labor then to follow it; wherthru the offices and mechanicall crafts in the cittie doo ceaſe, and by the omiſſion of induſtrie riſeth the pretermiſſion of dutie. For this cauſe, as you have care of my love, incite them not to too much libertie. Further than what you may, if they be wronged, but let not juſtice be a colour to winne them to wickednes.

With these, or such like admonitions, kinge Richarde attempted him, and so wrought him, that for a while the commotions and motives of trouble were laide apart, so that he walked London streets with lesser troops, and whollie adicted himselfe to play with his faire Maudeline, whose unchast life was a bi-word in the cittie.

How William with the long beard slew Arthur Browne, who deceived him of his Maudline.

Whilst William was conversant in the affaires of state, intending everie waie to inlarge his owne power, and attending daielie uppon the kinges pleasure, it fortun'd that one Arthur Browne, furthered by his youth, and fitted by occasion, fell in with Maudline, Williams wanton concubine; and having welth sufficient and wit no lesse subtill, he so craftilie handled the cause that he won the young woman to stoope to a seconde lure and to accept his love. Manie and often times had they entercourse, so that at last, the rumor passing in everie place, it coulde not choose but light at laste in Williams hearing; who moved beyond measure to see himselfe outfaced by one, who had so long time beene feared by all, he frowningly prepared revenge, resolving with himselfe that no means were too meane to give a tragicall sauce to his corrupt meaning. Whereupon, breaking his mind with certaine of his faction, he agreed to watch an oportunitie to revenge impietie; and for that cause, watching verie craftilie when Arthur, his rivall, should repaire unto his lawlesse lemman, he at laste surpris'd and encountered him; and causing some of his train to muffle him in his cloake, and to stopp his mouth

for feare of crieng, he stabbed him with a dagger in divers places, and in the last wound left the same sticking, fastening the poor caitifes owne hande with his owne dagger, which he had purpofelie (to avoid all mens fufpition, and to raife an opinion that he had murthered himfelfe) fheathed in Arthurs owne bodie. This doone, he departed unefpied and unfufpected; and the bodie being founde, according to the cenfure and verdict of the jurie which behelde the fame, was thruft thorowe with a ftake, and fo buried, as if he had beene guiltie of his owne murther. William thus delivered of a fupplanter of his pleafure (after fome unkindneffe paff and calmed betweene him and his Maudline), finallie fell to an accord, accuftoming hir as he was wont under promife of more conftancie in affection, and to the intent fhe fhould remember hir of the injuries offered, he wrot this with a pointed diamond in hir glaffe :—

*Thinke what I fuffred (wanton) through thy wildenefse,
When, traitor to my faith, thy lofenefse led thee :
Thinke how my moodie wrath was turnde to mildneffe,
When I bad beft, yet bafier groomes did bed thee.*

*Thinke that the ftaine of bewtie then is ftained,
When lewd defires doe alienate the hart :
Thinke that the love that will not be contained,
At laft will grow to hate in fpight of art.*

*Thinke that thofe wanton lookes will have their wrinkles,
And but by faith olde age can merit nothing,
When time thy pale with purple over-fprinkles,
Faith is thy beft, thy beautie is a woe thing.*

*In youth be true, and then in age resolve thee,
Friends wil be friends, till time with them difsolve thee.*

But leaving those his effeminate follies of youth, wherein he ungratiously passed his time, let us draw to the consideration of his traiterous practices, and finally, as the fruits of such sinister follies, conclude with his tragical end. After he had for a time, until the princes minde were otherwise withdrawne with more weightie matters, ceased both his routs and riots, the old rankled venome of his ambition began more freely to breake forth, so that what before time he colored under conscience, now at last he manifested with audacious confidence. The mightie in court that maligned him he overmastered by his attendants, swathing out in open streets upon every light occasion: for himselfe hee thought no man sufficient to suppress him, nor of sufficiency to brave him; for at a beck coblers, tinkers, tailors and all sortes of the hare-brained multitude attended him, fought for him, supported him, and made him lord of their factions: where-through, the better sorts neither were lords of themselves, neither commanders of their owne livelihoods. From some he extorted wealth by corrupt witnesses, sparing no meanes to enrich his followers by racking and wresting the kinges authoritie: and no sooner did he heare that the kinge had given order to his counsell to seasure on his bad demeanors, but gathering to himselfe a huge multitude, he openly used this discourse unto them, beginning his exhortation with this place of Scripture,

Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus salvatoris;

Which is as much to say as "You shall draw waters with joy out of the fountaines of our Saviour." For, quoth he, my worthie and faithfull friends, whoe have more courage than coine, and abilitie in armes then possibilities of wealth, I am the faviour of you that are poore, and the soveraigne

of such as are penileffe: you that have assaied the hard hand of the rich, shall be succoured by the happie hande of the righteous.

Now, therefore, draw your happie fountaines of counsell out of my wordes, and turne the troubles you have to assured triumphs; for the daies of your visitation is at hande. I shall depart waters from waters; I mean the proud from the poore, the mercileffe from the mercifull, the good from the evill, and the light from the darknesse. I will oppose my selfe against all dangers to prevent your damage, and loose my life but you shall have living. Be confident, therefore, and bolde; for such as have courage are fildome conquered. Let the greatest upbraid, they shall not bite: we have weapons to withstand, as well as wordes to perswade: we are as couragious as our enemies are craftie. Stick, therefore, unto me, who will strive for you: let me be supprest, you are subdued: let me flourish, you are fortunate; but if sinister chance threaten, whie,

Alca jacta est:

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

Thus dailie and hourelie animated he the ill minded forte; and although the king did oftentimes summon him, and by letters disuaded him from his ill demeanour, yet was hee enforced to use violence, or otherwise that strife, which at first seemed to be but a fillip, would at last have growne unto a fistula. For which cause Hubert, then Bishop of Canterburie, foundlie resolving in his thoughts that forbearance would be the meanes of further mischief, by the advise of others of the privie counsell, called him in question, summoning him against an appointed day to come and yeelde a reason of those his factious tumults.

William, that saw the iron readie to waxe hot, and the hammers readie to strike, began to remember himselfe; and his guiltie conscience (which, as the wise man saith, is a hundreth witnesse) would not suffer him to walk with so great confidence: yet least feare should be suspected in him, whose good fortunes and life wholie depended on his courage, hee oftentimes lookt abroad, but attended by such a band of base companions, as if he had beene the proude Changuis leading his legions of Tartars thorow Europe. But, when the day of his appearance came, he was backt with such a number of mechanically rebels, that Hubert, in stead of attempting him with upbraids, was faine to temper him with flattering persuasions: yea, the stoutest councillor[s], though never so considerate, were faine to intreat him whom they had resolved to threaten and imprison. William, seeing them abasht, waxed bold, and in these wordds saluted them:—Honorable fathers and grave councillors, according to your honourable summons, and the dutie of a subject, I present my self before you attended in this sort, as you see, not to violate lawes by lewd insurrections, but both to present my service to my prince and your honors, and to drawe my friendes and well willers to that dutie, where unto in foule I am devoted to this state. If, therefore, you have ought to command me, or if my services in times past be any waie suspected, I stand readie to satisfie you in the one, or answere to the other. Hubert, that knew well that soft drops in time pierce harde stones, and that the diamond, though not tainted by the hammer, is tempered in strong vinegar, began to colour where he might not command, and flatter where he could not inforce, and thus he said:

Being assured, William, that good subjects, tied by no bountie to their prince, yet yeelde him all observance, wee cannot perswade our selves that you, who have beene authorised by your prince to counterchecke injustice, will be the pattern of injurious insolence: for which cause we have called you, not as condemners of your faith, but commanders of your forwardnesse: neither have we so bad an opinion of these good men that follow you, that either they would be drawne to violate justice, or you could be induced to violate and alter their honest and christianlike duties. Our onelie request to you in the kings behalfe is to cast off this lordlie traine, and suffer these poore men to follow their professions, least being unawares assailed by want, they shall at laste desperatelie attempt wickednes. As for these good fellows, who in their lookes promise no losenesse, I beseech them in his majesties name to keepe their houses, promising them in generall, that if any one of them be wronged they shall have remedie. Nay, we will have remedie in spight of you, said they, as long as William lives. And this said, without all reverence they departed the place, carrieng with them their captaine commander, scoffing at the faint-heartednes of the archbishop: for full well was he assured that greater severitie was concluded upon then he there would insinuate: for which cause he continuallie stood on his guard, spoiling all such men as hee thought were abettors of the bishop.

The Bailifes of London, according to their authoritie, seeing matters were growne to such extremitie, kept diligent and strong watch, drawing some of the commons from him by faire words, and some by guifts: this notwithstanding, William was never unattended. The Councell, who everie

waies were vigilant to roote out this viper from the common weale, what they could not by proves, they adventured by pollicie, animating divers valiant men with huge promises to marke his manners, and when the occasion was offered, to apprehend him at such time as he little suspected. But long was it yer they either could finde opportunitie, or catche the foxe in his forme: yet at last, when he least suspected, they caught him tardee in Breadstreet attended onlie by ten or twelve; at which time they, drawing their fwordes, assailed him valiantlie.

But he, who in conflicts of Fortune was both confident and courageous, first animated his retinue to the fight, and after that, wresting himselfe by maine force out of their hands, he tooke him to flight towards the hart of the cittie, and ranne into Cheapside. They who were busied against his poore followers, seeing him fled, gave over fight, and earnestlie pursued him. By this time the cittie was in an uprore: the poorer sort laboured to rescue William: the Bailifs with the best cittizens armed them to back the kings officers; so that the cittie was altogether up in armes. William long beard, seeing himselfe hotlie pursued, and knowing no mean to escape, stept to a poore carpenter, who staid in Cheape for worke, and taking his axe from him, desperatlie assailed his pursuers, and with his owne hands valiantlie slue some of them: but when he perceived the factions of his enimies to be great, and his friends wel nigh tired, he betooke himselfe at last into Bow church, not for his sanctuarie, but for a bulwarke of his safetie.

Thither repaired all the poore commons, some with bats, some with spittes, and such weapons as they had, driving awaie all the kings officers in despight of their friendes, and

determining with themselves rather to dy than to lose their William Longbeard : amongst the rest Maudline, his minion, knowing that his wracke was hir ruine, came unto him, where, weeping mild teares from hir immodest eies, shee so mollified his marbell heart, that (as some testifie) he was more moved therewith then with the threats and terrors of his greatest enimies : but see impietie, where it prevaileth, how it worketh ! That church which was sacred to praiers was now made a den of rebels : those places that were reserved to holie uses were now soiled with dishonest abuses : where be fore our Ladie was praied to, lewdnesse was plaid withall. But to bring these causes to their catastrophe, sufficeth it that darknes for this time ended the discention, and the comming on of the night wrought also the conclusion of the fight.

How William with the long beard, after long trouble, was taken by the kings officers, and executed for his misdemeanors.

No sooner gan the howers draw forth the burnisht chariot of the sun, and the star that beautifieth the morninges breake shut uppe her beames in the bowels of the hidden hemisphere, but Richard and his councell ascertained that which was happened, comanded the Bailifes of the citie by expresse letters to ferret him out of his hole, and cease the tumultes by their authorities ; for which cause the Bailifes, attended by a bolde troope of men in harnesse, came into Cheape. The eldest of whom, being called Gerard de Antiloche, handled himselfe with such gravitie, and used so effectuall persuations, that the commons, for the most parte,

withdrew them to their owne houses, and after assurance of pardon from his Majestie, betooke them to their labour. As for the rest in the church, when neyther persuasions could allure them, nor threats intenerate their harts, the Bailifes fell to armes, and for the space of foure houres continued a bloudie and desperate fight. But when they perceived the traitors were desperate, and the church was sufficientlie strong to keep them out, they at last found out this worthie pollicie.

They caused some chiefe men to bring them great store of straw, which they fiered in divers places about the church, and in everie corner whereas the wind might worke the smoake anie entrance; which so smothered and stifled them in the church, that they were all of them, for the libertie of a shorte time of life [brought] to submit themselves to the judgement of succeeding death. Hereupon, after manie wofull plaints powerd out on everie side by William, his Maudline, and other malefactors, they were all inforced to leave the church and submit themselves to the hands of the Bailifes; who, according to the kings command, picking out William with nine other his confederats, committed them unto warde for that time, dismissing the rest under the kings generall pardon, whoe, certified thereof, was not a little solaced. For which cause he sent some of his Councel and Judges the next day, who ascending the judgment seat, called forth William with the long beard with his confederates, arrainging them of high treason against God, the king and countrey.

Among all the rest William shewed himselfe most confident; for neither did the taunts of the Judges extenuate his courage, neither could the bonds he was laden withall

abash him any waies, but that with a manlie looke, and inticing eloquence he thus attempted the justices. You lords and honorable judges, though I knowe it a hard thing to strive against the obstinate, or to extort pittie there where all compassion is extinguished, yet will I speake, using the officer of nature to worke you, although I know I shall not win you. I am here called and indighted before you for hie treason: a hainous crime, I confesse it, and worthie punishment, I denie it not; but may it please you with patience to examine circumstances. I have imboldened the poorer sort to innovation, to fight for libertie, to impugne the rich; a matter in the common weales of Greece highlie commended, but heere accounted factious, and whie? there subjects made kings, here kings maister subjectes: and why not say you, and whie not think I? Yet am I faultie under a good president, and the ambition which hath intangled mee hath not beene without his profit. To offend of obstinate will were brutish; but under some limits of reason to defaulte, can you (my lords) but thinke it pardonable? I have raised one or two assemblies, and what of this? peace was not broken, onelie my safetie was assured: and were it not that the law had beene injured, might not the righting of a hundred poore mens causes merit pardon for two unlawfull assemblies? But you will saie, I have animated subjects against their prince. I confesse it, but under a milder title: I have councelled them to compasse libertie, which (if nature might be equall judge betweene us) I knowe should not be so hainoullie misconfired.

For my last tumult, I did nothing but in mine owne defence; and what is lawfull if it be not permitted us *veni vi*

repellere? But whie pleade I excufes, knowing the lawes of this realme admit no one of my constructions? If it be reſolved I muſt die, doo me this favour, my lords, to protract no time: execute your juſtice on my bodie, and let it not pine long time in feare thorowe ſuppoſall of extreames. For my ſoule, ſince it is derived from a more immortall effence, I dare boaſt the libertie thereof, knowing that eternitie is prepared for it, and mercie may attend it. But for theſe poore ones, who have defaulted thorough no malice, but have been miſled through vaine ſuggeſtions, howe gracious a deede ſhould your honnors do to exemplifie your mercie on them! Poore ſoules, they have offended in not offending, and but to enthrone me have overthrowne themſelves: for which cauſe, if conſideration of innocent guiltines, and guiltie innocence may any waies move you, grant them life, and let me ſolie enact the tragedie, who am confirmed againſt all Fortunes tyrannies.

Theſe latter words were delivered with ſo great vehemencie of ſpirit, and attended with ſo quickening motions and actions of the bodie, that everie one pittied that ſo rare vertues ſhould be raviſhed by untimelie death, or accuſtomed with ſo manie ungodlie practiſes. The judges, whoe were Socratical in all their ſpeeches, ſhewing their rhetoric in their upright judgements, not quaint diſcourſes, after the examinations, indictments, verdicts of the jurie, and ſuch like, at laſt gave finall and fatall judgement, that William with the long beard, with his confederates, ſhould the nexte daie be hanged, drawne and quartered: and ſo, after ſome other worthie exhortations to the people to mainteine peace, and that they ſhould ſhew themſelves more dutifull, and after thanks to the bailifes and good

cittizen for their faithful and good service to his majestie, the assemblie broke up, and the prifoners till the next daye were committed to the dungeon.

No fooner was the gaie mistresse of the daie break prepared in her roseat coatch, powdering the heavens with purple, but the Bailifes repaired to the prifon, leading foorth the William and those his other confederates to their execution. Then flocked about them divers forts of people, some to see those who were so much searched after, others to lament him whom they had so loved, at laste arrived at the place where they should finish their daies, and all stood to beholde their death. William, as principall in his life time of seditious practife, was to enact the first and fatall part in the tragedie: for which cause, boldlie climbing up the ladder, and having the rope fitlie cast about his neck, after some private praiera, he spake after this manner unto the people: My good countreyemen, you are repaired hither to see a forie spectacle, to beholde the follie of life paid with the fruits of death, to marke how sinister treasons ende with condigne torments: if you applie what you here see and beholde to your owne profits, I shall be glad whoe now, even at this my last hower, desire rather you shuld reconcile your selves from all wickednes, then be dismaied or moved with my wretchednesse.

Oh, my deare friends! I now protest before God, and vowe before men, that mine owne presumptuous climbing hath beene the just cause of my confusion: I have had more desire of glorie then respect of God, more regard of dignitie then of dutie, deeming it better to be a famous traitor then a faithfull and true subject. For which my inestimable finnes I crie God hartilie mercie: I beseech his

majestie to forgive me, and praie you all by your praiers to implore Gods grace for me. Neither deserve I death only for the offence I have made the king ; but my conscience accuseth me, and I heere doo openlie confesse it, that I was he who murdered Anthonie Browne, in that he was a rivall to my most lewde love. This, this, if nought else, my countrey men, sufficeth to condemne me : for this and al I am hartelie forie. My God ! I repent from my soule, my God. Which said, lifting up his eies to heaven, he praied a long time verie vehementlie, and after manie fruitfull exhortations, finished his life to the comfort of those who wished his soules health. The reste, his confederates, after their severall confessions, were served with the same fauce, and thus ended the troubles with their tragedies.

Their bodies, cut downe, were buried by their friends, and happie was he, among the poorer fort, that had any thing to inritch the funerall of William Long beard : and notwithstanding the confession at his death, and divers other evidences at his condemnation, yet were there divers whoe after his death held him for a faint, casting out slanderous libels against the archbishop, terming him the bloudfucker of good men. There were manie superstitious women, who in their devotion were wont to pray to him, and after his death digged up the ground about the gallows tree, affirming that manie had been healed of fondrie sickneffes by the touch thereof. All this, their idolatrous constructions, at first began by reason of a priest, a neere alie to William, who openlie preached that by vertue of a chaine, wherewith William was bound during the time of his imprisonment, ther were divers men healed of hot feavers

the bloud that fell from him at such time as he was quartered they cleerelie scraped up, leaving nothing that could yeeld any memorie of him, either unfought or ungotten. But at last the Archbishop of Canturburie remedied all these thinges, who first accursed the priest that brought up the fables, and after that caused the place to be watched ; where through such idolatrie ceased and the people were no more seduced. But for that William wrote many notable poems and translations in the prison, which if you peruse will notifie unto you his singular wit, I have thought good to subscribe them, desiring your favourable censure of them.

WILLIAM LONG BEARDS EPITAPH.

*Untimely death and my found fruits of Treason,
My lawlesse lust, my murthers long concealed,
Have shipwrackt life amidst my Aprill season :
Thus couerd things at last will be revealed.
A shamefull death my sinfull life succeedeth,
And feare of heavenly judge great terror breedeth.*

*My mangled members, in this grave included,
Have answered lawes extreames to my confusion.
Oh God ! let not my murthers be obtruded
Against my soule, wrongd through my earthes illusion ;
And as the grave my livelesse limmes containeth,
So take my soule to thee where rest remaineth.*

*Thou travailier that treadest on my toombe
Remembreth thee of my untimely fall :
Prevent the time, forethinke what may become ;
See that thy will be to thy reason thrall.
Score worlds delights, esteeme vaine honor small.*

*So maist y^e die with fame, where men of conscience foule
Perish with shame and hazard of their soule.*

I have herewith annexed likewise some other of his spirituall hymnes and songs, whereby the vertuous may gather how sweet the fruits be of a reconciled and penitent soule.

THE FIRST.

*That pittie, Lord, that first thy hart inflamed
To entertaine a voluntarie death,
To ransome man, by lothed finnes defamed,
From hel, and those infernal paines beneath ;*

*Vouchsafe, my God, those snares it may unlose
Wherin this blinded world hath me intrapped ;
That whilst I traffique in this world of woes,
My soule no more in lusts may be in[w]rapped.*

*Great are my faults, Oh me most wilfull witted !
But if each one were just, there were no place
To shew thy power, that finnes might be remitted.
Let then, O Lord ! thy mercy quite displace
The lewd and endlesse finnes I have committed,
Through thine unspeakable and endlesse grace.*

THE SECOND.

*Such darke obscured clouds at once incombred
My mind, my hart, my thoughts from grace retired,
With swarmes of finnes that never may be numbred,
That hope of vertue quite in me expired.*

*When as the Lord of hosts, my gracious father,
Bent on my dulled powers his beames of brightnesse,
And my confused spirits in one did gather,
Too long ensnared by vanitie and lightnesse.*

*A perfect zeale (not office of my senses)
So seazde my judgement smothered in his misse,
That heaven I wisht, and loathed this earthly gale :
My heart disclaime vile thoughts and vaine pretences,
And my desires were shut in seemely vaile,
So that I said, Lord, what a world is this !*

After such time as he had received his judgement, he grew into this meditation of the miseries of life, which, I dare avow, is both worthie the reading and noting, yea even among the learnedst.

THE THIRD.

*A shop of shame, a gaine of live-long griefe,
A heaven for fooles, a hel to perfect wise,
A theater of blames, where death is chiefe,
A golden cup, where poison hidden lies.*

*A storme of woes without one calme of quiet,
A hive that yeeldeth hemlock and no hony,
A boothe of sinne, a death to those that trie it,
A faire where cares are sold withouten mony :*

*A fleshlie joy, a grave of rotten bones,
A spring of teares, a let of true delight,
A losse of time, a laborinth of mones,*

*A pleasing paine, a prison of the sprite,
Is this my life: why cease I, then, resolved
To pray with Paule, and wish to be dissolved?*

Thus endeth the life of William Long beard, a glasse for all forts to looke into, wherein the high minded may learne to know the meane, and corrupt consciences may reade the conclusion of their wickednes: let this example serve to withdraw the bad minded from Bedlem insolence, and incorage the good to follow godlineffe. So have I that fruit of my labour which I desire, and God shall have the glory; to whom be all praise.

FINIS.

Of manie famous pirats, who in times past were Lordes of the Sea.

THERE were manie worthie pirates in our forefathers daies, but among all of greateft reckoning Dionides was not least, who exercised his larcenies in the Levant seas in the time of Alexander the great and Darius, disdaining either to serve the one or to submit himselfe to the other: yea, so resolute was he in his robberies, and dissolute in his life, that he neither spared friend nor favoured foe, but robd all in generall. Against this man Alexander levied a great armie, and by strong hand subdued him; and afterward calling him into his presence, he said thus unto him. Tell me, Dionides, whie thou hast troubled all the seas? to whome he thus replied: Tell me, Alexander, whie hast thou overrun the whole worlde, and robbed the whole sea? Alexander answered him: because I am a king and thou art a pirat: trulie (replied Dionides), O Alexander! both thou and I are of one nature, and the selfe same office; the onelie difference is that I am called a pyrat, for that I assault other men with a little armie, and thou art called a prince, because thou subduest and signiorest with a mightie hoast. But if the gods would be at peace with me, and Fortune should shew her selfe perverse towards thee, in such sort as Dionides mighte be Alexander, and Alexander Dionides, perhaps I should be a better prince than thou art, and thou a worser pyrat than I am.

Stilcon for fixteene yeeres space was a pirat in the Carpathean Sea, and executed manie great robberies upon the Baëtrians, and highlie infested Rhodes. Against whom king Demetrius levied an armie, and finallie tooke him; and, calling him to his prefence, faide unto him: Tell me, Stilcon, what harme the Rhodians have done thee, that thou fo muche indemnifiest them? and wherein have the Baëtrians defaulted that thou haste ruinated their realmes? Stilcon answered, I woulde thou wouldest tell me, Demetrius, what harme my father did unto thee, that thou commandedst him to be beheaded? or wherein have I injured thee, that I am exiled by thy judgement? I counsell thee in this my last hower, and not with the least confideration, that thou persecute not, neither pursue any man as much as thou maiest, because it is a matter verie dangerous to deliberate with them of peace, who are desperate both of life and honnor.

Cleonides was a pirat in the daies of king Ptolomey, and scowred the seas for the space of twenty and two yeares, and for seven of them never set foot on land from out his gallie. This Cleonides was squint eied and crup shouldred, not unworthelie in that manner marked by nature, because every waie he was most tyranouffie minded against everie prifoner he tooke: he never observed promise, or pittied prifoner; but those enimies he tooke (amongest other millions of torments wherewith he tyrannized over them) he powred hot scalding oile into their fundaments, and set their feete in boiling oile, till they were burnt and scorched. Against him Ptolomey sent out an armie; and having taken him called him before his judgement seat, and spake unto him after this manner: Tell me, Cleonides, what barbarous

inhumanitie or infernall furie have instigated thee to inflict such insufferable torments on those who, as thy selfe, are men, and being as thy selfe ought to be pittied by thy selfe? To whom Cleonides gave this churlish answer: It sufficeth not me, thou king, to execute my envie upon the bodies of those I hate, and whoe have persecuted me in their life times; but also I resolve to burne their bowels up, and scalde out their harts wherewith they hated me. Ptolomey, wondring at his desperate inhumanitie, gave him this judgement: that he should likewise, by little and little, be dipped in scalding oile, to the ende hee might tast the selfe same torment wherewith he had attempted manie others.

Chipanda, the pirat, was a Theban borne, and flourished in the time of Cyrus, a man of high minde, great valour, generous hart, and vertues hardinesse; for he had under his conduct 130 shippes, with which he brought under his subjection all the kingdomes of the Levant, and struck continuall feare into all the heartes of the princes in the West. Against him Cyrus rigged out an armie, by whome his ships were conquered and himselfe taken captive; who, comming into Cyrus presence, was by him saluted in this manner: Tell me, Chipanda, whie forsookest thou my paie, and afterwards submittest thy selfe to the service of the Parthian? To whom he thus answered: The lawes which are made on land binde not those that serve by sea; and those also which we capitulate at sea are not accustomed or used on lande: and I tell you this, O king, because it is an ancient custome amongst pirats, so often to alter and change our patrons, as often as you shall see the windes alter and change at the sea.

Millia, the pirat, lived in the daies of Dionifius, the first tyrant in Syracufa, and both of them were highlie at oddes, the one with the other; yet in fuch fort enimies, as they contended not which shoulde exceede one another in goodnesse, but which of them should have the palme for ungodlineffe; for Dionifius ruinated all Sicily, and Milia sacked all Asia: he used this exercife of pyracie more then thirtie yeares, and at last the Rhodians, arming themselves against him, took him: and afterwards, they bringing him to the place of his execution, he lifted uppe his eies to heaven, and said thus: O Neptune, god and lorde of the seas! whie wilt thou not helpe mee at this houre, who have sacrificed and drowned five hundred men in thy waves, and peece-meale cut them in gobbets before thy majestie? Fortie thousand have I sent into the bowels of the flood, to the end they should enrich the bottome, and thirtie thousand have died in my shippes thorowe sicknesse: twentie thousande have perished in my gallies manfullie fighting; and shall it now suffice in that heere I die alone, whoe have glutted thy vast waters with so many carcafes?

Alcomonius was a pirat at such time as Scilla and Marius flourished (and following the faction of Scilla) was he that tooke Caius Cæsar when he fled from Scilla; whom Cæsar very often, after a pleasant manner, assured that he had deliberated to hang him and all his confederates by the neck, and according to his words accomplished his promise at such time as he came to the government of the Romaine commonweale. This Alcomonius being readie to die, said: I am little grieved for that I lose, and lesse afflicted for the maner of death by which I die; but this is it which urgeth me, that I [am] fallen into his

hands who was once my prifoner, whome I might have hanged then, as he now hangeth me.

There were likewise manie other ancient and moderne pirats, whom, for that I am studious of brevitie, I in this place willinglie pretermit: It onely fufficeth you, that you confider that no one of them died in his bed, neither made testament of his goodes, but as foone as the fatall houre of their deftinies was arrived, they died both defamed unto the world, and detefted for their wickednes.

The Agifincts were famous pirats in the time of Themosticles, who turned out a hundred gallies amongst them, and tooke all of them: and after he had imprifoned and difarmed them, hanged them up: which act of his caused him to be favoured in Greece and feared on the fea.

Frauncis Enterolles, a famous pirat, was borne in Valentia of noble parents and a princelie stocke: This man committed mightie and manie robberies at fea, and in the river of Genova; and finallie when, in the yeare 1491, he had longe time followed the chace, he was by tempeft and Fortune driven upon the Ilande of Corfica; and thofe whoe by chance efcaped the daunger and the fury of the feas, incountred death on the land, and were all of them with their capteine Francis hanged by the neck for their piracies: the reft that were left were made gallie flaves, being by the ilanders furprised in their gallie: and this was the end of this noble Valentinian.

Monaldo Guecca, a famous pirat, borne in Navar, flourifhed in the yeare 1496. This manne, having occupied and ftrengthened himfelfe upon the rocke of Hoftia, hindered all the convey of victuals to Rome after fuch manner, that neither wine nor corne, neither any other marchandife

could be brought either from the kingdome of Naples, from Corfica, or the river of Genua unto the cittie. Against him Pope Alexander sent the great Confalvo, who tooke the rocke and brought Menaldo bound to Rome upon a leane jade in maner of triumph. And it is reported that he went with so confident a countenance, that he inforced terror in all those that beheld him. Confalvo, for that he was a Spaniard, got him his pardon, and wrought the Pope to be very bountifull unto him.

A true and famous History of Partaritus, King of Lombardie, who being pursued by Grimaldo, fled first of all to Cucano, King of the Avarior Huns, and then into France, and finallie, after manie travailes, was restored to his kingdom with much majestie; wherein the worthy memorie of two faithfull servants is happilie registred.

PARTARITUS was the sonne of Albert, Kinge of Lombardie, who after the death of his father reigned himselfe in Millan, and Gundibert, his brother, in Pavia. Betwixt these twoe there grew a mortall discention, for which cause Gundibert sent Garibald, Duke of Turinge, to Grimoald, Duke of Benivent, a most worthy and valiant capteine, requesting his assistance in armes against his brother, and promising him in rewarde thereof to bestowe his sister upon him in mariage. But Garibald used treason against his lord, animating Grimoald to the enterprise, not as an abettor, but a conqueror. For (said he) you may easilie occupie the kingdome, by reason of the twoe brethren, whoe, through their dissentions, have almoste ruined the same. Grimoald,

affertained herof, made his sonne Duke of Benevent, and levieng a mightie power set onwards on his way to Pavia ; and through everie cittie that he passed he drewe friends unto him, and won the better sort with benefites, to the end they should assist him toward the attainment of the kingdome: and comming to parlie with Gundibert, who (little suspecting the trecheries which Garibald had com-plotted) came slenderlie and courtlie accompanied to entertaine him, he on sudden flue him, and occupied the kingdome. Partaritus affertained hereof abandoned Rhodeline, his wife, and his little sonn, and fled to Cucano, king of the Avarior Huns : Grimoald confirmed in the kingdome of Pavia, understanding that Partharithus was entertained by Cucano, sent ambassadors unto him, threatning him, that if he retained Partharithus, his enimie, in his kingdome, he shoulde be assured to purchase of him a mightie enimie, and more, to occasion a present and dangerous warre.

The king of the Hunns, affertained heereof, called Partarithus unto him, and said thus : I pray thee, gentle friende, depart into some other place ; for if thou be heere resident, my good will towards thee will occasion great warres againste my selfe. Partharitus understanding the kings mind, returning into Italie, went and fought out Grimoald, reposing his life upon the good dispositions of his enimie. And drawing neere the cittie of Lodi, he sent before him one of his faithfull servants called Unulfe, who might make manifest to Grimoald, both how much he trusted him, and what he required at his hands. Unulfe presenting himselfe before the kinges Majestie, told him that Partaritus, his maister, had recourse unto his clemencie, and fought succour in his court. Grimoald admiring his confidence,

faithfullie promised him that he might repaire unto him, uppon the faith of a prince assuring him that before he should be harmed, he would hazard his owne hart.

A little while after, when Partharitus presented himselfe before Grimoald, and humblie kneeling upon his knees, befought his favour, the king pitiously and gratiouſlie entertained and kiſſed him, whome in humble manner Partharitus ſaluted thus: Mightie Soveraigne, I am thy ſervant, who, knowing thou art a Chriſtian, doubt not of thy compaſſion. I might (as thou knoweſt, O king!) have lived among Pagans; but what life were that? and howe baſe confidence were I in, rather to truſt the faithleſſe, then humble my ſelfe to the faithfull? I beſeech thee of mercie, and kiſſing thy feet crave maintenance. The king according to his maner ſwering a ſolemne oath, promiſed him, ſaieng: By him that begat me, ſince thou haſt recourſe unto my faith, I will never forſake thee; but I will take order for thee in ſuche manner, that thou maiest both honeſtly and honourably live in this countrey. Whereupon he commanded him to be worthily lodged, giving charge that he ſhould be furniſhed of all neceſſaries whatſoever upon his treaſurie.

It chanced that Partaritus, departing from the king and repairing to his lodging, was ſuddenlie encountered with a whole troope of cittizens of Pavia, who came to ſee him and ſalute him as their foreſtemed friend. But ſee what great miſchiefe proceedeth from an evill and detracting toong! For ſome malignant flatterers, beholding the ſame, ſought out the king, and gave him to underſtande, that if he made not Partaritus ſuddenlie out of the waie, himſelfe, without all doubt, ſhould loſe both his kingdome and life; ſwearing

to him that all the cittie was alreadie addicted to take his part.

Grimoald considering these thoughts, and by his overmuch credulitie suspecting more then he needed, suddenie resolved on the death of miserable Partharitus; and calling his councill unto him, ceased not to contrive the meanes howe the innocent might be made awaie. They, seeing that daie far spent, resolved the deed should be doone the next morrowe, animating the king by good words, who otherwise through feare was almost out of his wits: notwithstanding thorow their perswasions gathering to himselfe more confidence, the better to colour his intention, hee sent unto him that night manie excellent dishes and strong wines, purposing (if it were possible) to make him drunke; assuring himselfe that by the meanes thereof he for that night should have more care of his sleepe than regard of his safetie.

But see how God helpeth the innocent! for a certain gentleman, who before that time had beene a servitour in Partharitus fathers court, presenting him with a messe of meate from the king, and leaning downwards, as if intending reverence to his Majestie, tolde him secretlie howe the kinge the next daie had resolved to put him to death. For which cause Partaritus suddenie called his squire, willing him that night to give him no other drink but a little water in a silver cup: knowing this, that if those who presented him in the kings behalfe would request him to carouse to his health, he might easilie doo without intoxicating his braines, drinking onelie water. Those that served him at the table, seeing Partaritus take his liquor so livelie, certified the king thereof; who with much joyfulness said,

Let the drunkard drinke his fill for this night ; but to morrowe, yer ever he suspect the banquet, I meane to feast him with his owne bloud.

This faide, he caused his guard to be set in the house, fearing and suspecting least Partaritus should escape him in any fort. The supper being ended, and everie one having taken his leave, Partharitus thus left alone with Unulfe, his trustie servant, and the page who ordinarilie attended on him to bed, he discovered unto them howe the king had resolved to kill him : for which cause Unulfe winding him about the necke with the sheetes of the bedde, and laieng the coverlet and the beares skin upon his backe, leaving him without capp, as if he were some rusticke or common drudging fellowe, began to drive him out of the chamber, dooing him manie injuries and villannies, so that he verie oftentimes fell to the ground.

Grunoalds guard, whoe were appointed unto the watch, seeing al these outrages, asked Unulfe what he meant ? Why, said he, my maisters, this rascal slave hath made me my bed in the chamber of that drunken palliard Pantharitus, which is so full of wine, that he sleepeth as if he were dead, without stirring ; and this is the cause whie I beat him ; and I praye you dooth he not deserve it ? They hearing these words, and beleeving them to be true, did all of them laugh verie hartelie to heare the tidings, and giving both of them licence to depart, Partaritus hasted to the cittie of Hasti, and from thense went into France, praising God for his happie deliverie.

As foone as they were gotte awaie, the faithfull page locked the door verie diligentlie, remaining all that night alone in the chamber ; and when the messengers of the

king came with commiſſion to bring Partaritus to the palace the nexte daie, they knocked at the doore ; whom the page in humble maner ſaluted, praieng them to have patience for a while ; for (ſaith he) my lord, being wearie of his laſt journey, ſleepeth now verie ſoundlie. The meſſengers returning to Grimoald, told him the pages answer, who all inraged, charged them preſentlie to bring him to his preſence : who repairing againe to the chamber doore, were in like ſort once more ſolicited by the page to uſe forbearance ; but they, admitting no delaies, cried out haſtilie and hartilie, Tut, tut, the droonkard hath now ſlept enough, and thereupon bearing the doore off[f] the hinges, they forceable entered the chamber, and fought Partaritus in his bed, but found him not : whereupon they aſked the page what was become of him ? who answered them that he was fled. The meſſengers, all amazed herewith, furioſſie laieng hands on the childes buſhie lock, and buffeting him piteouſſie, brought him to the palace ; and conducting him to the preſence of the king, ſaide, Mightie Prince, Partharitus is fled, and this caitife boy helpt to convey him, and for that cauſe meriteth death. Grimoald commanded them to laie hands off him, and willed him with a friendlie countenance to diſcover unto him the manner and meanes how his maiſter had eſcaped awaie. The page told him everie thing as it had paſt ; whoſe faithfulnes when the king had conſidered upon, he royallie offered him to make him one of his pages, aſſuring the lad that if he would be as faithfull to him, as he had ſhewed himſelfe towards his old maiſter, he ſhould both be rewarded and regarded.

After this he made ſearch for Unulfe, who being brought before his preſence, was pardoned by him, and not only

pardoned but commended. But as where affection is rooted there no favours can supplant it, nor promises suppress it, so these two loving their maister Partarithus verie deerelie, took no delight but onelie in desire they had to see and serve him; for which cause in a few daies after they repaired to Grimoald, beseeching him of license to seeke out their master. Whie, my friends (quoth he), had you rather seeke out your necessities, then live with me heere in all pleasures? By God, replied Unulfe, I had rather die with Partharithus than live in all other worldlie contents and delights. What (saide the king to the page) wilt thou also rather seeke out a banished man, then serve a king? I, my lord, saide he; for they are bad servants that will leave their maisters in miserie. Grimoald, wondering at their confidence, and praising both their faithes, dismissed both of them with all favour, giving them both horsses and money to furnish and further them on theyr journey.

The two faithfull servants, humbly thanking the kinge, tooke their waie into France, hoping to finde their maister in that place according as was appointed. But Partaritus, fearing least, by reason of a peace latlie capitulated betwixt Dogobert kinge of France and Grimoald, he should be there surprised suddenlie by some sinister subtiltie, tooke shipping for England; and having already sailed from the shore, the voice of a man was heard among the rocks, which asked for Partaritus, and whither he were in that ship? Whereunto when answer was made that there he was, the voice replied, Then will him presently repaire into his countrey, for Grimoald, a three daies hence, is departed this life. Partaritus suddenly returned backe, commanding the marriners to reenter the harbour; and as soon as he

was landed, he diligently fought out the messenger that had thus informed him: but finding him by no meanes possible, he supposed it to be some messuage sent from God. For which cause, poasting towards his countrey, and arriving amongst the confines of Italie, hee found there a great number of Lombards, who expected him, with whom he entered Pavia, and driving out a little son of Grimoalds from the kingdome, he was by generall consent created kinge of Lombardie, three moneths after the death of Grimoald. For which cause he presentlie sent unto Benevent for his wife Rhodolinde and his son Cunibert. And being a godlie Catholike and just man, a liberall patron of the poore, and father of the innocent, as soone as he had quiet possession of the kingdome, in that place from whence he fled, which is on the other side of Tesinus, he builded a monasterie to the honor and glorie of God, his saviour and onelie defender, wherein there were divers Nunnes inclosed, whom he alwaies enriched with many verie goodlie possessions.

The Queene likewise builded a church, in honour of our Ladie, without the cittie wals, adorning it with marvelous rich ornaments. His page and trustie servant returning to his court as soon as they had tidinges of his establishment, were by him favourable intertained and richlie rewarded. Finallie, after he had reigned eighteen yeares he departed this life, not without the generall lament and teares of the whole inhabitants of Lombardie.

The wonderfull dreame of Aspatia, the daughter of Hermotimus, the Phocencian, a verie poore man, who afterwards thorow hir wonderful vertues became the wife of Cyrus, King of Percia, and was afterwards married to Artaxerxes.

ASPATIA was the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocis, who after the death of hir mother was brought up and nourished in great povertie: yet was not hir povertie so greevous as her continencie was gracious. In her infancie she had under hir chin a great swelling which disfigured hir face, and was a great disgrace to hir fairenesse: for which cause hir father, desirous to have hir cured, carried hir to a phisitian, who promised to heale hir for a certaine summe of money. The good olde man, having no money, tolde the physitian of his little meanes, beseeching him to stand favourable unto his child; but the greedie wretch, which was too well learned in no pennie no Pater noster, told him, that then he had no medicine for him: for which cause the poore Hermotimus and his sicklie daughter repaired home without succors. Aspatia, being thus ill bested, entered hir chamber, and setting hir glasse betweene hir legges, she gased so long intentivelie on hir imperfection, and with so manie tender teares bemoaned hir wants, till at last she fell asleepe, where upon a suddaine she beheld a dove changed suddenlie into a woman, which saied unto hir, Bee of good cheere, and leave these drug maisters, and goe unto the dried crowne of Roses upon Venus head, and taking some of them, beate thou them to powder, and then doo thou but strew them upon thy greevous fore.

Aspatia, having performed no lesse then was commanded hir in hir vision, was healed, and became verie faire, and so manie were the graces wherewith she flourished, that no man could either compare or equall them. She had hir haire, glorious and gold-like golden, somewhat daintilie curled, hir eyes fierie and cristalline, hir nose hooked, hir eares little, and the colour of hir face like unto Roses washed in milke : hir lippes crimosin, hir teeth more white then snow ; hir voice was delicious sweete and musically, hir delights were estranged from all effeminate newfangle-nesse : shee studied not to be rich in apparell (which is but the verie fursset of substance) because being nourished in povertie, shee could not, nor would not, in anie wife yeelde any art to her beawtie, wanting both the meanes and the manner.

It chanced that this maiden, amongst a great manie others, was bought by a Baron who belonged to king Cyrus, who seeing that she was beawtifull and faire, brought hir (after a verie solemne and sumptuous supper) into the presence of Cyrus, accompanied with three other Grecian maids, who were tricked and attired by courtlie dames before hande, to the end they might know how to entertaine and delight the king : onlie Aspatia would not admit anie foile for hir faire, but after many refusals, at last consented to put on a sumptuous habit, wherein she stood so melancholie and blushinglie, as if she thought all lookers on unworthie to beholde hir beawtie ; and fixing her fiery eyes upon the ground, she wept bitterlie before Cyrus, who commanded the three other Virgins to sit downe by him, who were obsequious to his will ; but Aspatia fained as though she heard him not when he called hir, untill the

Baron who bought hir, enforced hir to sit by his majestie.

Cyrus dallieng and beholding the three other virgines, commended their countenances, and condemned not their behaviour; but having but touched Aspatia with the tip of his finger, she suddenlie cried out, telling him that shee should be punished if she used such licentiousnesse. This her behavior pleased the king, whoe afterward offered to dallie with her paps: she presentlie flung from him and offered to depart; for which cause Cyrus, marvelling at the great mind of Aspatia, farre against the custome of Percia, said unto him that had brought hir, Thou hast onelie brought this mayden unto me free, sincere, and without spot: the others are but counterfeits in their customes, and their beawties are but borrowed, not naturall.

Hereupon Cyrus, affected by this meanes, and earnestlie fixed his love upon Aspatia, so that he forgot all other fancies, addicting himselfe onlie to hir bed and beawtie. Not longe after, Aspatia called to hir mind the doome she had seen in hir dreame, and the speeches which were used, and in regarde of those benefits she had received, she erected a statue of golde in honor of Venus, and annexed thereunto a dove beawtified with costlie gems, offering daielie sacrifices to remunerate the Goddesse kindnesse. She likewise sent unto her father manie rich jewels, and made him a man of great authoritie. A few daies after, a faire and curious carkanet was sent out of Theffaly in present to king Cyrus, who rejoicing greatlie at the same, and finding his Aspatia one daie asleepe laid him downe by hir, and (after some amorous embracings) drewe the carkanet out of a casket, and said unto hir, How faiest thou, my

love, dooth not this jewell become either a daughter or mother of a king? Yes, my liege, saide she: whie then, my love, it shall be thine, quoth he: discover therefore thy neck, and put it on.

Aspatia, little respecting the rich guift, reverentlie and fagelie replied thus: How should I be so bold to submit my necke unto that gift, which is a present more convenient for Parifatides, thy mother? Give it hir, my lorde, and I am readie to shew you my neck without any such ornaments. Cyrus, rejoyfing at hir answer, kissed hir, and having written all the manner of discourse which had past twixt him and Aspatia, he sent the same with the carcanet unto his mother. Parifatide, no lesse delighted with the letter than the carcanet, remunerated Aspatia with rich gifts and royall presents, and conceiving a gracious opinion in that Aspatia gave hir place, shee ever after loved her, and presented hir both with the carcanet and much other treasure. Aspatia, humblie receiving hir inestimable curtesies, sent both the jewell and treasure to Cyrus with this message: These for a time will helpe thee, and for that thou art mine ornament, meseemeth I have obtayned a great gift, if, as I both should and woulde, I heartelie love thee.

Cyrus was amazed at this deed, and not without reason, because this woman had no meane minde, but the courage of a great and magnificent princeffe. But when Cyrus was slaine in the warre which he waged againste his brother, Aspatia remained prisoner: notwithstandinge fought out and at last found by the noble Artaxerxes, she was delivered of hir bonds, and such as had captivated hir were committed themselves. Finallie, being richly apparailed like a princeffe (although by reason of the deth of Cyrus

ſhe made great refiſtance) Artaxerxes being vehementlie enamored of her beawtie, after long intreatie and comforts, at laſt won her conſent, and married hir: yet, as ſome writers teſtifie, the intire affection ſhe bare her laſt husband was never extinguished untill ſhe died.

*A wonderous revenge executed by Megallo Lercato of Genova
upon the mightie Emperour of Trabifonda.*

AT ſuch time as the Genowaies weare Lords of certeine citties in the Levāt, it chanced that, amongeſt other cittizens whoe traffiqued in Caffa, and were moſt familiar with the Emperour of Trabifond, there was one called Megollo Lercato, whoe by reaſon of his rare quallities was exceedinglie favoured by him: for which cauſe he was greevouſlie envied and hated by the principall courteurs, whoe ceaſed not continuallie to invent new meanes and waies whereby they might bring him in diſgrace. It fortunēd that, ſporting himſelfe one daie at the chaſſe with a yoong noble man who was greatlie beloved by the Emperour, they fell at wordes and bitter upbraides: amongſt all others, the yong Noble uttering certeine ſpeeches in contempt of the name of Genowaies, Megollo was inforced to give him the lie; but ſeeing the other little moved therewith, his countrey diſhonoured, and the court laughing at him, he fought his remedie at the Emperors hands, from whom he could get no redreſſe in repaire of his honor.

For which cauſe Megollo hotlie diſcontent (though for a purpoſe he ſmothered his diſpleaſures a ſpace) a fewe daies after, upon a lawfull cauſe, tooke occaſion to crave the Em-

perours licence, and departing to Genua, altogether inflamed to revenge, he furnished himselfe, by meanes of some parents and friends, and rigging out two warlike gallies, he sailed with them into the great sea, and there indavored himselfe to spoile all the coast and ransacke everie shippe belonging to the Emperour : whomesoever he tooke, in the waie of great disdaine, he cut off their noses and eares, and though there were manie ships set out against him, yet in spight of all he never desisted from endangering him : and this might he the better performe in that his ships were verie swifte ; and when he found himselfe at any disadvantage, he could both leave and take how and when it pleased him. It chanced, amongst manie other preparations that were set out to intrap him, foure stout gallies were rigged, who upon consultation, as soone as they had discovered him, devided themselves apart, thinking to inclose him in the midst of them, and so all at once to assaile him. Megollo, that quicklie perceived their pollicie, suddenly fained to flie ; whom when their swiftest gallie had long time pursued, and over-wrought all hir comforts, Megollo made head againste them, and slewe them, and served them all after the same fauce, to the woonderfull amaze and discontent of the Emperor.

Amongest one of these gallies there was an olde man with his two sonnes, whoe, fearing the like fortune which had befallne others should light on him and his sonnes, humblie prostrating himselfe at Megollos feet, he humblie intreated him for mercie. The old mannes teares were gracious, and had such power over the generous mind of Megollo, that he forgave both him and his sonns with the rest that were alive in his gallie, and sent him back unto

the Emperor with a vessell full of eares and noses, willing the olde man to let the Emperor understand that he would never cease to indemnifie him, untill such time as he hadde sent unto him the man who had so disdainfullie and dishonorable injured him in his court.

The Emperor ascertained hereof determined with himselfe, as the lesser evill, to go himselfe in person unto the sea, and carrie with him (as he did) the yong man who had occasioned all this trouble. Megollo, hearing thereof, thrust his gallies neerer the shore, when as the Emperor presently in a light boat sent him the yoong noble with a rope about his necke; whoe, having his eies proude with teares, humbled himselfe at Megollos feet, beseeching mercy. Megollo, compassionate therewith, bad him get him thence, telling him that it was not the fashion of the Genowaies to tirannize over effeminate milkops.

The parents of the yong man, seeing him returne againe beyond their expectation, received him with great joye: divers offers were made by the Emperor to Megollo, who, refusing them all, returned this answer:—That he came thither not for desire of riches but for honors sake, and to eternise the name of the Genowaies, admitting no other covenantes but this; that in memorie of those his actions, a pallace should be reared in Trabifond for the commodity of the Genowaies, wherein he would, by a curious hand and cunning workman, those his actions should be eternized: which being afterwards fullie observed by the Emperor, they whoe traffiqued there followe their marchandize with more honor then they were accustomed. Megollo after this worthie acte returned home to Genova, where he was received and gratified with great honors by the cittizens.

The memorable deeds of Velasca, a Lady of Bohemia, whoe, causing all other Ladies to kill their husbands, Brethren and sonnes, raigned seven yeares in Bohemia.

I READ in the Bohemian historie written by Pope Pius, that this Velasca, of whom I heere meane to intreate, was a woman of great mind, bolde in all attempts, and highlie favored by Fortune; and to the end you may the better understand hir historie, I will first of all begin with hir cause of hatred. You have therefore to consider that Crocus, second Duke of Bohemia, dieng without issue male, his daughter Libuffa (held in those daies in as great account as one of the Sibils) with the favour of the people, and good liking of the better sort, was placed in hir fathers seate, and governed that Province manie yeeres, with the generall good liking of all men. Finallie, having given a just sentence in right of certeine possessions against a mightie man in that countrey, he being therewith incensed, provoked up the people against hir, saieng it was an opprobrious and scandalous thing for such a people as they were, and so great a Nobilitie as was resident in that place, to suffer the kingdom and causes of justice to be under a woman.

Libuffa, having intreated silence at their hands for a time, said unto them that she knew their new desire, and was not ignorant of their firme determination, disabling her selfe to satisfie their expectations, praieng them to assemble the next daie; which according as she willed them they perfourmed. The morning began noe sooner to pushe forth his blushing beawties, but the people repaired to

the judgment feat in great multitudes ; and as soone as the pallace was filled everie waies by them, Libuffa began to speake unto them on this maner: You know (Bohemians) that to this present day I have beene your peaceable and bountifull Ladie, according to womens custome, whoe are audacious in nothing but in offering curtesies. Hitherto have I not beene offensive to any of you, either chargeable by reason of Pompe, shewing my selfe rather a mother unto you then a mistresse: but ingratefullie, unkind men as you are, requite you my government. But at these your actions woonder not I at all, because you accustome your selves to the common fashions of men, who are never content, but are more skilfull to desire a just and mercifull Lord, then having him they have knowledge to keepe him.

As touching mine owne title, I whollie surrender it into your hands; and as you have desired one who shal governe you, and order your lawes as he list, so I am contented you shall have him. Therefore go ye and take me a white horffe, and bridle him with all his other apparell and ornamentes, and afterwards lead him to such a plaine, where he may take that waie which best likes him. Which doone, let him trot as he list, and follow you him by his footsteps: as he turnes, so turne you; and as he returneth, so returne you: finallie, when you shall see him staie before a man that feedeth at an iron table, then assure your selves he is the man forpointed to be my husband, and your prince.

This hir speeche pleased them all; so that taking with them the horffe as Libuffa had instructed them, they let him freelie goe, and followed him. But scarfelie had they travelled ten miles, when as the horse staied at a river called Bicli, and arrested himselfe before a countrey fellow

called Primislaus, shewing manie signes of humanitie and obervance toward them.

The Bohemians, as well the nobles as commons, behoulding this, ran with all haft unto him, and after their salutations said thus unto him:—Libuffa hath chosen thee for hir husband, and the Bohemians admit thee for their prince. Primislaus, although he were a poore countrey clowne, not incapeable of the generall desire of rule which attainteth all men, gave unto them a homelie salutation after his manner, and tolde them that he was addressed to doo whatsoever pleased them: and understanding that he was to goe to Libuffa (as if hee had a longe voiage to make) he fastened his bottle to his faddell bow, and grasping his bread and cheefe in his hand, he rode on feeding like a rusticke king, which was a verie sufficient evidence of that which Libuffa before time had declared and told unto them.

As soone as his guttes were full and his bottle emptied, he mended his pace, and they conducted him with great pomp and honour into the cittie, where he tooke Libuffa to wife, and during all his life time was wholie ruled and governed by hir counsels and perswasions. But after she had submitted hir selfe to the destinies, the government remained wholie in Primislaus hands, and the authoritie of Ladies ceased, which even unto that hower was both maintained and augmented by Libuffa. After this Valasca (which whilst Libuffa lived was hir secretarie) being a Ladie of great valour and no lesse resolution then an Amazon, not induring or abiding that the authoritie of women should be thus annihilated, assembling one daie in a priuie place all those that were of her faction, she said thus unto them:—

My sisters, we have lost our good Ladie, who alwaies de-

fended us from the outrages of men ; neither could she ever endure that we should be overborne by them, so that she her selfe held the Emperie, and we with hir were in respect held and accounted for Queenes. You see now how enforced we indure a hard and miserable servitude, living under the government of our husbands after the maner of slaves, except of our selves we shall gather head and courage to recover our former liberties. Wherefore, if your thoughtes be as mine is, let us joine like heroick Ladies, and we will easily recover our estates. I (as you know) was secretarie unto Libuffa, of whom I learned that which she knew : I am skilfull in inchantments, and the nature of hearbes is not unknowne unto me : if, therefore, you have any meaning, or will to followe me, assure your selves that you shall be once again lords over men.

Upon these words the whole assemblie of women condescended to Valascas words, and mutuallie conspired against men. During this time Primislaus dreamed one night that a virgine gave him bloud to drinke ; for which cause he being a notable soothsaier, and willing to prevent a mischiefe which (as he imagined) might verie easilie be impugned, hee convocated all the chiefe nobles of his Province, under intention to prohibit the over-great licence and libertie which women had in the common weale : namelie, the women were accustomed to ride and run the race on horssbacke, to tournay, shoote, and followe the chace, and brieflie to exercise themselves in all warlike discipline, which (as he thought) were matters manageable by men, and unfit tasks for women. But the Barons scoffed at him when he told them therof, and said that they rather deserved love and reverence for their agilitie and hardines, then reprove and dishonor.

Valasca meane while desisted not neither daie nor night to exhort hir confederates, and often with drinks and enchantments turned away their affections from the love of men, and daie by daie drewe more and more into this her League of conspiracie. Finallie, when she perceived that she hadde gathered a sufficient power, both of married wives and maids, in one night she caused everie one of hir faction to kill their fathers, husbands, brethren and sonnes in their beddes; and afterwards, taking armes with great expedition, they all of them marched together to a place appointed them by Velasca, not farre distant from Prage, and subduing some that had them in chace, they made a roade to Vissigra, whereas Primislaus aboad, intending there to surprise him: but seeing she could not take the fortresse, they retired themselves into a mountaine, a place naturallie impregnable, and there building a castle they called it Deiuzo, that is, the place of virgines, bicause that in their toonge a virgine is called Deiuize.

This action of theirs seemed abhominable to all the inhabitants of the countrey, as well in respect of the great slaughter they had made, as also because they had a great suspicion of further mischeefe; for which cause they generally gave Primislaus to understand that they were addrest to bidde these new Amazons battell, and that if it pleased him to marche forward with his host, they also were in readinesse to follow him. The K. certified them that at that present he could not come, by reason that the Gods had admonished him, that all those who were addicted to indemnifie the virgines were to die; certifieng them that it was behovefull to go another time. But they, who set light by his counsell, levieng by them selves a great armie,

marched toward Deiuifo, and striking battell with Velasco were ignominiously overthrowne and put to flight with the slaughter of the greater part of the armie. And whereas in this service Malada, Nodea, Suatacia, Vorafta, Ragda, Zaftana and Triftana had behaved themselves valiantlie, in rewarde of their service they had collars and chaines of golde given them: and amidst that unmeasurable pray which they had, everie one was rewarded according to their defart.

Velasca flue with hir owne hand seven of hir enimies, and after that time was held and esteemed for a goddesse, so that never after that time the Bohemians had the courage to trouble or molest them; but they euerie daie ranged about the confines, spoiling, robbing and burning, and daie by day inforced greater dread and feare in the harts of their enimies; and being now Ladies and soveraignes of the better part of Bohemia, they were constrained to have the companie of men, by reason that otherwise by course of time and warres they were likelie to be reduced and brought to nothing: for which cause, marieng themselves, they made a lawe that those maidens that were borne by them should with all dilligence bee tenderlie and carefullie brought uppe: as for the males, they commanded that their right eies should be pulled out, and their middle fingers cut off, to the ende that having attained mans estate, they should be disabled to shoote in the bowe, or to handle warlike weapons.

Finallie, Velasca, having afflicted Bohemia for the space of seven yeares, and made them altogether tributarie, was deceived by Primislaus, whoe wrote hir a letter that the Barons, against his will, had attempted hir with war, and

that he was greatlie pleased that they had received condigne punishment for their insolence ; assuring hir that he hadde alwaies held hir in place of his daughter, not onlie for that she had beene secretarie to his wife, and well thought of by her, but for that she knew so well to governe so great a state as Bohemia was for the space of seven yeares. And moreover, that now, since he felte himselfe olde and unable to governe his subjects, on the other side, his sonne too yoong in yeares for so waightie a credit, that his will was to render into her hands the fortresses ; so that by this meanes at one time he would yeeld all Bohemia into hir hands, referring the estate of his sonne and heire to hir kindnesse and curtesie, contenting himselfe to returne unto his first estate, and live satisfied in the towne from whence perforce they had taken him, and afterward unwillinglie crowned him. And him seemed, as he wrote that it should so be, that as from a ladies hands he received the throne, so to a ladies hands he might return the title.

This letter, written and sent unto hir, wonne such credit with hir, that presentlie she sent before hir a squadron of hir best Amazons to receive the fortresses, who were brought into the lande with great solemnitie, and entertained in the Dukes owne pallace : but whilst thee were at the table, they were all slaine by a troope of armed men, whoe were hidden for that purpose. They, having slaine these, ran to Deiuizo with a great armie, and Velasca having notice of the strange accident, issued hir selfe, smallie unattended, and cloased in glittering armes, and mounted upon a verie brave and lustie courser, that lightened fire from his nostrils, shee was followed by some few a farre off, whilst hir selfe folie incountred the whole hoast that came against hir ; and

without anie word speaking she laied about hir like a Lionesse or Libian Tygre in hir great furie. Finallie, falling in the midft and thickeft of hir enimies, she died valiantlie.

Hir companions a farre off, as soone as they understood of the death of their princeffe, not under anie hope to conquer, but stimulated to worke revenge, fell to armes: betwixt whom and the Bohemians was a most bloudie and desperate fight; but the Ladies at last having the worst, were inforced to flie, whom the Vissegradians following entered, together with them, into their Castle, and having caused the gates to be shut, and being Lordes of the fortress, they cut all the poore women to peeces. And thus was Bohemia delivered from the tyrannie and thraldome of women. And Velasca, being worthie to be eternized amongst the Ladies of most famous memorie, laie unburied, and served for a prey for birds and beafts to feed upon.

*An excellent example of continence in
Frauncis Sforza.*

AMONGST all other, I will not pretermit a singular example of continence in Francis Sforza, whoe deserved in this action of his to be compared with Alexander the great and Scipio the noble. Cassanova, a castle of Luke, being forcible surprisid by Erle Francis, there were certaine fouldiours who tooke a faire and tender yoong damosell prisoner, whoe, whilst they forceable drew hir from out the house, weepingly besought them to present hir to the earle Francis Sforza, and to no other; so that they whoe had outraged hir, fearing the displeasure of the countie, suddenly presented hir unto him.

At that time Francis, by reason of his yoong yeares, and the found complection of his bodie, was verie proane and addiſted to wanton and effeminate paſtimes : and although hee were inveigled by the tender yeares and exceeding beautie of the maiden, notwithstanding he inquired of hir, whither ſhe had rather conſent unto everie pleaſure wherein he might imploy hir, or remaine in their handes whoe had firſt taken hir ? Whom ſhe thus answered ; that ſhe would be alwaies readie to obay him, ſo that it might pleaſe him to ſet hir free from the handes of baſe injurie. Where upon Francis preſently commanded that ſhe ſhould be conducted into his pavilion. When night came, and before he entered the bed, he aſked the maiden againe, if ſhe were of the ſame minde, or whether ſhe had changed hir purpoſe ? Who answered him that ſhe continued reſolved : then he willed that ſhe ſhoulde diſrobe and uncloath hir bodie, and ſo to laie hir ſelfe downe by him.

But no ſooner was ſhe entred the bed, but he eſpied the picture of our Ladie painted after the maner, wheron turning towards the Earle ſhe wept, and with all reverence and ſhamfaſtneſſe ſhe ſaied unto him, O, my Lorde, I pray thee for that unſpotted virgines ſake, whoſe image is in our fight, vouchſafe to be the protector of my virginie, and thorough thy clemencie grant, that without ſtain or diſhonor I may returne unto my betrothed ſpouſe, who liveth a deſperat and deſolate life amongeſt the other captives. And whereas I promiſed thee to ſubmit my ſelfe to thy will, no other thinge moved me there unto, then the deſire I hadde to deliver my ſelfe from the hands of thoſe who raviſhed me : and not that alone, but the juſtice and pietie

I have heard of thee, made me conceive a great hope to submit to him who had so great vertues to command.

These words had so great power in the mercifull and generous mind of the Captaine, that they extinguished in him all heat of vaine desires, so that of his owne proper charges he rescued the husband, and redeemed him from thraldome, restoring the yoong virgine unto him as soone as he came in to his presence. Hir spouse, kneeling upon his knees, and sighing bitterlie, said : My Lord, thou dooest fullie answere the great expectation and fame which through everie part is disperfed by thee, so that there is no land, nor no peere in the world that either may match thee for humanitie or conquer thee in clemencie. Almighty God, who may requite thee in our behalfe, yeeld thee condigne favours for thy vertue. The Countie would have given him manie thinges of that praie that he had taken, but the yong maiden would accept nothing, saing that the neighbours, seeing such gifts, woulde thinke and imagine that it were the price of hir virginitie that she had lost; and so by that meanes she shoulde fall into verie great infamie, which she rather chose to flie than death, whereupon Frauncis Sforze dismissing them, they joyfullie returned into their country.

Of many learned men, ancient and moderne, who violently and infortunatelie ended their daies.

THEMOSTOCLES, the Athenian, flue himselfe. Lucretius, the Philosopher, died the selfesame death, and Gallus (as learned as both they) was murdered by his owne handes : Pliny was smothered by fire in the mountaine Aetna.

Befides all these manie other, never seconded in science, perished sinifterlie. Thales, the Milesian, died for thirste: Zeno was flaine by the commandement of the tyrant Phalaris. Anaxarchus, by the judgement of Nicocreon, finished his life with manie tortures. Archimedes, the Philosopher, an excellent Mathematifian, was flaine by Marcellus souldiers: Pythagoras, with his threescore schollers, was put to the sworde. Anacharfis died suddenlie. Diodorus burst thorough harts greefe, by reason he could not answer a question which Stilpo, the Philosopher, had propounded to him. Aristotle, after he had lost the favour of Alexander, being in Calcide, drowned himselfe in the floud Euripus. Califtines his scholler was cast hedlong out of a window. Marcus Tullius had his ears and hands cut off, and set up in the publike place where the Orators declaimed.

Seneca was put to death by his scholler Nero, whoe had first caused his vaines to be opened in a bathe of hot water. Johannes Scotus, reading in England, by a sudden conspiracie of his schollers was with his best favorites put to death: but if I should undertake to repeat all the haplesse endes of these ancients, who were excellent in learning, it were too long for me to write, or you to read. For which cause I will begin to let you understand the death of some moderne learned. Petrarch died suddenlie; Domitius Calderinus perished through the sicknesse of the plague. Conciliator was burned alive. Angelus Politianus finished his daies by having his braines dasht out against a wall. Peter Leo of Spoletum was drowned in a ditch: the Lorde Francis Pico was flaine by his tenants. Fisher and Thomas Moore were beheded; Cranmer and Latimer burned: the

rest, since fresh in memorie, I need not trouble you with: I onelie fet these down for the learned to confider uppon, and examine themselves by circumstances, and cunninglie canvase in their conscience an argument *a comparatis*.

Howe kinge Rodorigo, the last of the Royall house of the Gothes, lost his kingdome and life thorough his incontinence.

IN the yeare 712 Roderigo raigned in Spaine, who, earnestlie enamored of a daughter of Julians, Countie of Cantabre, and desirous to gather the fruite of his love, because otherwise he might not, in that the maiden was verie honest and vertuous, he sent hir father embassadour into France, and by that opportunitie enforcing hir, he satisfied his lewd and dissolute lust. Julian returning into Spaine, and understanding the heavie case and estate of his daughter, made shew before the king that he was utterlie ignorant thereof, and after a few daies he fled into Affrica with all his familie, taking uppe his house in the cittie of Lepte; and seeking out Muca, the governour of Affrica, hee tolde him of the outrage doone him by the king; and howe for that cause he was come unto him, first to offer him a great, rich, and faire empire; next, to profer him his service: and, moreover, said he, the time is come to revenge the Arabians which were flaine a few yeares past in the hoast of king Bamba. To the performance whereof I will backe you with the greater part of the Lords of Spaine, whoe will be readie to assist you in this enterprife, bycause the king is deadlie hated of them, both for his crueltie and lawlesse corruption.

Muca sent him to king Mulit in Arabia, whoe, hearing Julianos purpose, dispatched him with letters to Muca, wherein he wrote that he should favour him with all reasonable helpes. Muca gave him an hundreth horffe and foure hundreth men on foote, under the conduct of a famous captaine called Tariffe: with this power they passed the seas and landed in Spaine; and to the end they might the more securelie beard the enimie, they builded a cittie which they called by the name of Tariffe, captaine of the Barbarians; and assoone as Julio had given notice to his confederates for what occasion he was come, and what desire he had to revenge him of the injurie doone unto him by the king, many of them united themselves with the Arabians and overran al the contrey of Algazera, which the said Juliano had in government under the said king.

The Arabians of Africa, seeing the great progresse and fortune the countie had, and assured of his faith, sent him twelve thousand horffe and a great multitude of footmen, by reason that they had intelligence that the king had sent against him his cosin Ignicus with a huge host; who fighting many times unhappilie with the Moores, at the last was himselfe flaine, and all his followers cut in peeces: whereupon the Moores, being rid of this impediment, overran and spoiled a great parte of Spaine. For which cause the king levied a greater army than the first, and comming himselfe to wage the fight with the Moores, there fell a terrible and dreadfull battell betweene both the armies, which continued eight continuall daies, save onlie the intermission of night; but by reason of the rebellion of the two late kinges sonnes, called Detifa, the king had the worst, and perished in the field with many other valiant persons, and the

Moore, like couragious victors, possessed the spoiles. This defeat was on Sunday, being the xi of September in the yeare 719. The Moores, attaining victorie, had the dominion of Spaine.

Of many famous men, whoe, leaving the government of the Commonweale, gave themselves over to a private life.

CATO the Cenfor was the most vertuous and best reputed Romaine that flourished in that time; for during all the daies of his life there was never man that saw him commit anie light action, neither lose or diminish any one inch of his severe gravitie. This man, after he had lived fifty and eight yeares, leaving the travailes of the common wealth, went and spent the remnant of his life in the kingdome of Naples, in a village called at that daie Picienio, and in this time Pozzuolo, living upon his owne livelihoods and renews. And whilst thus this good and vertuous Cato lived sequestred from all others, sometimes reading his bookes, some other times trimming his vines, there was one of his neighbours who wrote upon his gate with a coale, "O, fortunat Cato! thou only amongst all others knowst how to live in this world." Lucullus, the Consul and Romaine captaine, remained in the Parthian warres, and continued the same for the terme of sixteene yeares; in which he acquired much honor to Rome, many landes for the common weale, much fame to himself, and as great riches for his house. This man, after he returned from Asia to Rome, and found the common weale altogether swarming with dissentions, by reason of the factions of Scilla and Marius,

purposed with himselfe to leave Rome, and to build him a certaine place of pleasure neere Naples, upon the river of the sea at this daie called Castello di Lupo; in which place he reposed ten yeares, entitled to all kind of pleasures and quietnesse of mind, free from all travailes and troubles, till such time as he finished his wearied age with a contented and worthie death.

Dioclesian, after he had governed Rome and the emperie for the space of eightene yeares, utterlie refusing all the empire, departed Rome, and repaired to Salona in Dalmatia, where he was borne. But two yeares after that he had refused the Romain empire, an honourable embassage was sent by the senate unto him, praieng him earnestlie that he would have pitie on the commons and content himselfe to returne to Rome. It chanced that at such time as the said embassadors came into his poore and homelie cottage, hee himselfe was in a little garden he had, setting of lettises and divers other hearbes; and assoone as he had heard the discourse of that they were to deliver him, he returned them this answer: Seemeth it a requisite matter unto you, my freendes, that he who hath planted, cut and watered lettice as these be, should leave them to seeke royalties, and not to eate them in repose and quiet in his owne house? Yes, my friends; it is better eating these in quiet, then governing of Rome with care.

Moreover, he said unto them: Now have I proved howe much it availeth to commande, and howe healthfull it is to plough and dig. Leave me, therefore, I pray you, in my house: for why, I rather desire to get my living in this village with my handes, than to have the charge of the Romaine empire, accompanied with hate. Porides, the

Athenian, having in great justice governed his common weale for the space of fixe and thirtie yeares, at laste growing olde and fatiate of publike affaires, departing Athens, he went unto a certein lordship of his, left him by his auncestors in a certeine village without the citie; in which, pling his booke by night, and labouring in his fields by day, he lived fiftene yeares more. Above the doores of his house these words were written :

*In veni portum : spes et fortuna valet
Nil mihi vobiscum est, ludite nunc alios.*

Scipio, the Affrican, was one of the best beloved and honored captaines that ever Rome had : for in the space of fixe and twentie yeares, wherein he continued warre in Spaine, in Affrica and Asia, he never committed anye dishonest action, neither lost any battell : he never denied any man justice, neither was there ever one obscure or base thought knowne in him : he subjugated Africa, ruinated Carthage, overcame Hannibal, destroied Numantia, and also restored Rome, which, after the battell of Cannas, was almost forsaken and abandoned. This man, in the two and fiftie yeare of his age, departed Rome and retired himselfe unto a little farme of his which was betwixt Pozzuolo and Capua ; in which (as Seneca witnesseth) he had no other revenewes but certeine fields wherein he lived, a house wherein he lodged, a barne wherein he bathed, and one of his nephues who served him. And with so great affection retired hee himselfe to the farme house, that for eleven yeares space which he lived, he went not once to Capua, or set foot towards Rome. All these excellent men of whom I have spoken, with manie infinite others also, left

their kingdomes, consulships, governments, citties, pallaces, favourites, cares and riches for no other intent but a quiet life; intending after worldlie affaires to reconcile themselves to a more straight order, having respect to that which in-fueth after death.

A most subtile dispute made in Antioch, in the presence of king Ptolomey, by seven severall Ambassadors, which of their common-weales had the best lawes and most notable customes.

PLUTARCH writeth, in his booke *De exilio*, that king Ptolomey being in Antiochus, there were, upon an appointed day at dinner with him, many embassadors from the Romaines, Carthagenians, Scicilians, Rhodians, Athenians, Lacedemonians and Scicilians; whoe, falling into disputation amongst themselves, everie one began to praise and extoll their countries lawes and customes as the best and most exquisite.

The dispute was handled with great fervencie betweene them, and with manie reasons each one endeavoured him selfe to dignifie his state; for which cause Ptolomey, desirous to know the truth, and to bring all contentions and discords to an exigent, commanded them that everie one should write or speake their customes or perfect lawes which they had in their common weales, for by that means it might be easilie judged which province best deserved the palme of justice.

The embassadors of Rome began, and said, We hold our temples in wonderous great honor and reverence: we

yeeld great obfervance to our governors and rulers: we greenvouſlie puniſh the wicked offenders and malefactors.

The Embaſſadors of Carthage ſaid, in the Common-weale of Carthage the nobles ceaſe not to fight, the commons and mechanicall perſons to labour, the Philoſofers and learned to inſtruct.

They of Scicilie ſaid, In our lande we obſerve intire juſtice, we traffique with upright conſcience, and generallie imbrace equalitie.

They of Rhodes ſaid, In our common weale the olde people are honeſt, the yonger fort ſhamefaſt, the Ladies and women ſolitarie and ſilent.

The Athenian Embaſſadors ſaid: In our common weal the rich are not permitted nor allowed to be partiall, the poore to be idle; neither thoſe that governe are ſuffered to be ignorant.

The Lacedomonians ſaid, In our ſtate envie reigneth not becauſe all are egall; nor avarice becauſe our goods are in common; nor any ſuffred to be idle, but everie one doth labour.

The Scicionians ſaid, In our common weale we permit nor maintaine any travailler, leaſt returning home againe he ſhould bring us matters of noveltie: neither admit we Phyſitians, who ſpoile and kill the whole; nor Orators who maintaine publike contentions.

Aſſoone as Ptolomy had heard all the ſeven Ambaſſadors, he praiſed all their common weales, ſaieng, that they were juſtlie and worthilie governed, commendinge their cuſtomes, and holding their lawes praiſe worthie: where upon with great honors everie one returned to his lodging, glorifieng and rejoycing in their credit, and ſatiſfied in his juſtice.

*Strange Lawes of Tirzus the Tyrant, where through he
withstood Conspiracies.*

TRIZUS, the Tyrant, indeavouring to prevent the conjurations and trefons which might be imagined and wrought against him by his cittizens, forbad them by an especiall and prescript law to surcease their private and publike conferences, tyranizing aswell over their toongs as their trefure. But his cittizens envieng and hating this his commandements, kept their consultations by becks, gestures and eager countenances when they were agreeded, and smiling and pleasant lookes when they were contented: if dangers threatned them, they frowned; if Fortune fawned, they were not froward: by this meanes expressing and shewing the affections of their minds, and deluding the pollicie of the tyrant.

Tirzus, seeing and beholding this varietie in the faces of his cittizens, began to feare, and for that cause forbad them such like significative and mute consult: whereupon one of his cittizens, amongst the rest, repining at his tyrannie invented a new meanes; and entering the pallace with other friends, wept and cried out verie bitterlie. The Tyrant, understanding heereof, hasted him with some of his guard to deprive the eies of their naturall libertie, in like manner as he had reduced the toong and gestures into servitude; but the people amazedlie hating his insolence, drew the weapons out of the hands of his guard,
and murdered him and all
his followers.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

2/6

THIS singular poetical tract seems, until now, never to have been heard of in our bibliography; but it is of value as the production of a man who was, at least, joint-editor of one of the most famous miscellanies in our language, "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 4to., 1578. The name of Thomas Procter will be found, not only on the title-page, but at the end of the small work in the hands of the reader: his father, John Procter, was at one time Master of Tunbridge School; and, among other pieces, he wrote an account of Sir T. Wyatt's insurrection, Wyatt having been a resident in Leeds Castle.

In the Stationers' Registers, under the date of 17th August 1584, we find a hitherto unnoticed entry regarding the son; which shows that he then became free of the Company, and that John Aldee, to whom Thomas Procter (or Proctor, as it is there spelt) had been apprenticed, had paid three shillings and four pence for his admission. This fact may explain the words at the bottom of our title-page, "Published by T. P.;" and, probably, he had been both printer and publisher of his own verses. Whether they were intended for general, or only for private circulation, we cannot ascertain; but, if for the latter, it may serve to show how, and why, the work became so scarce, that it has escaped notice from about 1585 (when it probably appeared) to the present day. It may have been Thomas

Procter's first essay as a printer and stationer, though we know that he commenced as a poet some years earlier. This circumstance makes us the more confident in our opinion, that Owen Roydon was the editor of the first portion of "The Gorgeous Gallery," and that Thomas Procter was mainly concerned in the "pretty pamphlets," which he contributed with his own name, towards the conclusion.

The poems which we now reproduce have little value in themselves, and may establish that Thomas Procter had not improved in style or originality between 1578 and 1585. His account of the siege of Troy, with Helen's lamentation, has more merit in the choice of the subject than in the execution: it was then a comparative novelty in our versification, although the story, on the authority of Dares and Dictys, had been known in our language, by the aid of Caxton, for about a century. The last piece in our reprint is curious on account of its personal relation to the writer; but out of what events it arose, we are quite ignorant. We are led to infer, from some expressions in his address of warning and reproof to young people, that Procter's own early career had not been very staid or regular, and, perhaps, his enemy had assailed him on this vantage ground. If Procter, as is likely, afterwards vindicated himself, such vindication has yet to be discovered.

In reprinting this literary curiosity, we have followed the original so exactly, that we have preserved Procter's errors of grammar, orthography and punctuation.

J. P. C.

THE TRIUMPH
of Truth, manifesting the advancement
of Vertue, and the overthrow of Vice. Wherin
Youth is admonished to withdrawe
his affection from the
vain seducements
of Fancie.

¶ Set down with sundry Inventions for
modest Recreation.

*Heerunto is added Cæsars Triumph,
the Gretians Conquest, and the
Desert of Dives.*

Published by T. P.

Nil tam difficile quod non solertia vincat.

THE TRIVMPH of Trueth.

WHEN GOD had by his mightie power
made heauen the earth & fea :
Hee shaped Adam in his fourme
from earthy flime and clay.
And placed him in Paradise,
as keeper of the same :
But hee transgreſt, then God was wrath.
Who turnd him thence with shame.
Wherby, wee Children vnto him,
and heires vnto his fall :
Are apt by Nature vnto finne,
and ſubieſt vnto thrall.
Such is in vs the ſmall regarde,
which Nature dooth vs giue :
If Reaſon did not teach a mean,
to learn vs wel to liue.
The pleaſures of our pamperd Prime,
wherin wee vſe to ioy :
Are but ſeducements vnto ſinne,
whence ſpringeth our annoy.
For let vs run our youthful race,
vnto our largeſt luſt :
If not ere Age, when yeeres comes on,
wee finde therein no truſt.

Yet wilful Youth so carelesse is,
that hee dooth rather chuse :
Although he fees how vain it is,
the wayes of vice to vse
Whence nether looue or freendly speech
may seem to mooue his minde :
Nor others harmes of lothsome shame,
which Follies fall dooth finde,
Deceit by wiles induceth him,
to taste her poised sap :
When Error in his tender yeeres,
dooth lul him in her lap.
Wherewith his witleffe wil is brought,
vnto his owne desire :
From sinne to sinne in wilful meanes,
hee seeketh to aspire.
The dayly danger of whose fall,
if hee consider well :
With feare may daunt his carelesse minde,
in seeking to rebel.
What greuous greef is it to see,
th' vntrust of his estate :
What cruel horror to obtain,
for sinne his Parents hate.
How lamentable ist to see,
therof the lothsome shame ?
How greuous to the eare to heare
Of Follie the exclaime.
Beside what greef may greater bee,
the[n] Parents to beholde :
A shamlesse sonne in shameful sorte,
his ruin to vnfolde.

Wee see by proof the trustlesse steps
which witleffe Youth dooth tread.
Wee see how vain desire by wiles,
to follie dooth him lead.
Whose wilful paths so plesant be,
in soothing of his minde :
That hee forgets how vain it is,
vntil his fall hee finde.
The tedious care his Parents had,
in tendring of his youth :
The toyle they took in teaching him,
to follow what is trueth.
The cost of welth they did bestowe,
in learning vpon him :
The charge in nurishing his Corps,
and clothing of it trim.
Are soon forgot as things of nought.
When hee comes vp to yeeres,
And vnregarding of him self,
forgets his Parents cares.
His learning left, the cost bestowed
vpon him is in vain :
His profit quite forgot vntill
his pleasure breeds his pain.
All things are irksome vnto him,
which dooth his minde perswade :
Vnto his good, but they are sweet
which shamelesse finnes doo shade.
What lothsome vice leaues hee vnvsde,
what meanes dooth hee procure ?
In seeking fondly after that,
which Reason prooues vnure.

His wilful Fancie hee dooth feed,
with follies that be vain :
His eyes delight to gaze vpon
the troupe of Venus train.
His courisie Carcasse hee dooth make,
inferiour vnto lust :
His minde is redy to receiue,
the goods he gets vniust.
His harmful hart dooth bode with harme,
his lothsome tung dooth tel :
His shamelesse sin in shamelesse forte,
the which contents him wel,
It greeueth him to come in place,
where godly liuers bee :
The simple he derides and smiles
their dealings iust to see.
Hee glories of the gotten gain,
which wrongfully hee gets :
Hee borrowes but hee seeketh not,
again to pay his dets.
Hee runnes from place to place,
and hath no certain stay :
Such are the frutes of them who seeks,
by sinne their owne decay.
Whose greeuous end of life is such,
as may example giue :
To other viewers of their fall,
to learn them wel to liue.
But shamelesse sinne dooth beare such sawy
within the mindes of Youth :
That hee is carelesse to receiue,
the warninges tends to trueth.

And wilful led from bad to wurffe,
as fencelesse of respect :
Their dutie vnto God and Man,
doo more and more neglect :
For as hee groweth vnto yeeres,
so growes hee vnto sin :
Delighted with the filthie vice
they haue been nousted in.
And fondly foothing of him self,
to run his retchlesse race :
Dooth finde occasion at the length,
to mone his wretched case.
For prooffe wee see by dayly view,
the shamelesse fall of such :
Who vnregarding of their weale,
doo trust their wits to much.
The minde of Youth is fetled so,
vnto his owne desire :
That hee is redy to obey,
what filthie finnes require.
More perfect prooffe hath not been seen,
then present at this day :
So carelesse Youth is proued now,
to seeke his owne decay.
And feeding of his carelesse minde,
with fancies that be vain :
The mean estate of quiet life,
dooth stoudbornly disdain :
Shall (I faith hee) inferiour bee,
or seeme to yeeld to those :
Whose counsaile to my lustie prime,
no taste of plesure shoves.

What shall it need? the World is wide,
and I for one shall shift :
In euery place where so I come,
my learning is a gift.
My stock wil serue mee yet awhile,
my Feends wil redy bee :
If I shall want at any time,
with aid to succor mee.
Who ventures not, shall neuer win,
who looks not, can not finde ;
Thus carelesse youth with fond conceits,
dooth sooth his retchlesse minde.
But when that hee hath spent his time,
in running of his race :
And wasted what his Freends him left,
ashamde to shoue his face.
With wishes vain I would (faith hee)
that I had been content :
To learn a trade to liue in Youth,
which lewdly I haue spent.
The fauour which hee surely thought,
by freendship to obtain :
Hee prooues vnfore, and hee is forst,
to sterue or els take pain.
His former Freendes beholdes his want,
and wish him to forsee :
The danger of his poor estate,
wherin hee seemes to bee.
His learning nought preuaileth him,
to help him at his need :
And profferd seruice seldome now,
of entertainments speed.

Thus beeing left through lewd attempt
in danger of his fall :
To ruin, shame and misery,
hee yeelds him self a thrall.
From whence such careful thoughts of greef
doo daunt his troubled brest :
That though he would yet can hee not,
enioy his former rest.
Wherby he falls to further vice,
vnlesse of mercy great :
God dooth withdrawe his carelesse minde,
with filthy sinne repleat
My self hath tryed vnto my greef,
th' vntrust of wilful youth :
My self hath lothde the freendly speech,
which tended vnto trueth,
And soothing of my self in sin,
as carelesse of my good :
Forgot the proffit of my prime,
which Refons skil withstood.
In which estate of carelesse life,
I often did beholde :
Such sundry shiftes of shamelesse sinne,
as greeues mee to vnfolde.
Such filthie follies wherwithall,
through Fancie Youth is led :
Such boasting vaunts of vanitie,
which rules his idle hed.
Such wilful motions of the minde,
such pampering vp in pride :
Such dealings tending to deceit,
as few can them abide.

Such fraude fuch cruel othes in vain,
to couer his abufe :
Such redines of wit and minde,
to put his finne in vfe.
Such truſting to his owne conceit,
fuch boſting of his wit :
Such ſeeking after vain delights,
as ſure are far vnfit.
Such ſmall regarde of Parents care,
fuch little dutie ſhown :
To Elders, as vntil this time,
the like hath not been known.
Such lewd neglecting of their good,
fuch following what is vain :
Such ſhifts to put his vice in vre,
with coullours of diſdain.
Bad are the feeds which hee doth ſowe,
but wurſſe he reaps again :
Hee loades him ſelf with heapes of harmes,
which he cuts vp with pain.
His harveſt is a lothſome greef,
his labour tedious toyle :
And looking for a fertile ground,
hee findes a brambled foyle.
For though a while he fondly feeds,
his fancie with delight :
Ere long it vades as vapours doo,
deminish from our ſight.
His youthful pleaſures paſſe away,
as dooth a blaſt of winde :
Whoſe force once paſt vnto our vieu,
no ſtate dooth leaue behinde.

And as the dreadful wallowing waues,
 which furgeffe in the seas :
Are of no force when as the calme,
 their furie dooth appeafe.
So is the stay of youthes estate,
 which cannot long indure,
Because it hath a thousand meanes,
 his chaunges to procure.
For as hee hath a time to liue,
 fo all things haue a time
And Time dooth vade; so certain doo
 the pleasures of our prime.
Our time the ancient Writers haue,
 definde as wingd to flee.
With back and hed behinde all bare,
 whose locks before her bee.
The reason why because there is,
 in her a present state,
Which past, to call her back again,
 wee prooue it is to late.
Her wings expresse how swift shee is,
 our carelesse mindes to leaue :
Esteeming not the proffit good,
 in time we might receiue.
Wherefore if Youth would haue respect,
 vnto his present time :
With wishes vain olde Age should not,
 bemone his idle prime.
With sorrowing sighs from heuy hart,
 hee need not to lament :
The follies of his fancy fond
 if time had wel been spent.

But when he lewdly dooth neglect,
the time which present is :
To serue his vse when need requires,
a time shall surely misse.
Then learn to vse thy time so wel,
that lest when time is past :
Thou wish thou hadst employd thy self,
when profferd time did last.
Look ere thou leap haue care vpon,
the danger of thy fall :
Remember that thy self and thine,
at length to cinders shall.
What hast thou then to vaunt vpon,
what glorie is in thee ?
Thy dayes decaies, thy pleasures passe,
thy carcasfe lothde shalbee.
Be mindful how vnfore it is,
to trost to thine estate :
Then with thy self of what is vain,
thou shalt the motions hate.
Haue care for what intent thou wast,
appointed, on the earth :
Remember that thy time is vain,
when comes vncertain death.
Vse heer thy talent to thee lent,
that when thou makste account :
How thou hast spent the vse therof,
th' increase may wel surmount.
Flee from the waies of filthie vice,
learn wel in time to liue :
Bee mindful that vnto the Lord,
thou shalt a reckoning giue.

Delay not of from day to day,
to call thy self from sin :
Remember how vncertain is,
the state thou liuest in.
Eschue the snares of vain delight,
as meanes vnto thy fall :
Learn how to leaue such follies fond,
which may procure thy thrall.
And to the warnings of thy Friends,
be redy to obey :
Left vnregarding of their woords,
thou runst to thy decay.
Let others fall example giue,
in teaching thee to flee :
The futtle snares of shamelesse finnes,
whose paths distruction bee.
Thus in thy youth in Vertue liue,
So shall thine Age be blest :
And when thy earthly life is past,
thy soule shall liue in rest.

FINIS.

Nil tam difficile quod non solertia vincat.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRIUMPH.

Frō tender yeers when Youth is brought
To knowledge by the Parents care :
The gifts of good which Learning wrought
To vain attempts seduced are.

The leud defires of Fancies willes,
 Withdrawes his mīde from Vertues lore :
 And feeds his wit with worldly guiles,
 Which retchleffe life, makes Age deplore.

His Parents woords and weeping eyes,
 Can not perfwade him vnto good :
 (But as vnmeet) their ſpeech defies,
 As though that Refon it withstood.

Yet when his youthful yeeres are ſpent,
 And Age with ſtealing ſteps drawes ny :
 With triſtfull teares his cheeks beſprent,
 To late his Fancies ſhall defie.

FINIS.

Sola Virtus.

Shall hautie harts enioy y^e ſtately feat
 Of heauēly power by their vſurping pride
 Shall redy wits by learned Art intreat,
 With bleſſed Saints as equall to abide ?
 Shall worldly men whoſe riches doo aboūd
 For gotten welth a heuenly place obtain ?
 Is this y^e mean wheron we ought to grouūd
 Our ernest faith ? no, theſe be vaūtes of vain
 Its vertuous life, whoſe hautie honor is
 By Fame extolde vnto the loſtie Skie :
 Frō whence wee get the path to perfect blis
 Which theſe vain vaūtes makes men deny.

Shee liues exile small reftig place ſhe hath
Although ſhe ſeemes to fit in euery bower :
Her godly fear of modeſt life decaith :
As vneſteemd, & vice depriues her power.

Bona vertuntur in mala.

The ſhāleſſe fins which ſhāleſſe fots doo vſe
W^tdrawes y^e minde frō vertue vnto vice :
And wallowing in their owne cōceites abuſe
The gifts they ought to gouern w^t advice.
Few liues content w^t their appointed ſtate
Moſte enuies at their neibours good ſucceſſe
Mindes are corrupted w^t a deadly hate,
All are encline to follow wickednes.
Sin ſits aloft and treads down Godlynes,
Vice conquers vertue, falſhod wrōgeth trueth
Hate hinders looue, plenty by couetouſnes
Is waxed poor, the greater is the rueth.
Freendſhip is colde & woordes eſteemed wīde
Deeds few or none belonging vnto good :
Flattery dooth florish y^e ſimple ſorte to blinde,
And ſmiling lookes are redy to ſpill blood.
In pleaſant ſpeech deceitful craft is hid,
In promiſe fair, performaunce is not found :
Reſon and right in matters are forbid,
Rich wrongs y^e poor, & preſſe thē to y^e grouūd.
Few things are doon as they apointed were,
Good gifts of God are turned to abuſe :
The mindes of men to finne adicted are,
Of this vain world ſuch is the common vſe.

FINIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Among the motions of my Minde,
mee thought I plain did see :
How Cæsar in his armour braue,
aduaunst his force to mee.
Which glorie when hee had pronounst,
by reason I did finde :
In seeking of such great Attempts,
Ambition moou'd his minde.
Wherwith the honor of his deeds,
beeing blemisht with desire
Of Lucre, vanish from my sight,
as smoke dooth from the fire.

FINIS.

Giue place, let Iulius Cæsar speak,
whose name Reporte dooth fou[nd
Through out the World for conquests g[reat
in fundry Regions found.
Whose Rumor raifd by such Report
for his victorious might :
Made Forrains feare of force of Ar[m]es
with Cæsar for to fight.
Who rulde but Iulius Cæsar then
who bare the sway but hee
Bothe People stout and Citties fair,
inferiour were to mee.
I got renowme in euery place

if men renoum'd may bee :
And got the glorie of the Earth,
for Marſſes pollicie.
Huge Caſtels, Towers and Du[kes
by mee were ouer throwen
None durſt the Romaines force r[eſiſt
defiance beeing ſhown.
With Rampiers huge I raſed d[own
their cities which were [ſtrong
Bulwarks built of mightie ſtone
my forces laid along
I tr]encht their Cities round about,
and did them vndermine
I ſcalde their Fortes and made the men,
in caues them ſelues to ſhrine.
My furie death, my fauor life.
vnto the yeelding minde :
The] neighbour Regions round about,
to tribute I did binde.
Of mine] exploits perceiuing then,
the glorie and the gain :
I full fo]on fought by leude deſire,
ſuch honor to obtain.
But wh]at preuaileth it to gain,
or conquer all the earth :
When] bothe the man and what he hath,
is ſubiect vnto death.

FINIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ag]ain me thought I plainly heard
 [ho]w Helen did bemone :
 Her li]fe and death whose beauty was
 inferior vnto none
 To m]ee shee breefly made discourse
 how Greeks huge Troy did sack :
 The Troyans slew and shee her self
 therof did feel the wrack.
 Whose woful motions when I scand,
 it greeued mee to see :
 So braue a Dame in Natures gifts
 of Vertue void to bee.
 And as the Flower whose beautie is,
 dride vp with scorching heat
 Mee thought the glorie of her gifts,
 fel down from Honors feat.

FINIS.

The Gretians Conquest.

When Helen fair by Paris was,
 conueid to Troy foom Greece :
 They warres begun as enuied with,
 the losse of such a Peece.
 Who beeing fled and kept in Troy,
 the Greeks imbassadge sent :
 To Troy to fetch their Queen again,
 if Troians would consent.

Which meſſage when the Troyans ſcand,
their anſwere thus they made :
That Helen as a gueſt to Troy
did come, and her denaid.
If Paris did (quoth they) obtain
her fauour by his ſute :
The Greeks vnto vs Troyans can,
no cauſe of wrong impute.
If wee by force of Armes had fetcht
your Helin to our Land :
And ſeemed when ſhee was in Greece,
the Gretians to withſtand.
To win her thence, as wrongd you might,
to Troy defiance giue :
(But beeing heer) ſhee ſhall remain
in Troy while Troyans liue.
What Paris did when hee as Gueſt,
arriued in your Realm :
Wee haue not for to deal therwith,
yet deem wee it extream
That ſuch defiance ſhould be ſent
to vs (Men ignorant)
How Paris did your Helin gain
not mooued by our graunt.
And for your threats wee way them not,
wee Troyans redy are :
As you for her, ſo wee for him,
ſhall yeeld our ſelues to war.
This anſwere made, the Gretians ſtrait,
made haſte vnto their Land :
And told how ſtout the Trojan did
their meſſage ſent withſtand.

Wherwith the King an armie huge,
did presently prepare :
And sent them vnto Troy with speed,
the Troyans force to dare.
Long was the warre, great was the fight,
and many People slain :
The Troyans kept their Citie safe
wherby the Greeks in vain
Did think their comming for to be,
and with their whole assent :
Were minded to return to Greece,
when ten yeeres war was spent.
But Pallas bearing spight at Troy,
procurde the Greeks to frame :
A mightie horse, of timber built,
in honor of her name.
Which beeing placed neer the wall,
the armed Greeks did lurck,
Within the horse, til Sinon did,
his craftie practice woork.
The Troyans deeming that the Greeks
had left their war, and gon
To Greece again, the Gates of Troy,
did open thereupon.
And People had delight to walk,
ful ten yeeres kept in holde,
To vieu the place where Greeks erst lay,
their passage to withholde.
And also for to gaze vpon,
the huge and stately frame :
Of timber built, which they had lefte
to Pallas endleffe fame.

Vnminding of the subtle wiles.
the Greeks therin did hide :
Nor yet esteeming of the harmes,
therby they should abide.
Although with furious mood,
Laocoon loud did crye :
And wild the Troyans of the Greeks,
the treason to defie.
Atlength with false and subtle showes
of heuie pensiue brest :
His face besprent with brinish teares,
complaining of vnrest.
Comes Sinon foorth in simple sorte,
brought bound vnto the vieu :
Of Troyans all, who blamde the Greeks
as bloody beafts vntrue.
When Greeks (quoth hee) from war were bent
in recompence of praise
To Pallas as an Offering ment,
to end my breathing dayes.
But when I saw their furious rage,
to mee poor wretch forlorne :
I stole from them to saue my life,
which long they held in scorn.
(I fled) at length they did erect,
this mightie frame of wood :
To pallas as a present great,
for sacrifice of blood.
Which if you can by any meanes
conuey into your Town :
As iniur'd with a spiteful wrong
the Greeks in rage will frown.

Thus yeelding of his life to them,
with falling on the ground
Before the King, hee pitie took,
wild him to be vnbound.
On vow he would to him and Troy,
a faithful subiect liue:
Wherto by othes to shroude his craft,
his promise hee did giue.
But lo, ere long his time did serue,
to put his guile in vre:
And opned wide the horses paunch,
when Troyans thought them sure.
From whence there issued armed men,
who gaue them selues to fight:
Burnt vp the houses huge in Troy,
and spoyld them in the night.
The Citie flamde, the People cryde,
amazed from their sleep:
No meanes they had to saue them selues,
their foes their force did keep.
They flung the fire from place to place,
the Troyans they did flea:
Theirs was the conquest then of Troy,
they lookt for ten yeeres day.
The ancient Sires they ouerthrew,
the Matrones they did kil:
Yung men and Maides they forst to death,
And Infants blood did spil.
The sonne before the Fathers face,
bereued was of life:
Great was the slaughter then in Troy,
ere ended was the strife,

Wherin that Helen false of faith,
vnto her wedded mate :
Did lose her life as one deferu'de,
for causing of the hate.
For who but Helin bare the sway,
in Troy while Troy did reign :
And did against the Gretians force,
the Troyans war maintain.
Thus Troy was sackt, the People slain,
which stood and erst did liue :
For Helens sake who moning now
these speeches forth dooth giue.

Helens Complaint.

See heer by due deferued death,
the fall of mine estate :
And learn to shun ambitious pride,
whence riseth deadly hate.
My beautie what preuoileth mee,
or state of Honors seat :
The vain desire of lawlesse lust,
my fal may wel repeat.
A peerlesse Prince of beautie braue,
seduced with desire :
Did yeeld vnto the vain delights,
which fancie did require.
Whome neither loue of princely fere,
nor honors hye degree :
Might mooue to liue within the mean,
of vertuous modestie.

But yeelding to the plefant speech,
 of Paris did consent :
 To leaue the glorie of my dayes,
 ere youthful yeeres were spent.
 Whose hainous fact hath been the spoyle,
 of many a Troyans life
 And Gretians to, since them between,
 began the deadly strife.
 My self pertaker of their woes,
 hath tasted of their fall :
 By dint of swoord because I was,
 the vrger of their baul.
 Loe, thus beholde the fall of sinne,
 the ruine and the shame :
 Of such as look not in their liues,
 to liue in honest fame.

FINIS.

ARGUMENT.

After the fight and speech of these,
 rich Diues did present :
 His life his fall and his estate,
 with forrowing teares besprent,
 Wherin he did disclose to mee,
 how subiect Worldlings liue :
 To ruin, as his owne estate,
 to vs example giue.

FINIS.

See worldlinges see th' ũtrust of your estate
 Beholde the pomp & glory of your time :
 Look vpon mee (now dead) who liued late

(As you) on earth inferiour vnto crime,
Delighted with the plesures of my Prime.
And foothed with the follies of my minde :
The due deserts of follies pathes I finde.

No certain state I had to vaunt vpon,
My glorie was compared to the flower :
Vnlooked for my stately strength was gon,
To saue my life it lay not in my power.
Or might prolong the minute of an houre.
Death strook his stroke, I might no lōger liue
Though in my hands I thoufandes had to giue.

The worldly welth which I had leudly got
My careful cōscience makes mee to expres :
To shroude such acts my guilty hart cānot,
In life I vsde the wayes of wickednes,
Would God I had contented been with lesse
And not haue fought by leud desire y^e droffe,
Which dayly is inferiour vnto losse.

What bootted mee to build vp houses braue,
To purchase landes or keep my goods in store
All are depriu'd my body laid in graue,
The greedy woormes my caren carcase gore
The worm of cōscience prickes me more and more
The hanous sin I vs'd while I did liue :
As due deferu'd a thousand torments giue.

Fie on the filthines of greedie gain,
Fie on the subtile sleights of leud desire :

Fie vpon plesure, Nurisher of Pain,
 Fie on vntrueth which worldly men require
 Fie on y^e sin, which mooues our God to ire.
 Wo worth y^e man whose hart dooth burn wth hate
 Twise happy hee content with his estate.

I loth'd to hear the needie mans request,
 I grudg'd to giue but ioyed to retain :
 No godly feare did harbour in my brest,
 The Scriptures red I termed speech in vain
 Of godly life the state I did disdain
 To hurde vp drosse I did decline my minde :
 In heaps wherof no certain state wee finde.

Diues I am, who scorned Lazarus,
 Whose gotten gain of riches did surpasse :
 For which misdeed I am tormented thus,
 In flāes of fire which neuer quenched was
 For worldly men a perfect looking glasse.
 Wherby they may perceiue the fall of sin :
 And learn in life the ioyes of heauen to win.

FINIS.

An Inuective against Enuie.

When Enuie in his furious rage,
 had spitted forth his spight :
 Against the falsnes of his speech,
 I thought it best to write.
 Wherby I might discharge my self,

of his vnlawful charge :
Which in my absence (to my greef) ·
 hee hath put forth at large
But though false Enuie fought by spight,
 to blemish my good name :
Yet tryed trueth in tract of Time
 shall vtter his defame.
And all the threatning bragging boasts,
 which witleffe he hath vsde :
Without controle my tung shall tel,
 how vyle he me abus'de.
The freendly speech which he did vse,
 attending to deceit :
Til hee had caught me in his snare,
 and chokte mee with his bait.
Was so delightful vnto mee,
 in following of his train :
That all the warnings Refon vsde,
 I deemed woords in vain.
But yeelding vnto his request,
 I see I did consent :
Vnto the ruin of my self,
 wherto his minde was bent.
For as the blinded floeworme dooth,
 in darcknes shine like Golde :
So his false woords (I witleffe) thought,
 that only trueth they tolde.
But as the day light dooth withdrawe,
 the slowwormes gliftring hue :
So trueth dooth manifest to mee,
 his deeds and woords vntrue.

Wherefore vntil the running streames,
returns from whence they flowe :
The woords of Enuie shall not speed,
when Truth pronounceth (no.)



FINIS. *Thomas Procter.*

Nil tam difficile quod non solertia vincat.







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